BOXING - WRESTLING - FIGHT FICTION

25 CENTS

OCTOBER

The RING

FLAT FOOTED FIGHTERS

By Nat Fleischer

FRAIL?..WEAK?..UNDEVELOPED? OR FLABBY FAT?..HERES THE WAY TO GET A CHAMPION FIGHTERS BUILD!

"Jimmy" Braddock

Reveals Secret Short Cut Methods that Give You a Body of Steel— Fists Packed With Dynamite!

Champ Discloses His Startling, New, Easy Way to Build Muscular Power, Broad Shoulders, Flat, Washboard Stomachs, Smooth, Rippling Muscles . . . . How to Develop Physical Courage . . . . Fighting Heart—And the Wallop to Back Them Up!

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Secrets developed during 10 years' experience in the fighting ring. Tricks of the trade—ducking, bobbing, weaving, feinting. The laws of leverage. How to get your weight behind a punch. How to ride a punch so that you won't get hurt. Methods that show you how to handle yourself, how to develop a K.O. punch. How to get full use of your muscles.

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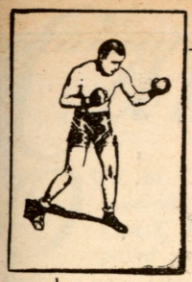
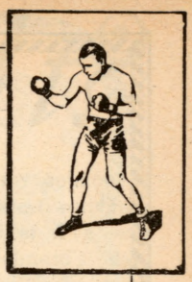


The RING



World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

Is science coming back to the ring? The rise of Joe Louis has revived an interest in the art of feinting, blocking, slipping, ducking and other methods of defense. Who were the ring masters of science in the past and those of the present era? Read Nat Fleischer's article, "Science again to the Fore."

With the deep interest displayed in the heavyweight ranks through the activity of Louis, Baer, Levinsky, Schmeling, and others of the leading fistic talent among the big boys, has come a revived spirit of competition in every other class except one — the light heavyweight. The lads in the lower sections are packing 'em in at the smaller clubs and a lively winter season is due. Will the little fellows come back with the same bang that the heavyweights have experienced? T. W. McNiel discusses that in an interesting article.

Out in Long Island City Mike McTigue is doing well for himself with a popular bar and restaurant. Although genial Mike retired from the ring four years ago, he continues to remain an idol among his people. George T. Pardy, in the next of his series of famous Irish gladiators, tells you about Mike's ups and downs in a most interesting article.

And the "Globe Trotter," whose lively timely comment is one of the brightest features in our publication, will again bring to the fore in his inimitable style the fistic doings from around the world.

These, in addition to many photographs, and stories and articles by America's foremost ring and wrestling experts.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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An Open Letter to the American Olympic Committee

Gentlemen: We soon will receive your appeal for funds to help send an American team to the Olympic games to be held in Berlin, Germany, in 1936. Our answer will be a firm and emphatic "no."

This magazine would contribute to any movement to keep America out of the Olympic games in Germany. It will not give one cent, nor will it prostitute its columns with an appeal to others to contribute, to send a team representing the United States to a country which has been outlawed in sports, and which has outlawed itself from any company which holds to the tenets of sportsmanship, fair play and common decency in sport.

How can you gentlemen, with any regard for the principles which your committee is supposed to represent, with any regard for the elementary purpose of international competition, have the temerity to approach the American public with an appeal for the support of an Olympic meet in Germany?

How can you gentlemen, with any regard for the principles of democracy, equality and social, racial and religious freedom which we foster in this country, call upon Americans to condone the actions of Germany, and approve the unsportsmanlike action of the Hitler government?

Yes, it is quite true that THE RING has been banned from general circulation in Germany. But THE RING is proud of this distinction. Catholics and Jews have had a rather difficult time of it in Germany. It is not merely a matter of being permitted to earn a living over there. It is a matter of being permitted to live.

Sending an American team to a meet in that country would be tantamount to approval of the policies of the Hitler government. It would be an open insult to every Catholic and Jew in the United States, a blow to every sponsor of fair play, regardless of race and creed.

Members of the American Olympic Committee, notably Avery Brundage, have said that athletics should not be mixed with politics and religion.

Suppose a leading citizen of your town were to announce that Catholics and Jews were not wanted in his house. Suppose a public function were held soon thereafter in that house, and Catholics and Jews were told that they would be "welcomed." Would Catholics and Jews enter that home? Would they so far forget their self-respect and their decency as to cross the threshold of that house?

Let the Germans hold their own Olympic games. It would be best for the future of these games if all the other nations let the Berlin Olympics pass without sending any athletes. The present fever in Germany will pass. The fanatics and worse who are behind the Hitler government in time will disappear. Law and order, decency and sportsmanship, will return to a country which in other days was known for its kindly hospitality, its intellectual leadership and its athletic prowess.

Americans are opposed to sending a team to the 1936 Olympics in Berlin.

They will demonstrate that opposition if the American Olympic Committee decides to over-ride public opinion.

"RING" readers who have any spare cash and are willing to aid sports promotion, are earnestly urged to make their contributions to the Catholic Boys' Club movement, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Boy Scouts of America, the Young Men's Hebrew Association and the Amateur Baseball Federation — organizations that stand for true sportsmanship and that teach the Brotherhood of Man. That is a far better way to spend your money than to aid the Hitler government's Olympic Games in the face of its nauseating attitude towards the Catholic and Jewish athletes.

NAT FLEISCHER,

Editor and Publisher, THE RING MAGAZINE

Can Joe Louis Take It?

Bout With King Levinsky Failed to Test the Endurance Powers of the Detroit Bomber — Ring Expert Says Poker-Faced Joe Doesn't Have to Take It Because of His Speed, Science and Hitting

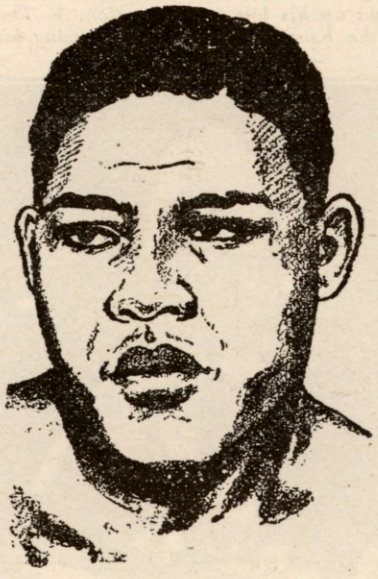
By NAT FLEISCHER

OUT in Chicago on August 7, they pitted Joe Louis, the Detroit Bomber against King Levinsky, the Chicago fish monger, in a battle that was scheduled for ten rounds, but at the end of two minutes and twenty-one seconds of the first session, the man who was supposed to give Louis his first severe test, called it a day. "Don't let him hit me anymore," or words to that effect, were muttered by the Kingfish as he sat resting on the first strand of the ring, and thus the query that has been asked so often recently, "can the Negro take it," remains unanswered so far as the majority of fistic fans is concerned.

That all-absorbing question may be answered to the satisfaction of all when Joe and Max Baer clash on September 24, but so far as I'm concerned, Louis has already answered it for me. He doesn't have to worry over his powers of endurance. Any fighter who possesses the skill and hitting gifts of Joe Louis, must be rated in the superclass. So long as Joe retains his present form, he can afford to let the experts and the fans do the worrying about his vulnerable points, while he shells opponents silly and continues his rise to fistic glory.

The fight with Levinsky was supposed to be the first serious test for the Poker-faced Negro, but as things turned out, the battle at Comiskey Stadium proved the easiest Joe has had since he turned professional. The fight? There was no fight!

It was just a case of the determined, scientifically equipped, dynamite-fisted Louis appearing before a frightened veteran who knew when to shout "enough," even before Joe had warmed up to the task ahead of him. A few shock wallops from the Bomber's fists proved sufficient for the King. He decided that he looked bad enough without undergoing any additional facial operation at the hands of the Negro specialist, and begged the referee to intercede.



Poker Face Joe Louis.

Yes, that's just what Levinsky did, even though he disclaims it, but no one can blame him. I'd probably do exactly the same under similar circumstances.

* * *

I WAS sitting in the very corner where he flopped for the fourth knockdown, and I distinctly heard him tell the referee to halt the bout. Of course, there may be many among those 40,000 fans who paid good American dollars to view the "battle," who were mighty peeved at the Kingfish for taking the easiest way out, but they eventually went home satisfied for they had seen the world's most talked of fighter in action, and at least that was worth while.

The Kingfish realized he was in for a shellacking, judging by his scared appearance in the ring, and he proved that further, when, contrary to his promise to come out swinging and to test Louis under fire, he backed away from the very start. Levinsky landed only one punch, a wild swing which Joe caught on the back of the neck.

Thus, the much debated question of Louis' prowess as a fighter, so far as absorbing punishment is concerned, remains unanswered, for some, but not for me. Viewed from any fistic angle, Joe, in my opinion, is the greatest combination fighter I've seen since Johnson's day, and it will take more than a Baer or a Braddock, or any of the present school of heavyweights to shunt him aside.

He is a remarkable fighter, one who possesses every asset of the truly great. He is a feinter of the highest type. He can counter as none but Jack Johnson could. He can hit with the force of a Jeffries or a Fitz and he can take it—of that I'm sure. He fights with an absolute lack of emotion, regardless of conditions, and emerges from battle with exactly the same expressionless features.

* * *

WHERE will he ultimately land? I predict that he will be the next champion, and a mighty fine one at that! He is being piloted so perfectly that when the time arrives for the Garden to select Braddock's next opponent, there'll be only one man the public will want to see—Joe Louis! Come what may of the hold the Garden has on Braddock's services, Jimmy and his smart little manager, Joe Gould, realize where the big money is to be had right now and they will not permit the Garden to stand in the way of a Louis-Braddock mill if Joe continues to mow down other challengers. The Garden had better start right now to arrange some kind of a deal with Mike Jacobs, for Louis' appearance against Braddock, because if the Eighth Avenue institution thinks it can hand Jimmy an inferior drawing card, it will find itself greatly mistaken. Jacobs and the 20th Century Club hold the reins over Louis for the next two years and under the circumstances, the Garden will have to combine with Jacobs if it hopes to save its face.

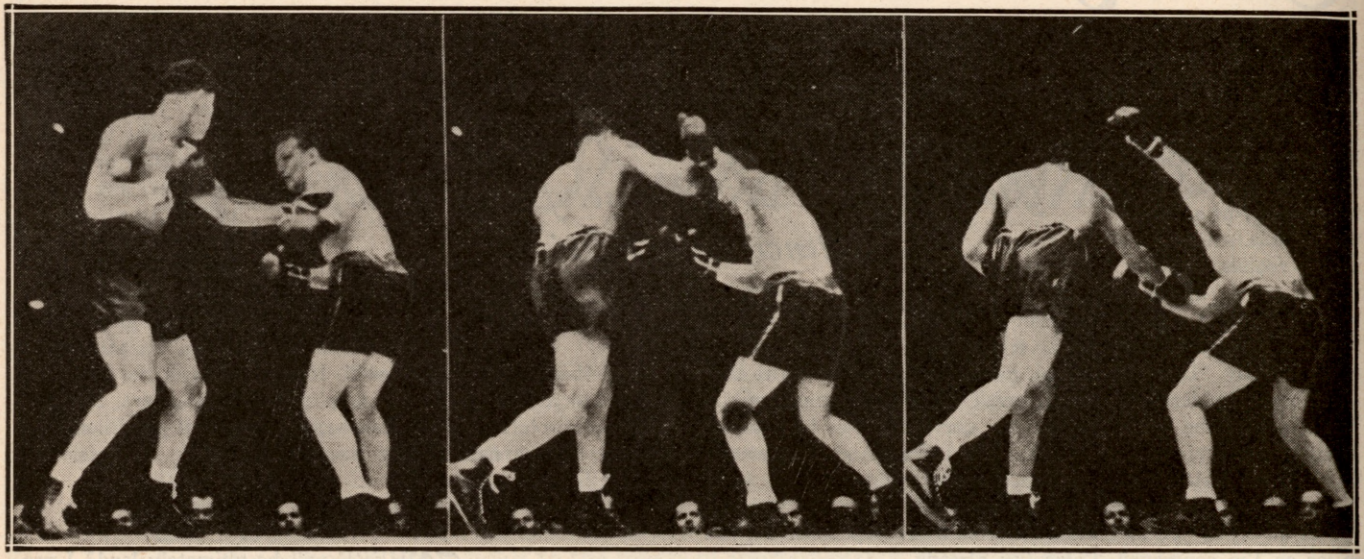
Of course, as we go to press, Louis and Baer are training for their battle and should the unexpected happen, as it has so often during the past four months, then those in charge of the House that Tex Built will still be in a position to take command of the heavyweight situation, but I cannot conceive such a miracle. It is my prediction that Baer will go the way of Carnera and Levinsky when he faces Louis. I don't think Livermore Max will stand before the Louis onslaught for more than five or six rounds at most. The Baer of two years ago would make a fit opponent for Louis and would have had the best chance of any of the present heavyweight crop to beat him, but not the lover who has so mixed his pleasures with his fighting as to be all shot at a time when he should be at the height of physical perfection.

If Baer's hands were as bad as he claims they were when he fought Braddock, then as a student of physical condition, I predict they cannot possibly be in fit shape for such a severe test as will confront Baer on September 24.

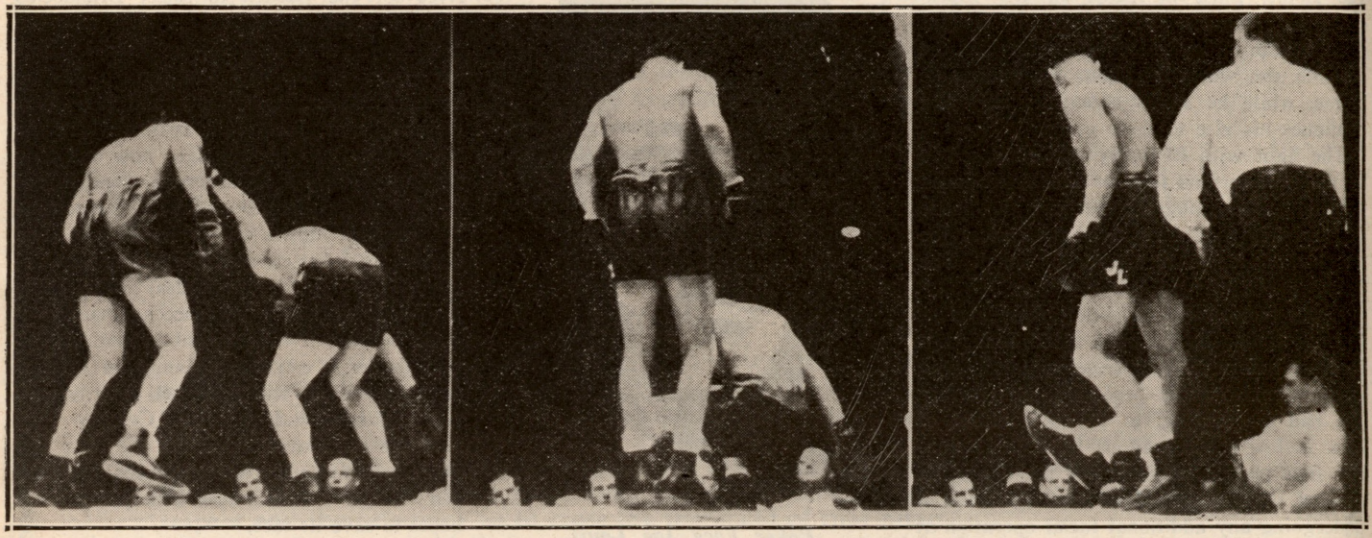
* * *

REGARDLESS of how we may feel about the pale, frightened Levinsky, we must admit that even during the two minutes of fighting, Louis convinced all hands in Chicago that he is a master of the first class. From the time the

CROWNING the KING



In the photographs on this page, we follow Louis's right. From left to right we see the following: 1—Louis draws back his right hand, preparing to shoot it to the chin. His left holds off the Kingfish's rush. 2—The right starts for the jaw. It has reached its mark and Levinsky, shaking with fear, throws up his left for protection. 3—The Kingfish, arms in air, begins to topple over as Louis's right, in a follow-up punch, strikes the Kingfish's right wrist, tossing him off balance. 4—Down, down, goes the King-



fish with his right glove pointing towards the canvas. He attempts to stop himself from falling, but cannot. 5—The King is sitting on his throne—the canvas. 6—His legs refuse to support him and he lands on his back with just sufficient support to enable him to begin to rise after a count of two. Thus we trace in the above pictures the progress of the devastating right-hand punch with which Louis accomplished the second knockdown.

match was made, no one seriously thought that the Kingfish would win, except possibly Leaping Lena, his sister manager, but it was thought that because of his punching powers and his huge interest in the gate—he drew down $31,374.54—he would at least live up to expectations.

In a way, the ending was much similar to the famous Scott-Sharkey fiasco in Miami where Lou Magnolia, the referee, counted Phil out while he was holding on to the ropes. Some kings have abdicated gracefully holding high their regal heads while taking the count, but the poor Kingfish of Chicago, had all he could do to keep his eyes glued on Norm McGarrity, the referee, while pleading for the termination of hostilities.

Still it was no hollow victory for Louis, as some have declared. He again proved himself the grim, merciless, finishing killer as he stalked steadily towards his prey, ripping savage lefts and right uppercuts to jaw and body that left the Kingfish flabbergasted. Levinsky gasped for breath and then back-heeled in panic-stricken fashion, seeking shelter. It took exactly eleven solid punches for Louis to batter down Levinsky's resistance, and then, to end it all, he sank a wrist deep left into the Kingfish's stomach just before the Chicagoan took the seat from which he refused to arise until Louis' hand was raised in token of victory.

* * *

HAD Levinsky taken a gamble, he would have fared better. At any rate, he at least would have kept the goodwill of the thousands who came to see the answer to the query—"Can Louis take it?"

The first clean hit, was all that was necessary to upset the Kingfish. It came about one minute after hostilities began and was a beautifully delivered, powerful left hook that jarred the white man and threw him into a state of panic.

In a flash, Joe moved in to follow and corner his prey. Emotionless, flat-footed, both hands cocked for action, he shuffled toward his prey, and when the opportunity presented itself, raked Levinsky's body and head with two hard lefts and a right. Then followed a left to the chin and down went the King.

The Kingfish showed his gameness by hopping up at a count of two and walking in to meet Joe. A wild swing caught Louis behind the neck but didn't bother him. He quickly sent back a

short left to the chin and before the right could reach its mark, down went Levinsky again. This time he took a count of four.

* * *

HE was shaky and panicky as he faced Joe again, and to the 39,195 patrons, it was apparent that the end was near. Mercilessly, head low to avoid a possible wild swing, Joe walked in and with both hands flaying, he delivered a left hook to the head. Near the ropes, Louis sprang at Levinsky and struck hard about the head and Levinsky slowly sank to the canvas, a helpless mass. The referee counted four again and as Levinsky started to get up, he was an abject figure.

He held his hands up for protection but could offer no opposition as Joe came in to crowd him. The Negro pressed his opponent into a corner and the touch of the ropes on Levinsky's back must have felt like a haven of rest to the Kingfish. Just as he neared the upright position, he sank to the lower strand of the ring ropes, his hands down and his eyes glassy, looking at the referee.

The Kingfish was mumbling words which the referee and the ringsiders interpreted as "Don't let him hit me any more!"

* * *

LOUIS walked away, with a look of scorn on his face, and the referee did likewise. Joe, noting that the official was not counting over his rival, came forward to ascertain if the Kingfish had quit or the fight was still on and he was told by the official to continue—even though at the time Levinsky, resting on the ropes, was down according to the rules.

Louis rushed in and crashed a terrific right to the body. It was then, with Levinsky still sitting helpless on the ropes, that McGarrity stepped in and halted the proceedings. Thus ended the fight that was to have shown whether Louis could take it, but, which instead, demonstrated that Levinsky couldn't, and the Negro Bomber didn't have to.

Joe weighed 198¾ as against 197½ for the Kingfish.

* * *

TO-DAY the fistic world is proclaiming Louis the greatest of all fighters since Corbett beat Sullivan. Not only is it my belief that he stands without a peer but there isn't a sports critic I know of, who doesn't think likewise.

When that left hook to the jaw took all the fight out of Levinsky sixty seconds after the battle had gotten under way, it proved to all present that Joe was a scrapper of the first order, a combination Stanley Ketchel, Joe Walcott and Sam Langford, as a puncher. After that first blow, it was just a case of Louis, the finished worker, coming inside several wild swings, and with the power that fells, ending the show.

* * *

I HEARD many comments as I left the Comiskey Stadium, in which Levinsky was called yellow. From my point of view, I would not call him that, for in no sense was he a quitter as is generally known.

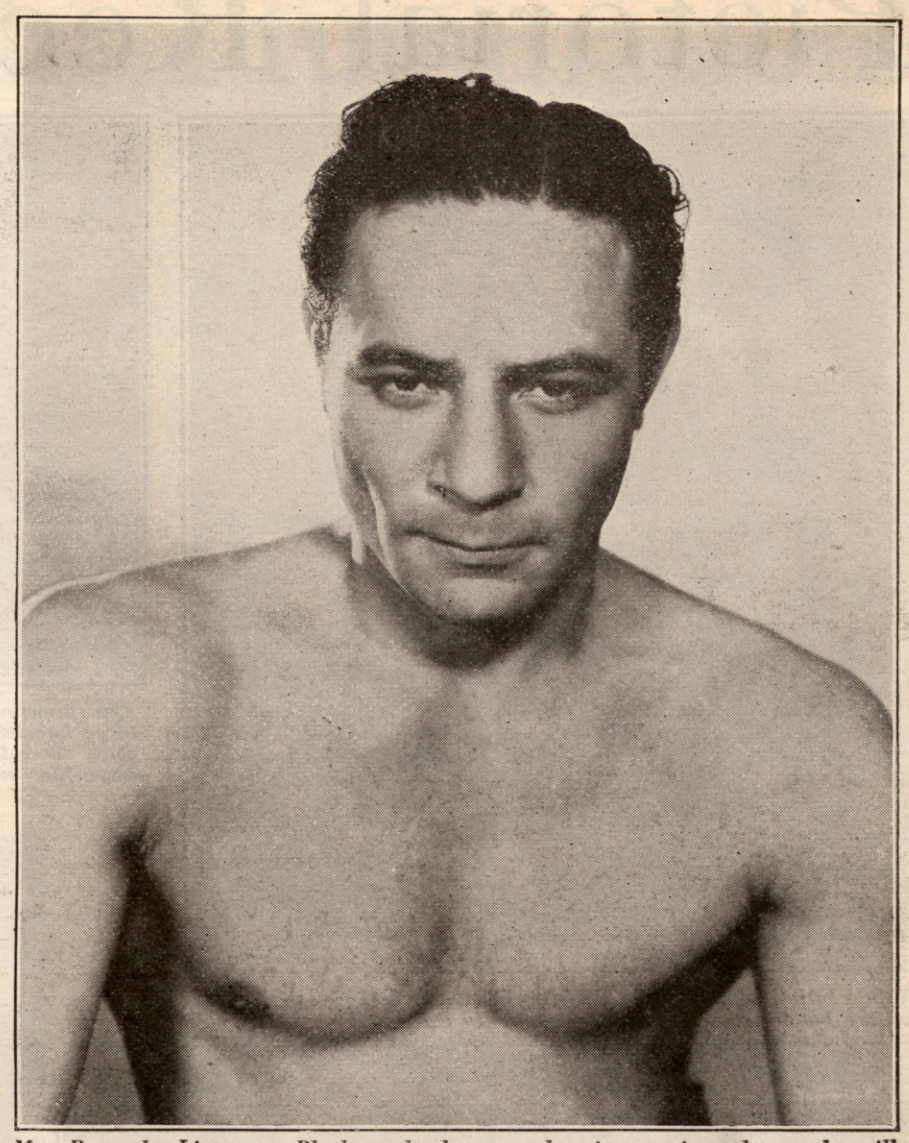
Despite the poor fight he waged, he was not cowardly. He took eleven hefty wallops and several not so damaging, and when he was down for the fourth time—sitting on the ropes, he undoubtedly was in a helpless state. Another punch would have knocked him out, so why term him yellow? He stopped when he knew he had enough!

Practically helpless, he could offer a semblance of resistance and I think it is a smart fellow who knows when he has had sufficient. Louis' drives were of the belting kind—they carried T.N.T. His coolness, calmness and deliberation, was a revelation to those who saw him for the first time, and there were thousands in that vast assemblage who were taking their initial peep at this modern glove-marvel.

To Louis it was just another fight. He was told that the New York Commission would stand by him as challenger for Braddock's title if he disposed of all others who had the right to declare themselves in, and he proceeded to pave the way for a titular battle in no uncertain terms. I predict he'll do likewise to Baer and then finish Braddock, to become the first Negro heavyweight champion of the world since Jack Johnson held the reins.

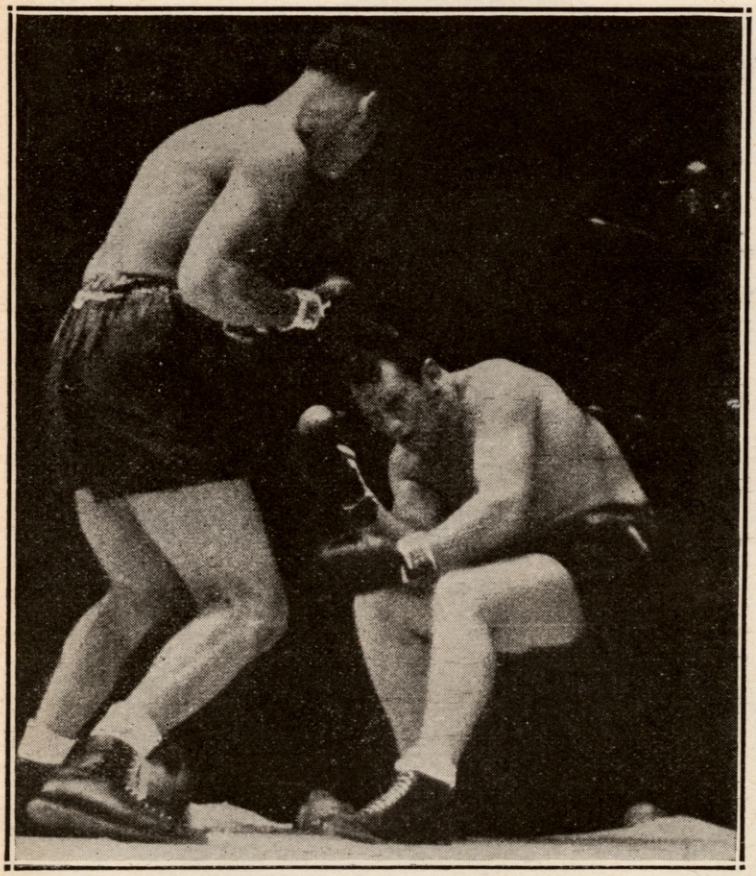
* * *

A WORD on the promotion of this bout. I have been present at most of the big fights in the last thirty years and I must say that Mike Jacobs earned the respect of all by the manner in which he conducted the Louis-Levinsky affair. Mike knows the ropes. He knows how to treat newspapermen with the consideration they deserve, and he has their good will.

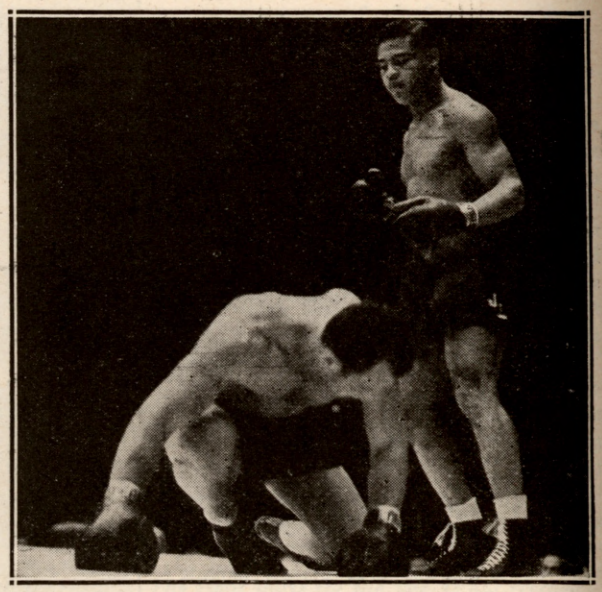


Max Baer, the Livermore Playboy who has turned serious again and vows he will remain that way until he regains the heavyweight title. Max will get his chance to show that he means business when he clashes with Joe Louis on September 24. If he succeeds in conquering the Negro, Baer will be in line for a return engagement with Braddock.

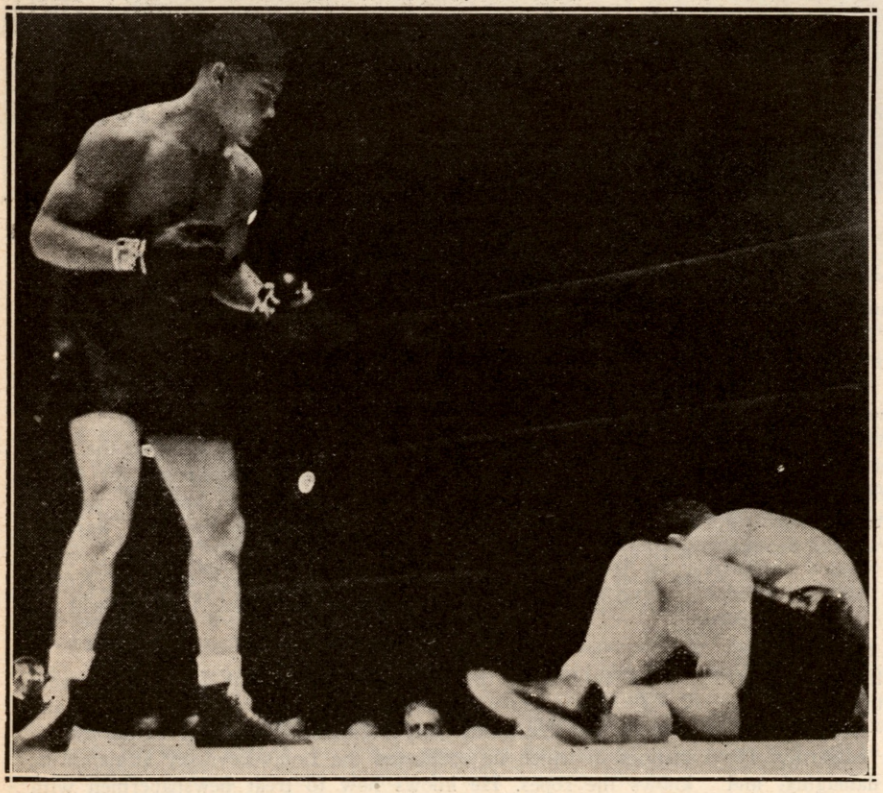
Pictorial Record of



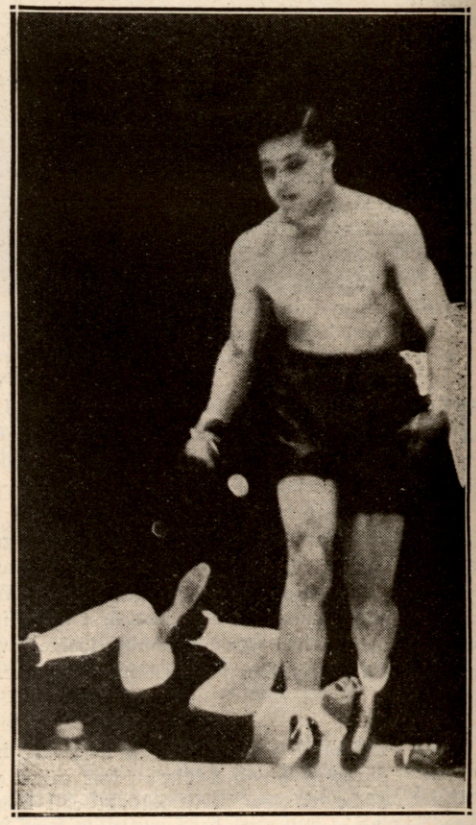
With a little persuasion on the part of Joe Louis, Levinsky took a seat on the bottom rope where he remained in a helpless position. Note Louis, the inscrutable, ready to deliver the coup-de-grace.



The sprawling Kingfish as he looked after the first of three knockdowns. The King came up quickly only to catch several more smashing blows that soon were to leave him in the fog in which he signalled for peace.

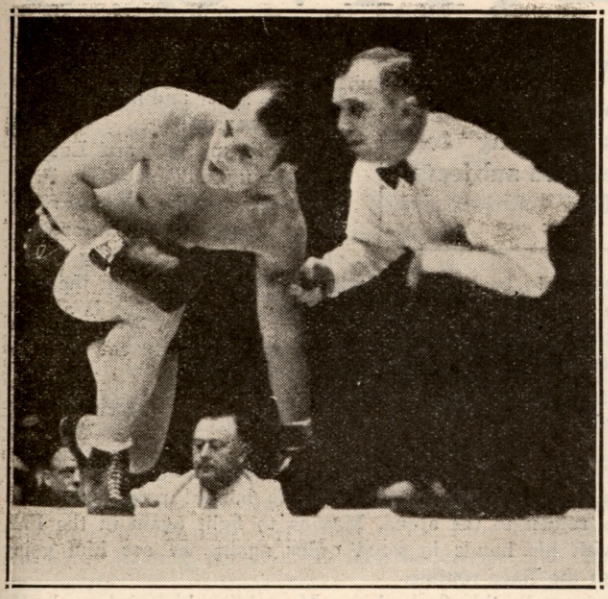


Louis's lethal right has landed and the King hit the canvas with a thud. The terrific power in Joe's short, jolting blows is vividly pictured in the King's pose.

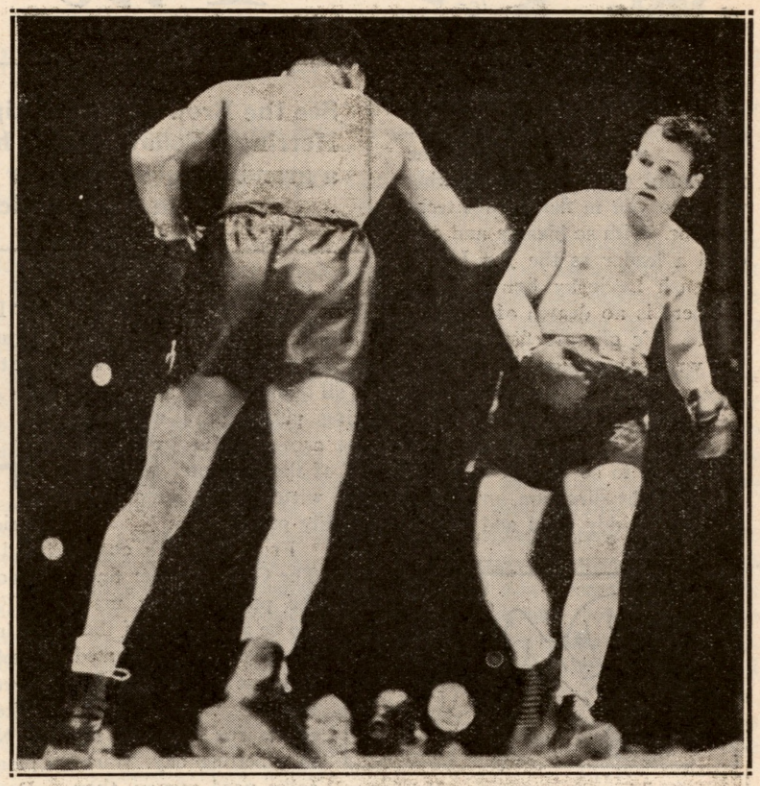


With a confident stride, Louis turns towards his corner after dropping Levinsky. Louis's robot-like perfection is evident in his stride. The Negro doesn't take time out to examine the damage. He knows that the end is near.

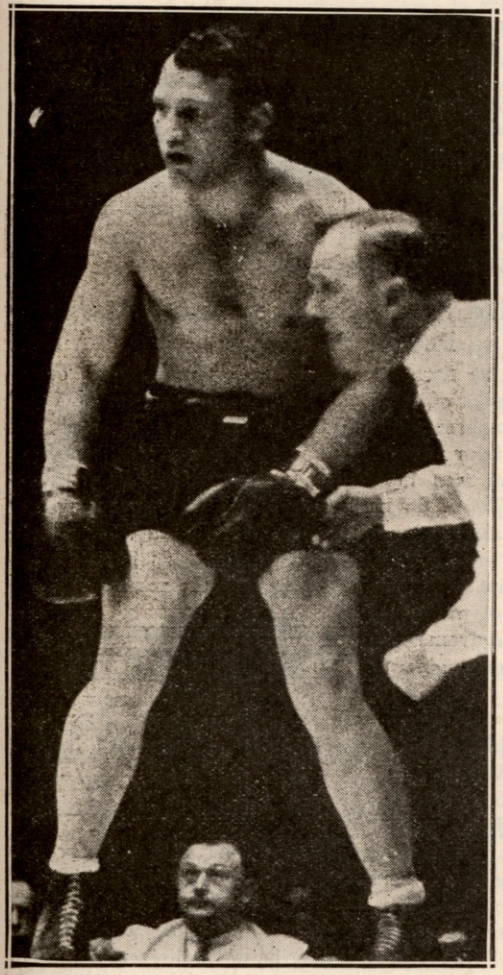
Kingfish's Humiliation!



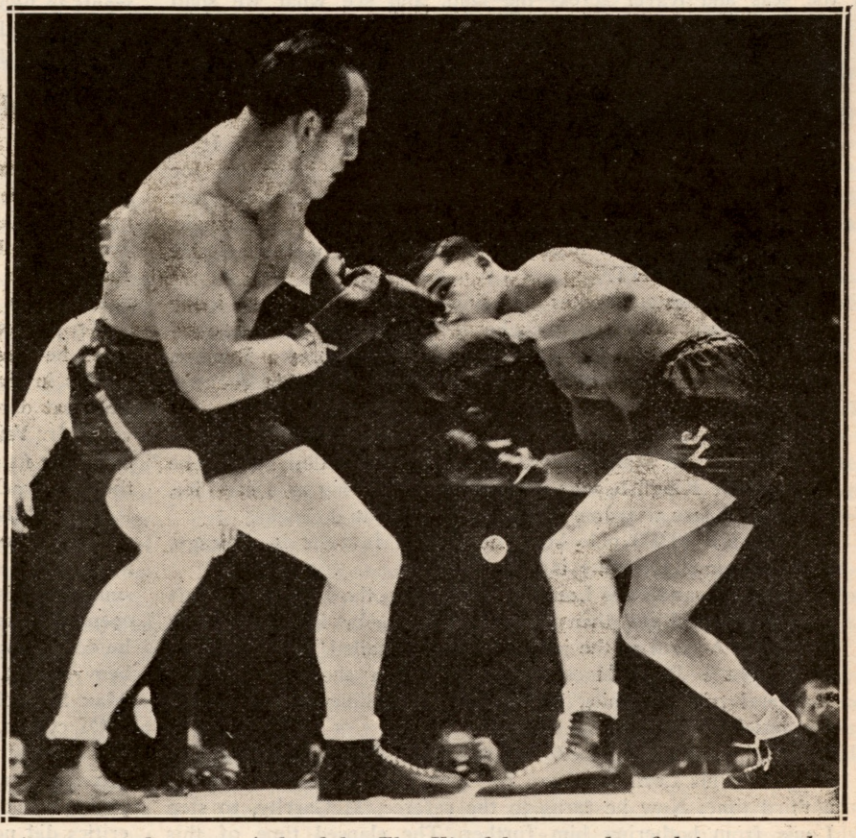
Referee McGarrity is giving the Kingfish the count after the second knockdown. Note the expression of the fallen gladiator. Mouth open, eyes bleary, and legs twisted under him, the King presents a sorry sight.



Here we see Joe tossing his right and holding his left cocked for the lethal wallop. This was one of the few occasions in which Louis's right failed to reach the mark.



A scene just before the Kingfish sat on his throne—the lowest strand of the ring—after Joe had floored the Chicagoan for the third time, he arose to take a count of four and then slipped to the ropes. Note the look of the Kingfish and the manner in which he is trying to keep erect.



A scene at the start of the fight. The Kingfish assumed a fighting pose—but only for a moment. Then, scared stiff after Louis had tossed his first punch, Levinsky began to back-pedal. It wasn't much of a fight so far as the Kingfish was concerned.

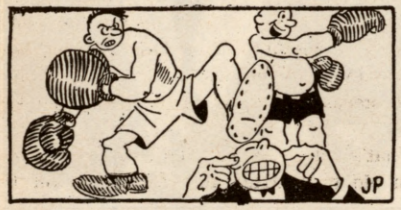
The RING'S

See the Brown Bomber kipper the Chicago Herring—Follow Baer in his "training" for a grand comeback—other selected subjects in world fisticuffs.

THIS month, THE RING'S ubiquitous Globe Trotter will try something new. He will spill the news and views of the boxing world to you in flamboyant techni-color. With so bizarre and colorful a leader as the Joe Louis-Kingfish Levinsky fight, how could we choose otherwise?

There is no dearth of intriguing flashes from all parts of the world. We glimpse fistic careenings and boxing progress, socking wrecks and punch drunk situations and figures as our movietone outfit takes in the gleanings from all quarters and all points.

The Globe Trotter finds the boxing public in a receptive and expectant mood. The tenor of the crowd is favorable, but it remains to be seen if the agile mind of the promoter will hop in the right direction, or like the dull witted frog, jump back into the muddy pond and hide under a lily pad.



From coast to coast, The Globe Trotter finds the public sports mad. To be sure, a lot of that madness is concentrated in horse racing and dog racing, which afford media for betting. This is a betting day. When folks need money, they are eager to chase good money after bad. But with all that, the public is eager for a good show, and never fails to pony up for one.

So, with that warning to the promoters, let us sail across the seas and travel across the land, and see what we shall see. Let 'er go, Chumley!

Chicago, Ill.:—Joe Louis Stops Kingfish Levinsky in one Heat

AH, August night at Comiskey Park, in Chicago. It is a dark night. In some spots, darker than in others. Joe Louis, the Numidian Nudger, is facing Kingfish Levinsky, the Jewish Jostler. By some legerdemain, by some strange magic, the local ballyhoo has managed to create out of these feeble ingredients a FIGHT.

As the contestants enter the ring, there actually are many onlookers, and listeners in, who believe that the ever overrated Kingfish really has a chance to tag the Brown Bomber. It doesn't take much to create an impression in this country. Why, even whispering campaigns produce results.

Well, they enter the ring. Louis is as imperturbable as ever. No smile on his sepian mush. His eyes become thin slits as he gapes at the Kingfish, who is tossed into the ring as a sacrifice, even as you toss a sardine to a seal to make him do tricks.

There are 40,000 onlookers. Louis is a favorite in Chicago, and of course, Levinsky is OF Chicago.

They spar and then Louis digs a left to the body and a left to the kisser. Left, then right, and Levinsky is through for the night. A right to the jaw sends the so called Kingfish, more properly the Poor Mackerel, down for a short count. The Mackerel tries to smile, but this is no smiling matter as the fish has been hooked and it hurts.

A right to the body, one for the head, and soon a right to the jaw sends Levinsky down for four. He rises and is downed a third time. Now he turns to the referee, McGarrity, to stop Louis from bothering him further. The elapsed time of this fiasco is 2 minutes 21 seconds.

When they gather what is left of the Kingfish—or Fried Smelt—he says, "Louis caught me off my guard," which is even too much for Leaping Lena, the Kipper's sister and manager, who says, "Sharrop!"

"I done my best and Louis is a great fighter," says the Fried Smelt later, in the dressing room. "He hurt me more than anybody else." It is the Tumbling Tuna's sad destiny to be hurt by everybody he encounters in the ring.

"Louis is a great fighter," say the customers. "Joe is a great fighter," say the experts.

It seems that Joe Louis is a great fighter!

Asbury Park, N. J.:—Max Baer Trains for Comeback

THIS is a really touching picture, folks! Here you see the man who clowned while a title burned preparing for a serious return to the arena. Max is to fight again in the Fall, and with his hands in good order again, we see him going through the Baer routine.

For example, this flash shows Max doing his road work. He is in a speedy roadster and is on his way from Vivian Johnson's Club to the Colony. By going back and forth in the car, Baer covers a lot of ground, and thus prepares his wind for a gruelling fifteen-round fight.

Now the camera, always truthful, shows you the former champion doing some boxing. He is on the dance floor of an Asbury Park club, and is bobbing and weaving in all the approved manoeuvres of the ancient art of Terpsichore. Note how deftly the erstwhile title holder moves from dance to dance, how adroitly he shifts his feet, all the while grinning the old Baer grin.

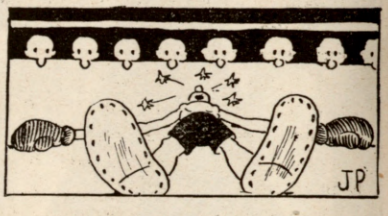
Now we show you Ancil Hoffman, the Baer's manager. "Max wants to fight and get the title back," says Hoffman. In the next breath, Ancil adds, "Baer needs the money."

So does the public need the money!

Rapid City, South Dakota:—Jess Willard Praises Max Baer

THE scene we flash for you is at a tourist camp outside this metropolis of the Dakotas. The big, somewhat fattish man with the sombrero, in the foreground, is none other than Jess Willard, whom you may remember as the big, somewhat fattish man who was licked by Jack Dempsey in that subnaked arena in Toledo in 1919. Good Lord, is it that long ago!

Mr. Willard has not seen any heavyweight championship fights since he tossed in a nice, white, clean towel as he sat in his corner in that hot arena on the shores of the muddy Maumee. But that does not prevent Mr. Willard from being the fistic seer and the ring oracle.



Mr. Willard moves closer. He busts his face into the old Willard smile. He is about to open his mouth. In fact, he does open his mush. He says, "Max Baer still is the greatest heavyweight. Joe Louis ranks second, Jim Braddock third, and Max Schmeling fourth."

Of course, there are many of you down front who will say, "Horse feathers!" Some of you may be more discreet and shout, "Bunk!" In ranking the current champion third, Willard is paying back in kind, for when he was champion some of the critics did not see him as close to the front as third.

The general opinion seems to be that in giving the No. 1 ranking to Baer, Willard cannot forget that he is a transplanted Californian and must vote for another Californian.

GLOBE TROTTER

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

However, as Willard is 100 percent correct on Schmeling, who never could fight, we will give Jess a passing grade, and hope that he is having a fine time on his tour of the Dakotas and the Western Lands. Adios, Jess.

Seattle, Wash.:—Mrs. Vince Dundee Makes an Announcement

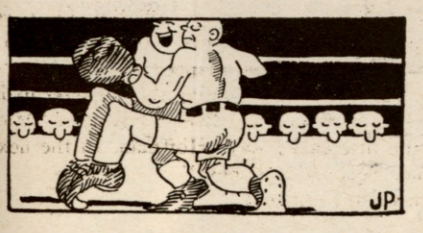
IT is very strange to show a woman in these flashes of boxing interest and smacking progress. But here she is, good-looking and carrying a definite message. She is Mrs. Vincent Dundee, spouse of the former middleweight champion. But Hark, she is making a speech.

"Mr. Dundee has fought his last fight, and will retire. He will go into business and forget all about busting beezers and mauling mushes. Mr. Dundee from this minute on is a business man and not a fighter."

For many, this announcement merely confirms a previous impression. Mr. Dundee now comes to the fore. He cannot smile, as he is holding his jaw. In fact, he cannot talk. He waves his hand.

It seems that some days previous to this little family scene, Seattle was regaled with a fight. A tough bird answering to the name of Steele gave Vince a shellacking, and in the process, busted Dundee's jaw.

They had to call in a surgeon, who laced the Dundee jaw together with silver wire, a delicate operation followed by busting out one of Vince's teeth so that he could sip his liquid diet.



No wonder Mrs. Dundee announced that from then on, Vince would devote himself to more delicate, and quieter pursuits.

Cincinnati, Ohio:—Freddy Miller, Conquering Hero, Returns Home

THE main stem here exposed is Vine Street, in the Queen City of Ohio. Freddy Miller, who was away in Europe for a whole year, battling in thirty-five bouts, in seven countries, is back on the soil whence he sprang.

Cincinnati, proud of its recrudescence in baseball, now turns to its glories in the fistic ring, and shouts its jubilant banzais for the man who, in this country at least, is considered the best of the featherweights.

But let Miller, seconded by the irrepressible Pete Reilly, tell about it. Step up to the front, Freddy.

"I make a very good tour with Pete here, who hot foots forty seven dukes and counts, and a hundred and eighty-seven lesser lights. In fact, we are a big success over there as they never hear of the hot foot until Pete lands in Europe. Now they are hot footing each other. The trouble between Italy and Ethiopia starts from a hot foot which the minister from Ethiopia gives Mussolini.

"As for myself, I lose only two out of thirty-five, and the two birds to which I lose are plain suckers. I drop one on a foul to Billy Gannon in Manchester in October. In Paris, Maurice Holtzer beats me on pernts on account of Reilly hot foots the judges while the bout is on and they do not see me when I land, only when Holtzer lands.

"Fifteen times I win by knockouts. In thirteen other bouts, I knock my man down at least once. In June, I beat Nel Tarleton in Liverpool and give him a shellacking, while Pete is hot footing the referee. And here I am back home, back in that dear old Zinzinnati, back in the Rhineland, back where the folks know me as Little Freddy. It is a pleasure."

While Miller is saying this, Reilly is busy giving the hot foot to the Globe Trotter's camera man.

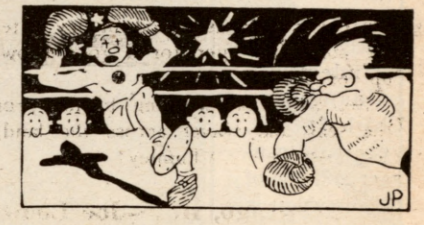
Washington, D. C.:—Danno O'Mahony Beats Joe Savoldi

THE last month has seen more wrestling bouts than Heinz has pickles or a houn' dawg has fleas. One usually is almost like the other. The Globe Trotter selects an outstanding different example for the representation of the grappling game in this month's budget.

We see, in this griping film, Danno O'Mahony, the new champion, he of the Irish Whip, beating Joe Savoldi, former Notre Dame football back, in a Washington arena. As this one turns out, Danno is not asked to work too hard. Joe is disqualified in less than half an hour. In Boston, where Danno is the real wow, he usually prolongs those affairs.

The Globe Trotter selected the Washington bout for a double reason. Watch the film very closely. Note the man with smoked glasses at the ringside, cowering. Do you recognize the form, the figure, the cower? Yes, it does look like Don George, who once held one of the versions of the wrestling championship. But whoever he be, he keeps cowering under those smoked glasses.

He is in disguise. That's what he is. Suddenly he cowers no longer. He is not an old man, after all. He throws off the smoked glasses, he discards the cower, and leaps into the ring. "I was jobbed out of the title. I demand me rights. I demand justice."



Yes, it is Don George. He demands justice, and the Globe Trotter would hate to see him have his wish, as the Globe Trotter doubts if George would like it.

The cops, you notice, invade the ring. George is downright rambunctious, more than he ever is in a bout. He shouts and gesticulates. It is one of the neatest acts ever put on in a game of neat acting.

Finally, the cops subdue the recalcitrant. He is lugged from the ring, still shouting for his rights. He picks up his smoked glasses and his cower, for another night.

Montreal, Quebec:—Escobar Whips Sanstol

AH, ancient Montreal, queen city of Quebec, the royal mount of the land of the Royal Mounties. A fine background for a good fight. Here we see Sixto Escobar, the little 118-pound fighting machine from Puerto Rico, giving Pete Sanstol, the little 118-pound fighting machine from Norway, a real 118-pound lacing.

The film will show you all the delectable details of the twelve-round scrap in the Montreal Forum. Escobar, on his way to clinching the bantamweight championship, is discovered in this picture as a perpetual motion machine.

Note how the little señor from Puerto Rico keeps punching. He is reminiscent of little Pancho Villa, the Filipino wildcat, who had so fatal a windup. Escobar jolts those rights to the face as if he liked it. You will note that Sanstol doesn't.

There is a cold efficiency about the scrapper from Puerto Rico. Ah, he even laughs. He is indeed a human despite his machine like efficiency. Remember the name—Sixto Escobar. "La Paloma," professor, in very dulcet strains.

PICKING *the* SOFT ONES

Ford Smith, by Stopping Art Lasky, Gains Fistic Spotlight

By HARVEY THORNE

A FEW weeks ago, Art Lasky, engaging in a tune-up fight prior to coming to New York for a campaign which, he had hoped, would eventually lead to a return engagement with Jimmy Braddock, this time for the world heavyweight title, decided to pick on an easy opponent, or a soft touch as it is called in Fistiana, and as is often the case, he tripped badly and now he must start all over again in his effort to rise to the top. It was ever thus, in boxing.

Lasky, who married a few months ago, picked on Ford Smith, the Montana Cowboy and, poor Art was halted in the sixth round. No one can deny that the addition of new blood in the boxing game, especially in the heavyweight ranks, where Joe Louis has instilled new life into the ranks of the big boys, has caused the sport to reach its highest level since the depression got under way in 1930, and the end is not yet near. To the growing list of newcomers who are rapidly forging to the front, among them Louis, Hankerson and Buddy Baer, may be added the name of Ford Smith who will shortly be seen in his Eastern debut. His decisive victory over Lasky pushed him into the front ranks of the heavyweights and from now on, Ford will be closely watched.

Under the guidance of Charley Cook, veteran manager and one of the shrewdest in the game, Smith should go a long way in his chosen profession. Charley is the boy who handled Floyd Johnson and got him the shot with Willard that netted Floyd a little fortune. Cook has been on the lookout for a real heavyweight fighter since Johnson retired, and he thinks in Smith he has just such a prospect.

* * *

SOME of our greatest boxers have stumbled into so-called setups, and have been forced to pay dearly for their mistake. The great John L. Sullivan picked on a little, sawed-off Englishman, Tug Wilson by name, away back in 1882 when the Boston Strong Boy was touring the land, and so little did John L. think of Wilson's chances that he offered him $5000 if he would stay four rounds. Well, the Strong Boy of Boston received the surprise of his life when Wilson took down that $5000, skipped off to England to spend it and never did come back to America. It took Sullivan a long time to recover the prestige he had lost in that scrap with the Englishman, even though Tug did stay the limit by falling every time Sullivan came near him.

Later, in 1887, Sullivan picked on Charley Mitchell as a soft one, the Britisher beat John L., but the fight was called a draw at the end of the 39th round.

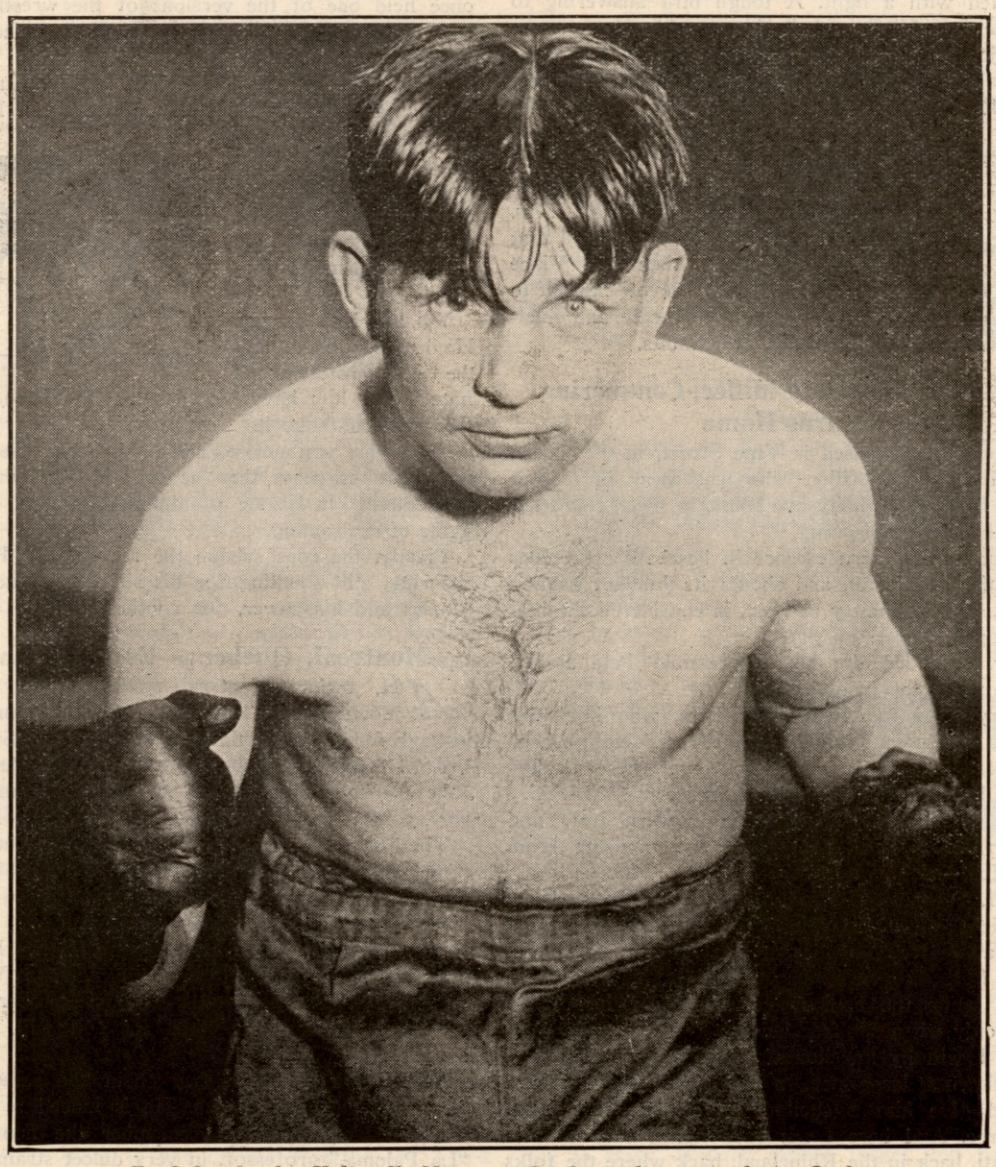
Jim Corbett was still the champion when they gave him a soft touch in a fellow by the name of Tom Sharkey. The latter needed the intervention of the police to emerge with a draw in a four-round encounter.

Jim Jeffries picked on Jack Munroe, a novice in 1902, shortly after he had beaten Bob Fitzsimmons for the championship. Munroe knocked Jeff down and otherwise mussed up the big boiler maker. Of course, Jeff got another chance at Munroe and squared accounts.

George Chip, welterweight champion of the world, drew Al McCoy, a Brooklyn trial horse, for a soft spot in 1914. No one had ever heard much of McCoy, yet he stopped Chip with one punch in the first round and won the championship. Chip never did recover his lost title.

The famous Kid McCoy tried to pick up a few dollars in a bout with Jack McCormick, back in 1899. McCormick was a

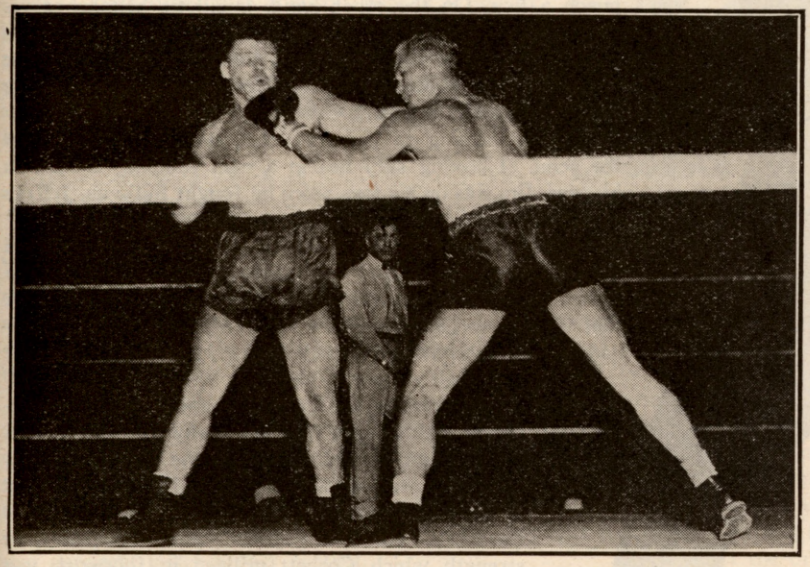
(*Continued on page* 46)



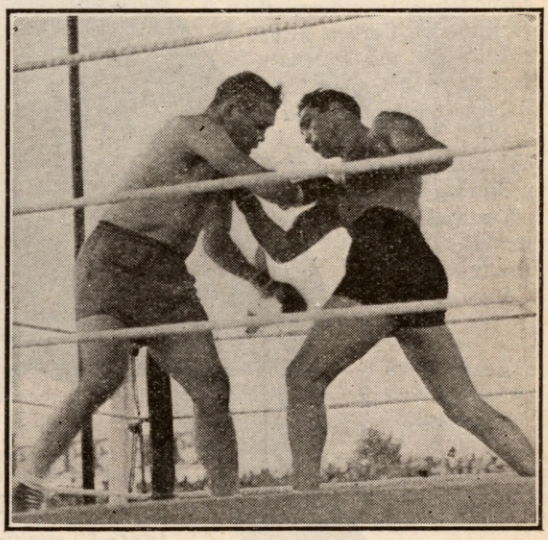
Ford Smith, the Kalispell, Montana, Cowboy who stopped Art Lasky.

Fights of the Month

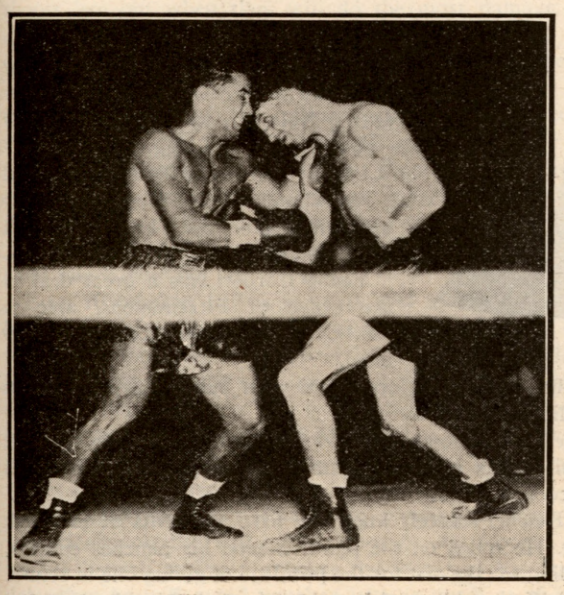
When Tony Canzoneri, lightweight king, was floored by Bobby Pacho in their Chicago bout, which Tony eventually won.



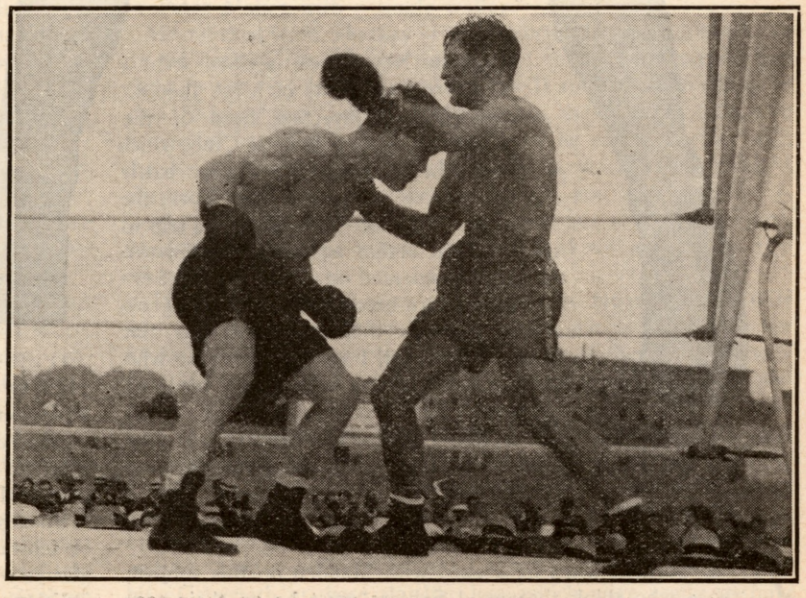
The pitiful attempt of Mickey Walker to comeback at the expense of John Anderson. Here we see Anderson's left jolting Mickey's chin.



A scene in the Schmeling-Paulino fight at Hamburg, Germany. Here we see Max landing right uppercut on Uzcudun's chin.



Al Roth, Left, New York's leading lightweight contender, crashed his left against Davey Day's chin. Roth eliminated Davey by getting the nod.



Lou Brouillard stepped a notch nearer the middleweight throne by beating Young Corbett, III, (right), at San Francisco. The above shows Corbett getting under a left hook.

Flat Footed

Joe Louis' Rise to Fistic Fame Revives Old Arguments on Relative Merits of Toe-Dancers and Firmly Set Ringmen

CAN a flat-footed pugilist be a good fighter? Can he attain any degree of cleverness? Can he become a good boxer?

These and other pertinent queries regarding flat-footed fighters have come to the front again with the rise of Joe Louis, the Detroit Negro, just as they did when Jack Johnson was in training for his battle with Jim Jeffries in 1910. At that time there was quite a discussion carried on in the newspapers between Jim Corbett, who was helping Jeffries, and Billy Madden, famous trainer of champions, regarding flat-footedness. Corbett came forth with the statement that no good fighter ever fought flat-footed and Madden countered by citing many cases of great ring gladiators whose pedal extremities were firmly based.

Recently fourteen New York scribes went to Detroit as guests of Mike Jacobs, president and directing head of the Twentieth Century Athletic Club, which staged the Carnera-Joe Louis battle at the Yankee Stadium in New York, the latter part of June. They made the trip to see Louis in action against Natie Brown and they commented on Louis' stance. Several stories were broadcast that the Negro's fault, the only one they could find, was that he fought flat-footed. I was among those who could see nothing wrong with Louis' mode of ring procedure, not even his flat-footed stance. Ring history, as I pointed out, lists many famous fighters, who, like Johnson and Louis, stood in the ring flat-footed yet defeated some of the world's greatest ringmen.

Joe Louis, photographed as he snaps in a straight left from a flat-footed position. First he sets himself, and then he cuts loose.

* * *

LIKE Corbett, when he argued with Madden on this subject, those who think that good fighters must be on their toes all the time, come forth with the argument that no flat-footed fighter can be fast. Corbett, it will be remembered, fought on his toes. Tommy Loughran was a toe fighter. Both were dancing masters, ring generals, stabbing, jabbing stylists who could tantalize an opponent into defeat, but who couldn't punch a lick. On the other hand, pugilistic history proves that the world's greatest fighters were flat-footed and that is why I think Joe Louis is one of the most promising of the present school of heavyweights. His style, plus his hitting powers, makes him great.

Corbett, arguing in press articles, seemed to think that the acme of boxing skill lies in a man jumping around on his toes. Jim was on his toes when he fought Sullivan, Jeffries and Sharkey.

Although Corbett beat Sullivan, it will be remembered that he was kayoed by Fitzsimmons, lost to Jeffries, drew once in four rounds with Sailor Tom, and then lost on a foul in nine to Sharkey. Now neither Jeffries nor Sharkey had any claim whatsoever to cleverness, yet Corbett couldn't take their measure.

Fitzsimmons, on the other hand, a so-called flat-footed fighter, put Sharkey away in eight rounds on one occasion and in two in the second meeting. Corbett's arguments were logical from his point of view, only because he depended wholly on his footwork, both on offense and defense. The strength which Corbett utilized in footwork was saved by Jack Johnson by blocking the blows and slipping the punches with the head.

* * *

EVERY fighter has some strong feature about his milling, which he depends upon to win for him. With Battling Nelson it was a case of ability to assimilate punishment, and aggressiveness.

With John L. Sullivan it lay in his hitting power.

With Fitzsimmons it was ring generalship and ability to deliver a knockout punch with either hand.

Young Corbett was a great deal on the order of Fitzsimmons, able to send over a sleep-producer with either hand.

Terry McGovern combined speed with bulldog aggressiveness and splendid hitting power.

Abe Attell was a so-called flat-footed fighter. He relied on the speed of his hands in clever feinting, slipping punches with his head and coolness under fire.

Stanley Ketchel scarcely knew the first rudiments of footwork or feinting. He relied on the power behind his punches entirely, always willing to take one for the privilege of giving one in return.

Young Griffo would stand in a three-foot circle without a semblance of footwork and slip punches with his head, or block them with his hands.

Fighters

By NAT FLEISCHER

Hundreds of other fighters might be named who were successful, but who never pretended to be footworkers from the Jim Corbett viewpoint—the great Jack Dempsey among them. Tunney, on the other hand, was a toe dancer of the Loughran-Corbett type.

In fighting, as in other things in life, a man does best in performing in that way most natural to him. I believe that Jack Johnson's ability to get over ground was under-rated. To read some of the critics, one would think that Johnson stood so flat-footed and set as to be unable to get out of the way of a punch. I saw the pictures of Johnson's fight with Burns in Australia, also of Johnson's go with Ketchel. Time and again these men missed Johnson with right-hand swings by at least two feet. In fact neither man landed a right-hand punch on him, and the pictures will bear out my statement.

There were times that Johnson stepped inside of punches, but a majority of the times he danced away as fast as a featherweight. His feinting demonstrated to me that he was as skillful in that art as any man the ring has ever known. He simply tied Burns and Ketchel up in knots.

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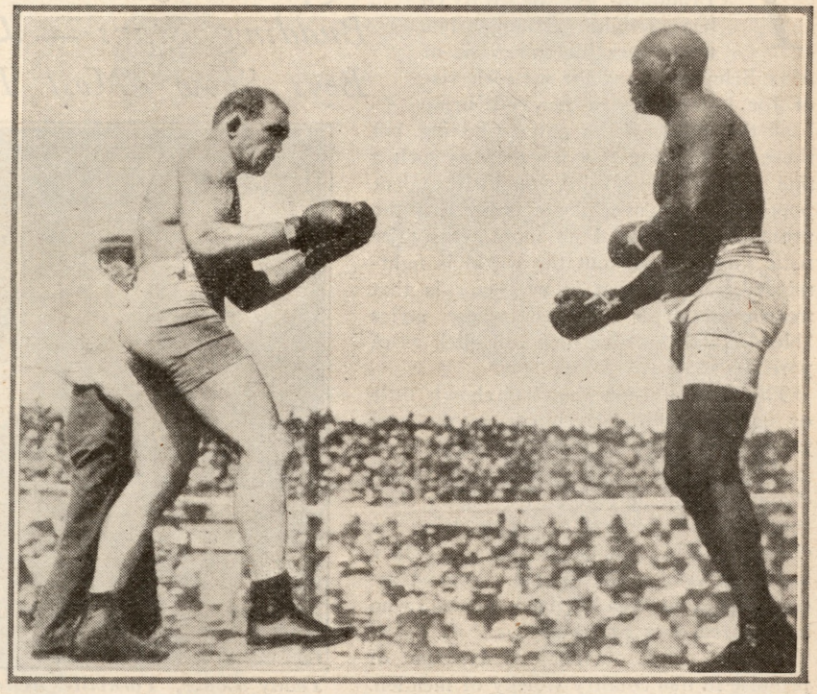


In this scene of the Jack Johnson-Jim Jeffries battle at Reno, Nev., in 1910, we get an idea of the flat-footedness of the giant Negro. We see Jack coming forward with his feet flat on the canvas in a shuffle.

JOE LOUIS reminds me much of a good baseball pitcher. Some pitchers hurl shutout ball one day and on the next time out, are driven from the mound by an avalanche of hits, even when the pitcher seems to have everything he possessed on his previous pitching day. You see other pitchers who score few strikeouts, but work their corners and win their games.

Louis, from what I have observed, fights just like the latter class of pitchers pitch. He believes in using his head and playing on his opponent's weakness and he wins by superior hitting. He uses his head all the time, is as cool as a cucumber, and scores many knockouts only because he is quick as a flash to take advantage of an opponent's condition once he sees that he has that opponent under proper control.

Like the good pitcher, he does not get rattled and does not lose his strength by blind infighting or punching at random. He shoots 'em out when they will do the most damage, just as a good pitcher, a brainy fellow, changes his pace and cuts loose only on occasions when he knows the advantage will be with him.

In criticising Johnson's ability as a boxer because he fought flat-footed, many of our leading experts only conceded him a straight left-hand and a right-hand uppercut. What about the straight right-hand punch that beat Tommy Burns in Australia and won the championship for him? What about the straight right-hand punch that knocked out two of Ketchel's teeth and tore Johnson's boxing glove. To my mind, Johnson's straight right-hand punch was the best he had.

Even if Johnson had been as skillful at footwork as Corbett himself, he never could have hoped to beat Jeffries on that score, for when a man meets his master in the ring footwork may prolong the fight, but the ultimate result is the same. Jim Corbett's footwork may have kept him twenty-three rounds before Jeffries, but he was knocked out. Kid McCoy, one of the cleverest footworkers the ring has ever known, could not get away from the rushes of Tom Sharkey.

What difference does it make in avoiding a punch whether a man stands on the ball of his foot or flat-footed? If he has trained himself to avoid punches flat-footed as has Joe Louis to date, then he will avoid punches just as much as if he were on his toes. The spring is all the same. It is not a matter of being up on your toes, but quick thinking and ability to anticipate your opponent's movements that helps you to win the fight.

* * *

PROBABLY the greatest puncher that ever lived was Bob Fitzsimmons. It will take years before we get another combination fighter like him. If you think you know a harder hitter, trot him out.

Bob Fitzsimmons was a fighting freak. He was built on such extraordinary lines that he could get in close to the middleweight limit and he could hit with either hand, and hit hard enough to lift the ordinary man off his feet.

He dropped Jim Hall a-kiting with a single punch. He plastered Dan Creedon in two rounds. Everybody knows what he did to Peter Maher with a single wallop.

He finished Tom Sharkey with a punch and was "earped" out of the decision, and at the time he did this, Tom Sharkey was right in the very heyday of his prime. It took a terrific blow to stop Sharkey and Jeffries could not do the trick in forty-five rounds of hard fighting. Then look what he did to Corbett with the solar plexus punch which shifted a world's heavyweight championship? That was some hitting, if you believe James J. Corbett. Gus Ruhlin was stopped in six rounds and Tom Sharkey, passing his plate the second time, went down and out in two rounds.

There ends the best part of Fitz's great record. Match it if you can! He wasn't what is called a one-punch fighter because he had lots of punches, but almost anyone of them would end a fight if Fitz landed it just right. Fitz was, however, a flat-footed fighter.

Now what gave Fitz this terrific punching power? From the waist down he was a lightweight. He had canary legs. Obviously it was not the bulk of Bob's weight which made him such a dangerous man with either hand. It was because, more than any other fighter of modern times, Bob had the trick of setting himself on those spindling legs so as to bring into the punch every bit of strength in those slat-like legs which were really nothing but bone and muscle.

When he was moving around Bob *(Continued on page 46)*

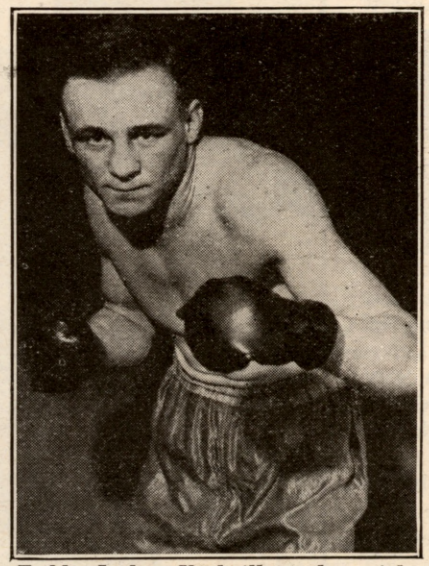
OUR FUTURE

New York Harbors Many Budding Stars — Lighter Boys Show Most Promise

THE acquisition by James J. Braddock of the world heavyweight championship, the successful comeback of Max Schmeling, and the meteoric rise of Joe Louis, may or may not bring back the million-dollar gate to boxing, but there is one thing certain—there is such a fine crop of promising pugilistic talent popping up all over the country that the promoters need shed no more tears. The fistic fancy throughout the world is fight-minded, and all that is necessary is that matchmakers pair fighters whose styles "blend," and the turnstiles will click as of yore.

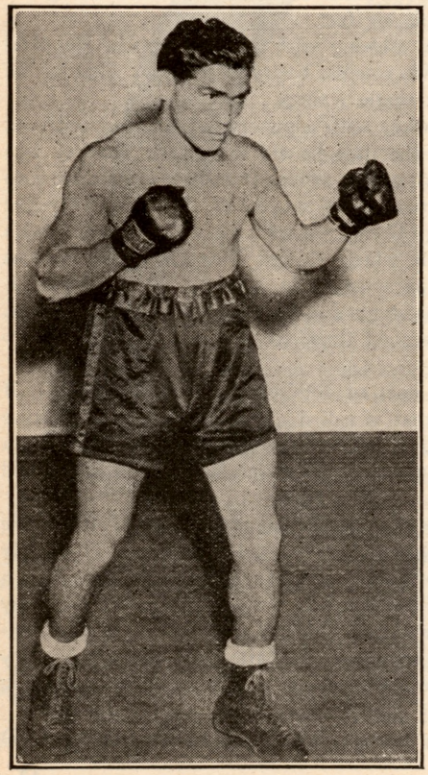
The only division that has shown little or no promise of developing in the past year is the 112-pound class. Midget Wolgast, recognized as the world flyweight champion until he entered the higher class recently, is no longer capable of doing the class limit. He is campaigning as a bantam, and a heavy bantam, at that. Wolgast recently defeated Juan Zurita, a Mexican who had scored over Sixto Escobar.

We can single out but one flyweight of promise in this country worthy of mention. He is Jose Puig, born twenty years ago in Tampa, Fla., but now campaigning out of New York. Puig scales around 110 pounds. He is colorful and a puncher with both fists, and may develop into another Pancho Villa.



Teddy Loder, Yorkville welterweight contender, who looked like a champion in defeating Johnny Jadick recently.

New York at this writing is the center of the fistic trade for the boys in the lighter divisions. George Coyle, who ushers at the Rockefeller-owned Radio City Music Hall, is the classiest flyweight in the amateur ranks in the East. He holds various A.A.U. and Golden Gloves titles. He has had a number of overtures to turn pro, but this writing finds him still mingling among the medal hunters. He, too, is a puncher. I doubt, however, whether he will long remain among the 112-pounders. He is fast outgrowing the class. Coyle is the mainstay of the Catholic Boys' Club team of New York, which is developing some fine talent.



Mickey Serrian, rugged Scranton Italian welterweight.

* * *

LOU SALICA, Bay Ridge bantam, is probably the most brilliant fighting machine in the 118-pound ranks today. Salica, born in Brooklyn twenty-one years ago of Italian-born parents, was the best American amateur since the halcyon days of Frankie Genaro. He is the most outstanding little fellow developed in the States in fifteen years, or since Genaro won the Olympics back in 1920.

Salica has defeated almost every bantam of note, including Midget Wolgast, American; Joe Tei Ken, Korean; Baby Quintana, Cholo Indian; Anton Kocsis, the Hungarian; and Young Tommy and Pablo Dano, Filipinos. It was by defeating Dano in Los Angeles last June that Salica became recognized as world champion by the California and Illinois State Athletic Commissions.

A natural 118-pounder, Salica is exceptionally strong and rugged. He also is a good hitter. He scored knockdowns over Wolgast, Tei Ken, Tommy and Dano. He knocked down the last-named four times.

By the time this book reaches you, Salica and Escobar will have settled the matter of supremacy between them.

Salica is managed by Hymie Caplin, loquacious pilot, who managed Al Singer, lightweight, and Ben Jeby, middleweight, both former world titlists.

* * *

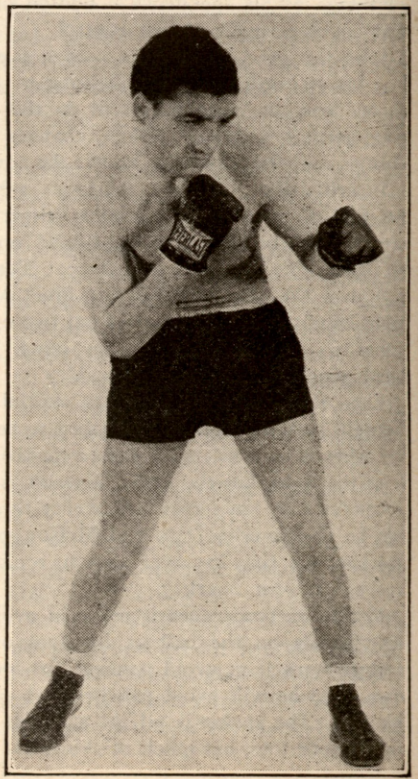
ESCOBAR is a colorful performer. He is slippery as an eel, bobbing and weaving and slipping punches in a manner which indicates that he has mastered the art of boxing. What is more important, he is a tremendous right-hand puncher.

He came into prominence in the States by knocking out Bobby Leitham in a Holyoke ring. He proved it was no accident by repeating in Montreal a few weeks later.

Other impressive wins on Escobar's record are knockouts over Joey Archibald of Providence, R. I., and Baby Casanova of Mexico. He is managed by Lou Brix, for years associated with Billy Gibson in the management of Gene Tunney and Benny Leonard, and Tom McArdle, former matchmaker of Madison Square Garden.

* * *

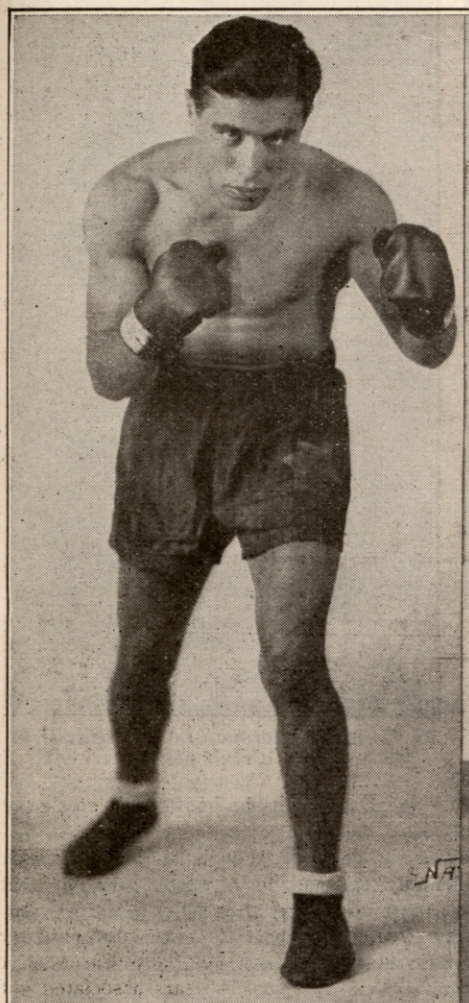
THERE is plenty of good talent in the featherweight division in and around New York and other parts of the country. The champion is, of course, Freddy Miller, the Cincinnati lad managed by Pete Reilly. Miller has been recognized as world champion by the N. B. A. since he defeated Tommy Paul in the finals of an elimination tournament in Detroit a few years ago. Freddy has just returned from an invasion of England, Wales, Scotland, France and Spain,



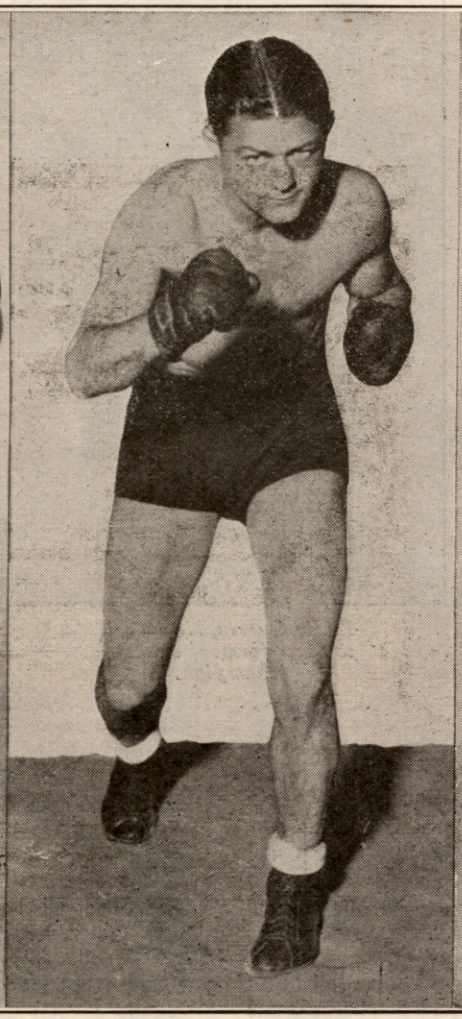
Cleto Locatelli, Italian lightweight champion.

GREATS

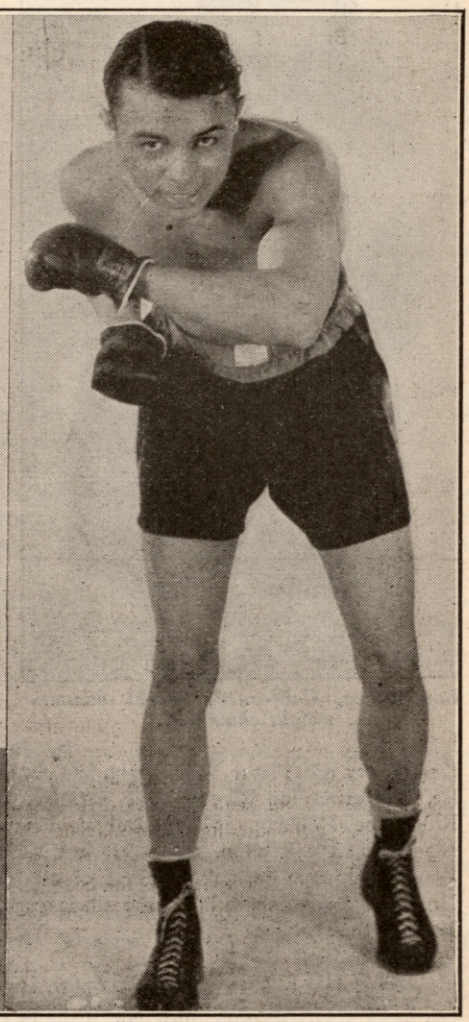
By MAURIE WAXMAN



Abe Wasserman, New York lightweight, who is making the grade.



Wesley Ramey, Grand Rapids, Mich., lightweight contender.



Victor Vallee, New York promising featherweight.

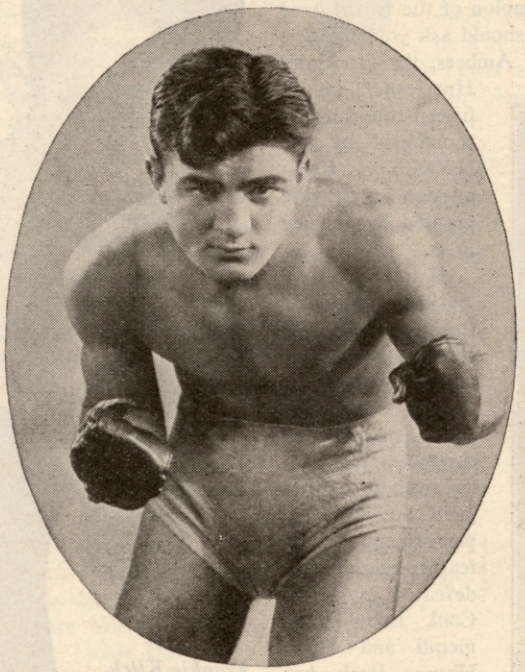
where he defeated every champion in those countries. He lost but once, and that time to Maurice Holtzer in Paris.

Holtzer is well known in this country, having campaigned successfully under the management of Eddie Walker.

* * *

ARIZMENDI, who is rated the world champion so far as New York State is concerned, will have plenty of trouble to dispose of several of New York's leading boys. For example, there is Petey Hayes, the former Lane High School boy, who last summer defeated Kid Chocolate at Ebbets Field in Brooklyn, and then dropped a disputed decision to Leo Rodak in Chicago. But Hayes came back with a victory over Lew Feldman in Madison Square Garden in his last start. He has been on the sidelines since then. Petey has begun training again and his mentor, Frankie Jacobs, who, with Sol Gold, earned a fortune for Jackie Kid Berg, hopes to get Petey a shot at Arizmendi before long.

Then there is another crack little New York club pleaser who is hot on the trail of the leading men. Jerry Mazza is his name and he is a resident of the Bensonhurst section of Brooklyn. Jerry has a big following in New York because of his pleasing style of fighting, and if he gets the chance to battle New York's king of the feathers, Arizmendi will have his work cut out for him to retain his laurels.

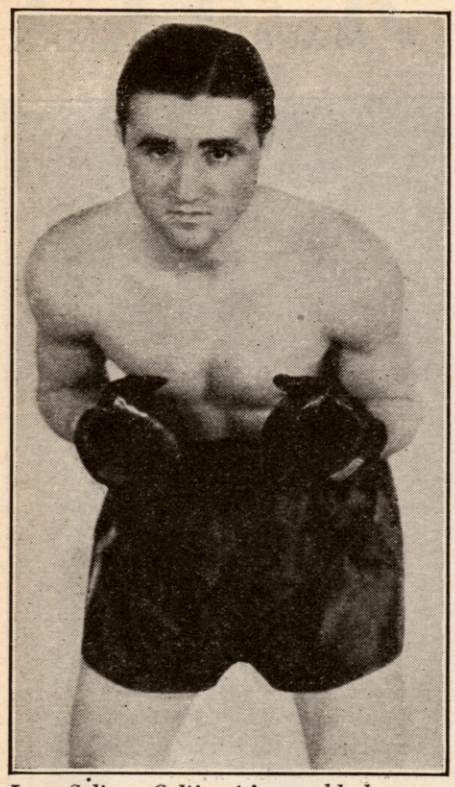


Izzy Jannazzo former Alabama welterweight, now fighting out of New York.

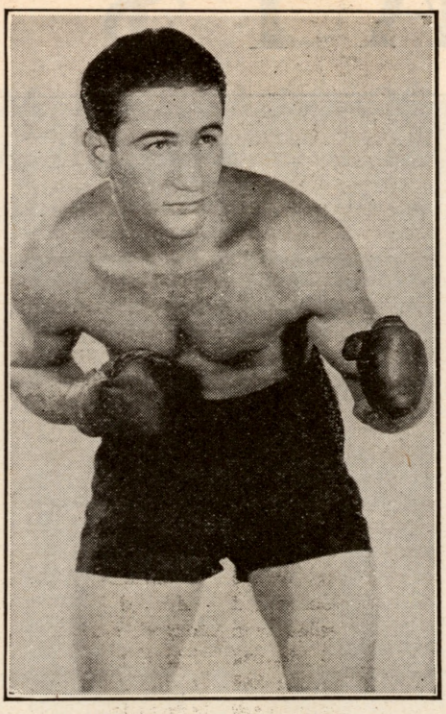
Phil Zwick, the tall, speedy, hard-hitting featherweight from Kokonis, Wisconsin, who at this writing is fighting in England, where he went after his tour of Australia, is another lad who must be considered a serious threat to the champion. Zwick's record since leaving America stamps him as one of the best boys in the division. His recent defeat of Boyo Rees, the Welsh lightweight king, in the Liverpool Stadium, was a classic, according to reports from abroad.

Watch Zwick, who apparently is going to create quite a flutter in the featherweight and lightweight ranks when he returns to the States.

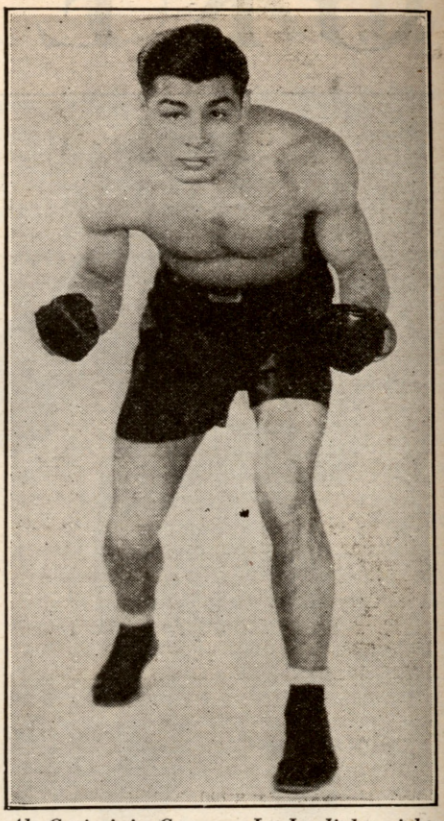
Other featherweights of promise in



Lou Salica, California's world bantamweight champion.



Eddie Guerra, New York welter, former amateur champion.



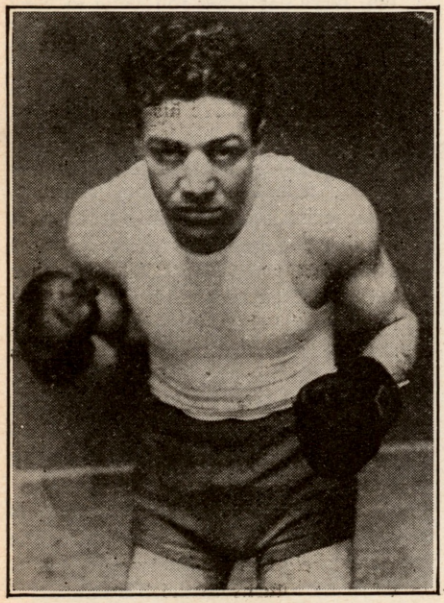
Al Casimini, Corona, L. I., lightweight, and a club pleaser.

the country are Victor Vallee, who has shown exceptional promise, California Joe Rivers, Mike Belloise, Jimmy Christy, Julie Katz, Joe Doherty, Johnny DeFoe, Frankie Covelli, Johnny Mauro, Danny London, Young Jack Sharkey, Joey Wach and Sonny Reitman. Perhaps the best of all is Bernie Friedkin, a Brooklyn High School boy, who shapes up like another Barney Ross in the making.

* * *

AL CIULLO, Brooklyn southpaw, is probably the hardest hitter at 130 pounds. He came close to flattening Frankie Klick a few years ago, the official decision being a draw. Somehow, fate seems to have conspired against this youngster, for he should have been on top long ago.

Tony Canzoneri is the lightweight champion of the world once again, and a great champion, if anybody should ask you. He was a master strategist in turning back Lou Ambers, the Herkimer Hurricane, in a fifteen-round match sanctioned by the New York Commission for the title vacated by Barney Ross.

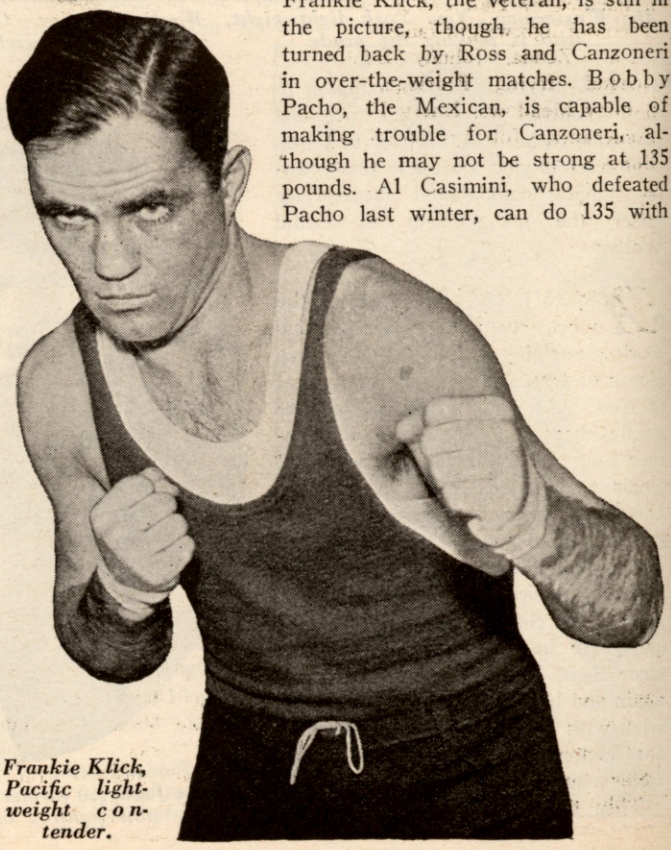


Joe Pennino, a good two-fisted welterweight from New York.

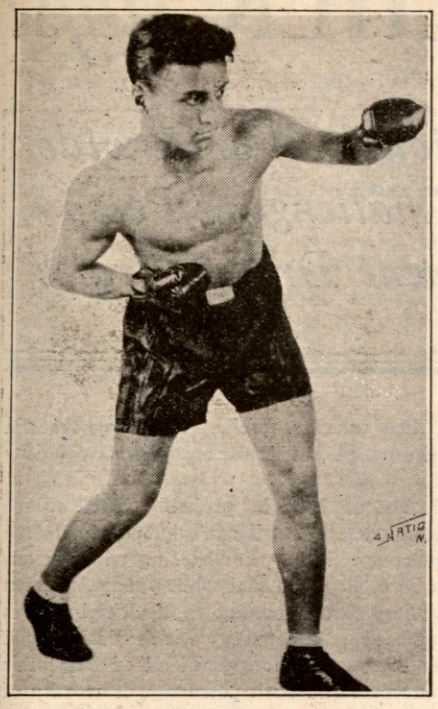
Al Roth of New York, by reason of turning in splendid victories over Leonard Del Genio and Davey Day, now ranks as the leading contender for the lightweight title. Just an ordinary performer as a featherweight, and defeated by Eddie Cool, Baby Arizmendi and Petey Hayes, Roth has suddenly come on like a prairie fire. In whipping Del Genio and Day, Roth has boosted his stock sky high.

Lou Ambers may still win the title, though he is resting with a broken jaw accidentally suffered in a winning battle with Fritzie Zivic. And we must not forget that sterling little Grand Rapids fighter, Wesley Ramey, who beat Canzoneri before Ross copped the title from him and who is now fighting better than at any time in his career.

Frankie Klick, the veteran, is still in the picture, though he has been turned back by Ross and Canzoneri in over-the-weight matches. Bobby Pacho, the Mexican, is capable of making trouble for Canzoneri, although he may not be strong at 135 pounds. Al Casimini, who defeated Pacho last winter, can do 135 with



Frankie Klick, Pacific lightweight contender.

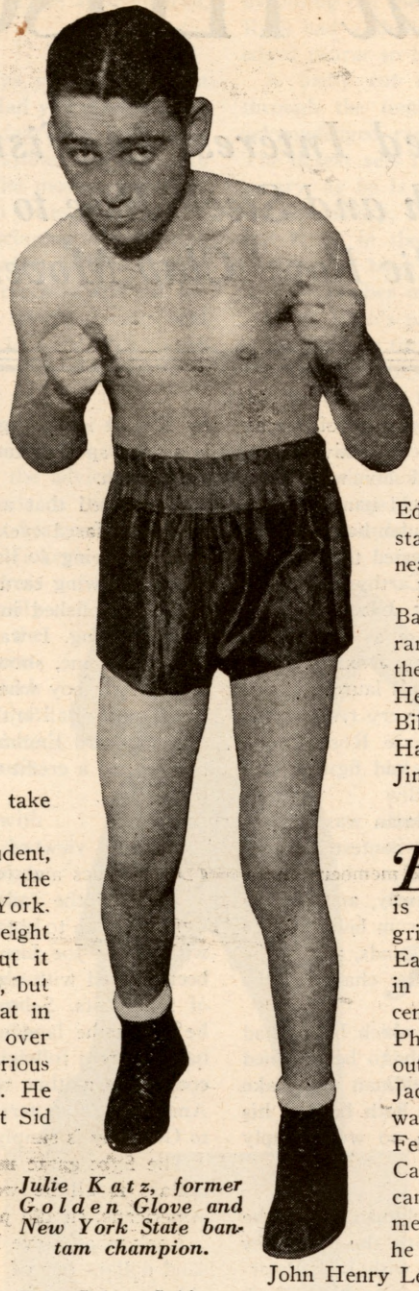


Jerry Mazza, Bensonhurst, New York, featherweight.

ease, and has as good a chance as any to take Tony into camp.

Abe Wasserman, St. John's College student, is the most pleasing performer among the younger crop of lightweights around New York. He has just emerged from the featherweight division, and is a light lightweight, to put it correctly. He is no puncher, as punchers go, but throws two fists constantly. He looked great in scoring a one-round technical K.O. victory over the touted Allie Rown and the part of a serious contender in turning back Roger Bernard. He is handled by Dan Caplin, who brought out Sid Terris of lightweight fame.

Joey Zodda, Johnny Bonito, Charley Bedami, Irving Eldridge, Lou Camps, Sammy Meadows, Harry Hoffman, Marty Pomerantz, Johnny Horstman, Charley Burns, Lou Lombardi, Patsy Hennigan, Eddie Dunn, Charley Diaz, Sedgwick Harvey, Baby Salvey Sabin, and Johnny Lo Bianco seem to be the standout prospects among the lightweights today.



Julie Katz, former Golden Glove and New York State bantam champion.

* * *

BARNEY ROSS is the current world welterweight champion, but the fans are beginning to take cognizance of Teddy Loder, the Yorkville, New York, rib-crusher managed by Joe Jacobs. Loder has dropped but one decision in fifty-five starts.

The blond-haired youngster reminds the fans of Ace Hudkins when the Nebraska Wildcat was in his hey-day. Teddy is a body fighter of the old school. He combines the viciousness of Hudkins and the stamina of Battling Nelson.

In taking Johnny Jadick into camp in his last start, Loder served notice on Champion Ross that he intends to make plenty of trouble from now on. If Loder keeps on winning, there seems to be good reason for the belief that he will be chosen to meet Jimmy McLarnin in Madison Square Garden next winter.

Loder is American-born of German parents. He is twenty-two and scales 142 pounds. Whitey Bimstein is his trainer.

Among other welterweights of promise are Mickey Serrian, Izzy Jannazzo, Andre Jesserun, Joe Pennino, Jackie Davis, Ray Napolitano, Jimmy Leto, Eddie Guerra, Georgie Salvadore, Harry Dublinsky and Herbie Katz.

Ted Yarosz, the Monaco, Pa., battler, is American middleweight champion, but his crown is tottering. Freddie Steele, Babe Risko, Frank Battaglia, Paul Pirrone, Jack Gibbons and Solly Krieger are all knocking at his doorstep. Steele made himself a big shot when he technically knocked out Vince Dundee, ex-middleweight champion, in three rounds a few weeks ago in Seattle. Freddie scored eleven knockdowns during the one-sided fray.

Risko technically knocked out Yarosz last Christmas in the surprise of the year. Pirrone, always a dangerous hitter, knocked out Mickey Walker, and lost and won from Risko. Gibbons outpointed Battaglia, who had been going along nicely.

Krieger may be the dark horse of the 160-pounders. He knocked out Tony Celli, Eddie Kid Whalen and Al Rossi in his last three starts. He may be matched with Gibbons in the near future and the battle should be a hummer.

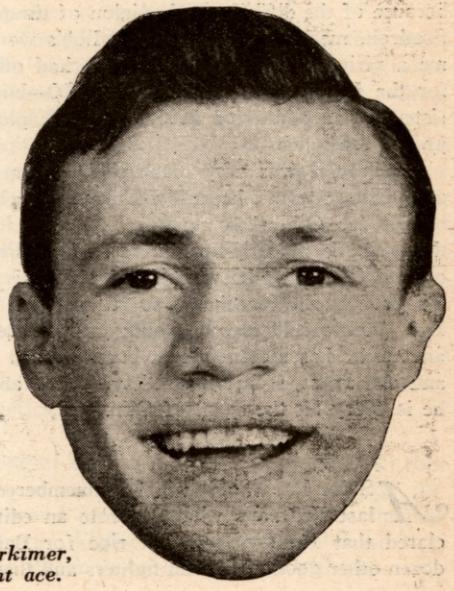
It would be well not to overlook young Harry Balsamo, the New York Italian middleweight, who ran up a long and impressive knockout record in the Simon-pure ranks. Balsamo turned pro recently. He has scored three straight kayos. Thys Menger, Billy Murphy and Roy Frisco were his victims. Harry shapes up like an embryo Jack Delaney. Jimmy De Angelo has him in tow.

* * *

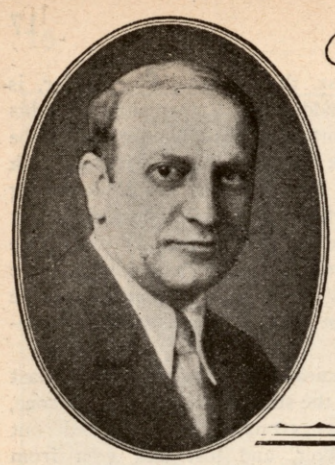
BOB OLIN is still world's light-heavyweight champion and his most serious challenger is Abe Feldman, former Schenectady High School grid star, now making his home on New York's East Side. Feldman looked the part of a champion in whipping John Henry Lewis in Brooklyn recently, all but ironing out the brilliant Negro from Pheonix, Arizona. Feldman really defeated Olin out on the Pacific Coast a few months ago, but Jackie Fields, the referee, called it a draw. Fields was set down for sixty days for this *faux pas*. Feldman scaled 180 pounds for Lewis, but Hymie Caplin, who handles Abe, says that his protege can do 175 and be strong. If that occurs and he meets Olin for the title, Feldman feels confident he will cop the laurels.

John Henry Lewis and Maxie Rosenbloom are about on a par next to Feldman. And right up close is Al McCoy, French-Canadian scrapper, making his home in Waterville, Me. McCoy is a classy fighter and would probably be favored over Olin were they to meet in a Boston ring, where McCoy has done his best work. Nathan Mann of New Haven is another fine prospect of whom much can be expected in the not distant future.

(Continued on page 27)



Lou Ambers, Herkimer, N. Y., lightweight ace.



Nat FLEISCHER says:

Revived Interest in Fisticuffs World-wide
Roth and Steele Rise to Challenger's Post
Catholic Boys' Club Movement Draws Praise

THE past month was one in which the big shots of boxing in the various divisions were kept pretty active. Even Champion Jimmy Braddock exhibited his wares, although only in an exhibition at the field named in his honor in New Jersey, and that Jimmy is a popular boy, at least so far as his home folks are concerned, was attested to by a fine turnout. Jimmy went four rounds with Jack McCarthy of Boston.

The defeat of John Henry Lewis at Coney Island by Abe Feldman furnished the month's biggest surprise as the Negro already had been accepted by the New York State Boxing Board as the leading contender for a crack at Bob Olin's laurels. Lewis was regarded generally as having the edge on every rival in the division other than the former champion, Maxie Rosenbloom, and his defeat came as a shock to those who had figured him as Olin's next opponent.

For action, that mill between Lewis and Feldman was a humdinger. There was as much on view in that one contest as ordinarily is seen in half a dozen others in which the members of the light-heavyweight division have taken part recently, and no one begrudged Feldman's great triumph. He came from behind after being on the wrong side of the ledger for five rounds, and in the final sessions, he had the crowd standing on the chairs in the throes of excitement.

By his victory, Feldman earned the shot for which Lewis had been scheduled and if he fights Olin, he is likely to be crowned king. Of course, it is problematical whether Feldman can make the light-heavyweight limit and be strong, but both he and his able mentor, Hymie Caplin, insist that he can, so we'll simply have to wait and see.

* * *

INCIDENTALLY, the victory of Feldman upset the plans of Olin, who was dickering with the Wembley Stadium, Ltd., of London, for a match with Jack Petersen. The club's able matchmaker, Sid Hull, came to New York with Pa Petersen to sign Olin, but left without his signature because of the difference of opinion of the promoters and Harold Scadron, manager of Olin, in-re Bob's worth. Pa and Syd paid me a visit and explained that they had offered Scadron £3,500 for the fight—a total of about $17,500—but Olin's manager insisted on an additional £500, or $2,000, plus expenses, and that proved too much.

Candidly, I was very much surprised at Scadron's failure to accept those terms, because I cannot see wherein he will be able to get for Olin that much in America for three fights, even though he is the title-holder. Were I Pa Peterson, I would have offered Olin what he wanted only because it is my opinion that Peterson has a fine chance to relieve Olin of his crown, for, in Bob, Jack would meet a young man nearer his poundage than anyone he has met in recent bouts and in the matter of hitting and cleverness, from what I have heard about Petersen, I think he is every bit the equal of Olin.

* * *

AS for Pa, who, it will be remembered, panned me severely last February when I wrote an editorial in which I declared that Petersen was not ripe for Baer or at least half a dozen other good American fighters and that he would be stopped by Neusel in the fight then pending. Well, I must say that Pa is a good sport, a fine gentleman and that I enjoyed his company very much.

He agreed that as father of Jack he probably failed to see things unbiased eyes would detect, but I can't blame him in the least for being so het up over his boy, considering what an excellent drawing card he is in England and what young Petersen has accomplished in raising British boxing to the heights it is now enjoying. I was amazed at the photos which Pa and Sid brought to me, showing the vast gatherings at all of Petersen's fights. Any boy who can command such patronage is worthy of the respect of all in the game and I salute Petersen as the greatest drawing card England has had in many years. He is an asset to boxing and a credit to his faithful manager—his dad.

* * *

IN view of the conditions in Germany which the Catholics and Jews must face in sports, I am mighty happy at the failure of both the Garden and the Twentieth Century Club to obtain the services of Max Schmeling for a fight with either Joe Louis or Max Baer. Either contest would have been viewed with alarm in this country because of the possibility of race riots. Schmeling should be permitted to remain where he is—in the land of his people, where Jews and Catholics are banned from following the fistic profession. His presence in this country is neither wanted nor needed. His attitude towards the American promoters who enabled him to carry away a fortune to Germany is simply amazing.

The fight game means nothing more to Herr Max. American dollars is all he wants to cart back to Germany and we, as Americans, should prevent him from doing that.

Look what Steve Hamas had to do to get his twenty-five thousand dollars out of Germany. A mighty lucky boy he was to be able to get his coin deposited in France, where the stringent laws of the Nazis could not prevent Steve from taking his earnings back to the U. S. A. Such being the case in Germany, why should we go out of our way, as our promoters have been doing, to aid anyone in Germany to accumulate a fortune in our country to be transported, as Schmeling always has done, to the Hitler land!

* * *

I WAS also amused at the editorial that appeared in the "Boxsport" of Berlin, a publication on boxing and wrestling that uses most of THE RING stories and reproduces all of our pictures, in which the publication declares:

"It is more than doubtful whether Joe Louis is qualified to fight a boxer of Max Schmeling's significance. We do not want champions to shoot up like mushrooms. They ought to be selected on the basis of a long, unquestionable record."

Just think of it! Joe Louis not qualified to meet Schmeling! We think that the editor of that publication got his names twisted. He should have said that Schmeling was unqualified to meet Louis. That would have been more correct.

It is my opinion that Schmeling had better not select Louis as his next opponent. He had better steer clear of him if he ever wants to regain the world title. Furthermore, should Schmeling clash with Braddock, I would select Jimmy to win, after taking

into consideration Schmeling's showing against the aged veteran, Paulino Uzcudun.

"Louis not qualified!"

"What do you mean, Mr. Editor? Perhaps you didn't get a chance to read the last issue of THE RING. Had you done so, you probably would have changed your mind. I fear that Schmeling is too wise even to consider Louis as a possible opponent. He might get so mussed up that his future in the movies would be imperiled. No, Mr. Editor, Schmeling, who owes his start in America to me, for I was responsible in bringing him to this country, never saw the day when he was good enough to justify all the fuss that has been made over him recently and all the money that was spent in cables, transatlantic telephone calls, and in Joe Jacobs' trip to Germany to induce him to come back to the United States for a fight.

* * *

MICKEY WALKER'S comeback, I'm afraid, was ill-advised. The Toy Bulldog of New Jersey, who is eager to continue to ply his trade despite the advice of friends that he hang up his gloves, made a brave stand against John Anderson, Swedish light-heavyweight king, at Dexter Park last month, but even Mickey's best was not sufficient to overcome the youth, aggressiveness and hard hitting of his rival, who easily outpointed Walker. Just before the end of the first round, Anderson, following a clinch, connected with a hard left hook to the chin, which sent Mickey staggering to his corner. It was that punch that started the Jerseyite on the road to defeat, for, with the exception of the fifth round, he could do little to the foreigner.

The former champion, fat and frayed, but with his fighting Irish heart still one hundred per cent strong, showed but few flashes of his former prowess. He was highly nervous, missed many punches that in his best days would have stopped Anderson had they landed, and couldn't get out of range of his rival's delivery. It would be to the best interests of Walker if, instead of continuing to take shellackings from ordinary fighters, he would bid adieu to the ring that brought him fame and a fortune which, unfortunately, he let slip through his fingers.

* * *

THE same night that Walker failed in his comeback, Tommy Loughran whipped the rugged Eddie Simms in Toronto, but Tommy's display of fistic wares apparently didn't meet with the approval of the fans, who booed the verdict. Loughran, who, like Walker, refuses to retire, at least can hold his own against the average heavyweight He still possesses a good portion of his skill and when in difficulties, as he often found himself against Simms, he can still steer out of danger by clever boxing.

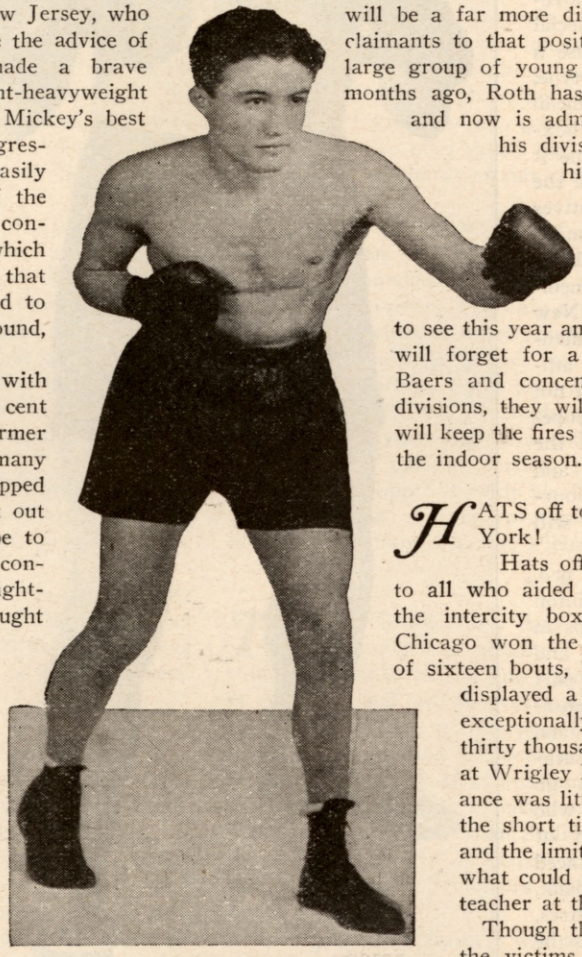
That's the difference between Walker and Tommy. One was purely a fighter, the other a clever boxer and fair hitter, and the boxer invariably has it on the other type in the long run.

* * *

ONE of the big surprises of the month was the elimination of Davey Day of Chicago, stablemate of Barney Ross, as the leading lightweight contender. As frequently happens, Day, in an effort to force the issue with Canzoneri for a championship match, decided to take on Roth, one of New York's budding youngsters, in what he thought would be the final stepping stone towards such a bout. In fact, so highly did the New York Commission regard the principals that the Day-Roth bout was designated as an elimination affair and Roth proceeded to prove that he, not the Chicagoan, was entitled to first crack at Canzoneri by nosing out the clever visitor. It was a nip-and-tuck battle, but Roth had a shade on aggressiveness and effectiveness and thus edged nearer to his goal.

A badly cut nose, which bled profusely from the eighth through the tenth round, handicapped Day, who, it must be acknowledged, ranks as one of America's best boys in his division. The defeat sets Day back in his climb, but should be only temporary, as he is too good a boxer to have it affect him much. By his victory, Roth now rates with Locatelli, Ambers, Ramey and Klick in the contender class, and it is probable that this quartet will have it out ere long to decide who is to face Tony in a September match for the title.

If Al Roth's performance against Davey Day, crack Chicago lightweight, is to be taken as a criterion, then any boy who wants first shot at Tony Canzoneri's title had better make up his mind that he will first have to dispose of Roth's claim to such honors. Keeping Roth from moving into the challenger's post will be a far more difficult task than the rest of the claimants to that position might think. Just one of a large group of young aspirants to fistic fame a few months ago, Roth has come up in leaps and bounds and now is admittedly one of the best bets in his division. Even Tony Canzoneri and his mentor, Sam Goldman, admit that.



Al Roth, the young New Yorker, whose defeat of Davey Day places Al among the first four leading lightweights of the world. Al is a pleasing scrapper.

The fight between Davey and Al was one of the best battles between boys of the lighter divisions it has been my pleasure to see this year and again proves that if promoters will forget for a while the Schmelings and the Baers and concentrate on the lads of the other divisions, they will be able to build up cards that will keep the fires burning for the promoters during the indoor season.

* * *

HATS off to the Catholic Boys' Club of New York!

Hats off to Jack Britton, its coach, and to all who aided in the training of the lads for the intercity boxing tournament with Chicago. Chicago won the tourney with ten victories out of sixteen bouts, but in defeat, the New Yorkers displayed a brand of fisticuffs that merited exceptionally favorable comment from the thirty thousand persons who viewed the bouts at Wrigley Field in Chicago. Their performance was little short of amazing, considering the short time the lads have been together and the limited training they had, and showed what could be done with the proper type of teacher at the head.

Though the New Yorkers lost, they were the victims of three rather poor decisions which, had they gone to New York, as they should have, would have given the team trophy to the visitors—a feat that merits considerable praise for the man who coached the New Yorkers—the former world welterweight champion, Jack Britton.

Whereas Chicago has had a team in the field for the last five years, New York began its activity only four months ago under the able supervision of Messrs. Higgins and Dennison, with the aid of Jack Britton and Arthur Donovan, and what these men did during that short space indicates that it won't be long before the Catholic Boys' Club will have among its talent the leading amateur boxers in America.

* * *

THE movement, one of the finest boys' organizations in this country, will spread to other sections and ere long, the A.A.U. and its loose brand of amateur boxing will be shunted aside to be replaced by the highly supervised organization that already is proving a big factor in American sports activities.

It was only a lack of experience that caused New York's defeat, for every one of the veterans carried away the honors while the novices found the going either too stiff or found the officials erring in judgment. As was expected, the best boxers of the thirty-two on display were young George Coyle, the Radio City usher, who looms as one of the best bantams in the country—amateur or pro—and Johnny Clinton, a hard-hitting, fine 147-pound boxer, who didn't have to extend himself to win.

* * *

THE Catholic Boys' Club movement is deserving of special mention in these columns because a few more organizations of that type, regardless of denomination, will mean much towards placing amateur boxing in America on the high plane it occupied a few years ago, before the methods now employed by executives was permitted to enter into the management of affairs. The Catholic Boys' Club of Chicago boasts a membership of 233,000 and that of New York of about 10,000, and every member is active in some branch of athletics. Those who take up boxing not only obtain free tuition from competent teachers, but if they make the grade, they are given uniforms and are properly cared for, both in nourishment and clothes, so that they will have no worries.

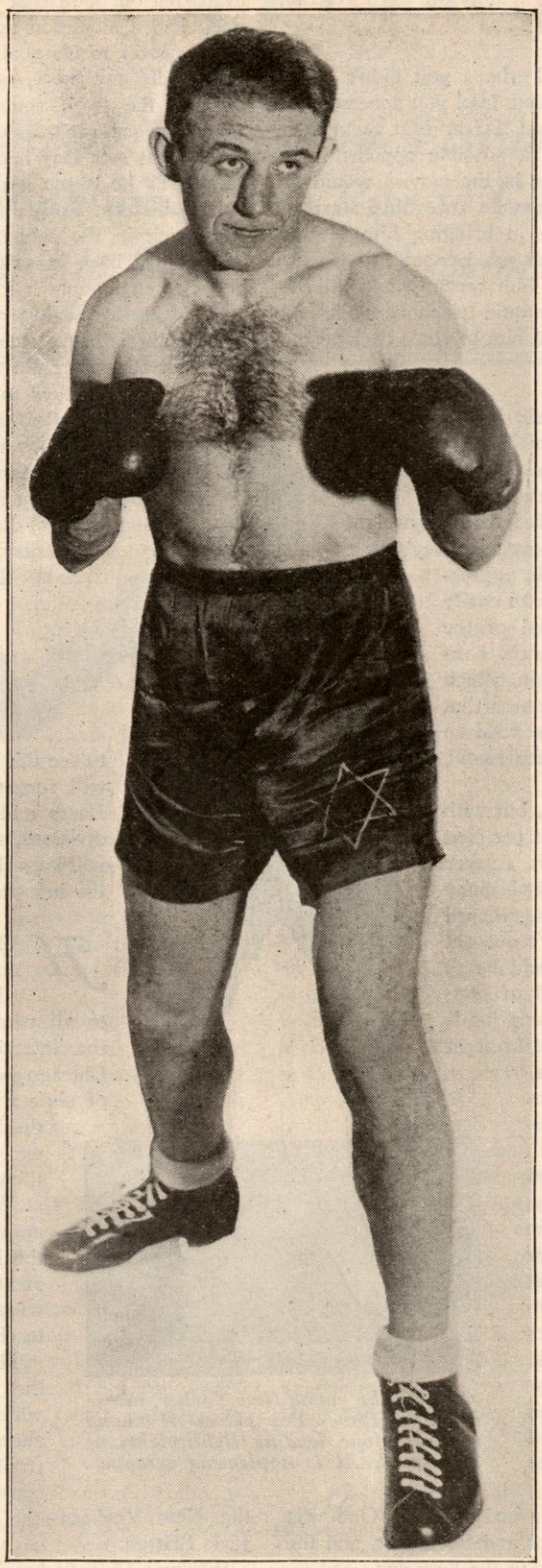
And when a lad wants to turn pro, as might soon be the case of Clinton and Coyle, the organization steps in and handles the boy's affairs and appoints a manager, who does his part of the work without extra compensation in the way of a thirty-three and one-third per cent rake-off. The Catholic Boys' Club officials even go further—they see that the boy who turns pro gets only a portion of what he earns, and the rest is placed to his credit in his name in a bank, to be given to him when he retires.

Thus the organization performs the noble act of putting aside for the fighter that which he will require for a rainy day. Is there any better reason for New York's and Chicago's sports writers' fine support of this movement?

THE RING is one hundred per cent behind it, and in fact, its Editor, who is on the Advisory Board, though not of the same creed, stands ready at all times to aid such movements through contributions of medals and other trophies.

Herr Hitler, take notice! We in America do not halt young, growing boys from taking part in healthful exercises—we encourage them.

More power to the church that fosters sports and sportsmanship, clean living and a healthy body, among its children. That is as it should be in this great land of religious freedom.



Eric Seelig, former middleweight and light-heavyweight champion of Germany, who was forced to abdicate his titles because he is a Jew. According to Ed Wotanski, who just returned to this country after fighting Seelig, Eric is the best middleweight in the world today. Wotanski says he is a two-fisted, sturdy gladiator who has proved his worth under fire.

EVERY now and then an internationally famous fighter selects an opponent as a tune-up fight who suddenly develops into a Titan and smashes his way into a thrilling surprise victory over his supposedly stronger opponent. The latest fighter to fall into such a snag was Vince Dundee, former world middleweight king, who, in preparation for a bout with Teddy Yarosz for the American title, accepted a contest with Freddie Steele in Seattle, and not only was floored eleven times and halted in the third round, but was sent to the hospital with a broken jaw. Thus Steele attains a place in the front rank of the middleweights and has earned for himself a shot at Teddy's crown. He undoubtedly is now the ranking challenger for Teddy's American crown.

Steele has cut quite a figure in Western bouts, but was little thought of in the East. Now his services will be in demand and if the plans of the Garden of New York materialize, he will be seen in one of the early indoor shows with Dundee as his opponent in a return engagement. Whatever else might be said about Vince, it must be admitted that few fighters are his superior and, as Dundee and his mentor declare the former champion was not sufficiently acclimated to tackle Steele, a return bout will make a good attraction for any club.

* * *

THE signing of Baer and Louis by the Twentieth Century Sporting Club of New York brings together two of the best attractions in the fistic world today. Despite Baer's bad showing in his bout with Braddock, the belief still prevails that the former champion heavyweight can do justice to himself and to those who believe in him if he takes things seriously. The majority of fistic experts who have closely followed the rise of Joe Louis predict the early downfall of Baer in their coming battle. At least one thing is certain—Baer will not prove as easy a mark as was Levinsky, because he at least will not retreat under fire and be scared stiff before he enters the ring.

While, as I have already said in my story on the Louis-Levinsky battle, I expect the Detroit Bomber to come through with an early triumph, I likewise feel confident that Joe will be forced to extend himself further in this bout than in any in which he has yet engaged. The public interest in Baer's return to the ring indicates a huge crowd at the coming show. Of course, it won't be Baer, but Louis, who will draw them in, for he is now the magnet, just as was Jack Dempsey a few years ago. Yet the fight fan is a fickle person and he will go to the show not only to see how Louis fares against a heavy puncher—for such Max is, when he cares to fight—but also to see if Baer can come back.

Facts About Australia

By HERB MCHUGH

HAVING in recent months received numerous letters from fight managers seeking information regarding the fistic outlook in Australia, perhaps it would be best if I attempted to hit all the nails with one swing of the hammer by giving, through the columns of THE RING, the exact position as to what is what and who is who in Australia, so that overseas fighters and their managers could quickly sum things up and get down to business with the right people.

The two principal fight clubs are Sydney Stadium and Leichhardt Stadium, with other clubs operating in Brisbane, Fitzroy, (Melbourne) and Newcastle, with the following conspectus:

SYDNEY STADIUM: Under the direction of the National Boxing Club of Australia, with Jack Munro as matchmaker. The headquarters of boxing in Australia. Seating accommodation for thirteen thousand people, with a capacity of fifteen thousand. Postal address, "The National Boxing Club of Australia, Ltd., Sydney Stadium, Rushcutter Bay, Edgecliffe, N. S. W., Australia." Cable address, "Boxclub," Sydney.

Prices of admission invariably range from fifty cents to two dollars, but on big occasions three to five dollars are asked for ringside accommodation. The "gate" when the late W. L. Stribling and Ambrose Palmer fought hit over twenty thousand dollars. The takings on an ordinary club night average around three thousand dollars. Any good welter, middleweight or light-heavy, with Carroll, Henneberry or Palmer sharing the opposite corner, will check in with a percentage "cut" ranging from one thousand dollars to twenty-five hundred dollars. Tod Morgan and Wesley Ramey will verify such as being correct.

The directing head of the N. B. C. is Frank Packer, a young man who knows the price of the overseas market, so my warning to ambitious managers is to stifle the cry for exorbitant guarantees, it being so much a waste of time.

Other two important cogs in the working of the club are Joe Wallis, official referee, and Fred Currie the latter gentleman being the lad who strikes the percentages and gets the checks signed, as well as 'tending to other requirements of visiting boxers.

* * *

LEICHHARDT STADIUM: Second on the list of the most important stadiums in Australia. Matchmaker-in-chief, George Barnes, a particularly smart young man who also has a knowing eye on the value of fighters. Barnes has two show nights to arrange . . . . Wednesday night (all fight bill) . . . . Saturday (Wrestling).

Leichhardt, while much smaller than Sydney Stadium, is a most palatial building and is built on American lines. There is not a post in the entire structure with seating space for 4,300 fans, with a capacity for 5,000. All contests are set over two minute rounds. Jack Haines, former middleweight title holder in Australia, is official referee.

Mailing matter and cables should be addressed—"George Barnes, Leichhardt Stadium, Leichhardt, N.S.W. Australia."

Barnes will go as far as to guarantee an overseas scrapper $1,000, but a clause must go into the contract giving him an option of four further fights on the 25 per cent basis. However, managers have no cause for worry as this club packs 'em in regularly. Prices when importations are "on show" are the same as those at Sydney Stadium. Over 4,000 dollars worth of customers were on hand when the American light-heavyweight, Pietro Georgi, fought Ambrose Palmer, and another similar roll-up checked in to watch American colored lad, Roy De Gans, also throw punches with Ambrose.

Leichhardt definitely is the headquarters of wrestling in Australia. Tom Lurich, who campaigned for some years in America, has been wrestling continuously at Leichhardt for over four years. This must easily be a world's record. And the grappling is still going as big as ever. Barnes is willing to import one or two wrestlers at various intervals. There is certainly money here in the bone-crushing department and I would advise any wrestler anxious to make the trip to get in touch with friend Barnes.

* * *

BRISBANE STADIUM: Leased by Jack Hoult, former manager at Leichhardt Stadium. A business man and prepared to take a gamble. Mail and cables, "Jack Hoult, Stadium, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia."

With Brisbane over six hundred miles from Sydney, Hoult invariably, through a working agreement with either Sydney or Leichhardt Stadiums, places imported boxers against local talent. A good fight town, there is good money to be made.

Wrestling also goes rather big. Many of the grapplers appearing on the Leichhardt circuit trekking there. Seating for about five thousand.

NEWCASTLE STADIUM: Under the control of Jack Cousins. Works on lines similar to those adopted by Hoult in Brisbane. Located one hundred miles north of Sydney.

FITZROY STADIUM: The only active stadium at present in Melbourne, five hundred miles south of Sydney. Opposition never strong and nice little "purses" to be had. Pat McHugh, a namesake of mine, whom I was associated with for many years, is in sole command. It was McHugh who started out at Leichhardt a little over ten years ago in a dilapidated building and nursed it to its present palatial portals. Has been at Fitzroy since he severed his connection with his "first love." Also works in cooperation with Sydney promoters. Sufficient address, "Pat McHugh, Stadium, Fitzroy, Victoria, Australia."

* * *

TRAINING Facilities. And now to the subject of suitable training quarters, usually a bugbear to a boxer in a new country. Fight managers and trainers have their own association in Australia and will be ever-ready to offer a helping hand, but they look askance at overseas boxers making use of various stadiums for training purposes, consequently visitors are advised to select an authorized gymnasium in which to work out.

Owners of foremost gymnasiums in the city proper are: Jack Dunleavy, Sam Hart, Slam Sullivan, Harry Brown and "Tibby" Sneddon. Closer to Leichhardt are to be found Ern McQuillan and Jack Fennell. Promoters will protect the newcomer in the matter of charges.

Other prominent trainers who at times use the following academies are: Ike Kutner, Al New, Ern Casey, Bill Henneberry, Paul Harbulot, Jack Warner, Ike Harvey, Harry Stone (former star American lightweight).

Undoubtedly, from the manager's viewpoint, will be the job of quickly getting acquainted with the various boxing writers. Here are most of them: W. F. Corbett, *Sun;* Jim Mathers, *Telegraph;* George Thatcher, *Labor Daily;* George Parke, *Sydney Morning Herald;* Jim Donald, *The Referee;* Reg McKenzie, *Truth and Sportsman;* Jack Elliott, Ken Johnston, *Beckett's Budget;* Jack Johnson and Jack Read.

The *Labor Daily* and the *Telegraph,* both morning papers, make a strong feature of boxing and wrestling, and their respective scribes, Thatcher and Mathers, are good fellows to get along with. In fact, no boxer or his manager should have any trouble with the press here, as all of them are out with a helping hand, but let me say something cold and decisive: *Leave all the phony records at home—they don't mean a thing!* We all read THE RING magazine and are pretty well acquainted with the status of all American boxers. If you haven't the goods, don't waste your time.

"Australian Billy" Murphy

By SAMUEL J. GUDSELL

"'AUSTRALIAN BILLY' MURPHY is dead." When that message was flashed around the world recently it notified the sports public that one of the greatest featherweight fighters of all time had passed into the Great Beyond.

"Australian Billy" Murphy. That name may not mean much to the present generation of fight fans, but to the old-timers, those who followed the boxing game at the time Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Jeffries, Ike Weir, Solly Smith, Jack McAuliffe, Johnny Griffin, George Dixon, Young Griffo and a horde of other famed gladiators were in their prime, that name brought back memories of bygone days when the greatest pugilists of all time were at the helm.

Poor Billy was struck by a motorcycle and suffered a fractured skull and internal injuries and lingered only a short time in an Auckland hospital before the Grim Reaper halted his pain. Thus passed from the picture a fighter who Solly Smith, who lives in Chicago and who had fought Billy, recently called the greatest featherweight of all time. Coming as that did from the man who beat Murphy for the featherweight title, that praise goes a long way in describing Billy's prowess.

Although called Australian Billy, Murphy was a New Zealander and not an Australian. There is quite a difference between the two countries, one being a thousand or more miles from the other. In fact, Billy took pride in declaring that he was the only New Zealand champion in any class that his country had ever produced.

* * *

A FEW days before he entered the hospital, I interviewed Murphy for THE RING. In fact, it was just two days after he had given me a story for THE RING, the story of his career which is here printed, that I received word of his injury and hastened to the hospital to see him. He seemed in great spirits considering the damage that was done, and assured me that not only would he come through, but would engage in a comeback as soon as he was released, so confident was he that he would survive.

When I saw him in his home, I remarked:

"Billy, THE RING editor wants me to get a story from you. He writes: 'See Australian Billy Murphy and ask him what he thinks about the present-day fighters in comparison to those of his days; who gave him his hardest fights; whom did he regard as the most skilful boxer of his day, and anything else worth while.'"

"Funny, those Americans," replied Billy, "they still think I was born in Australia. That's why they persist in referring to me as 'Australian Billy.' You know, they don't know their geography well over there, and to them, we New Zealanders are Australians.

"I was born and bred in Auckland, and I'm proud of my country," said Murphy. "Tell THE RING editor just that. Of course, I realize I'll never be known as any other than 'Australian Billy,' for it's too late to change my fighting name now at seventy-four," he went on, with his two blue eyes twinkling, "but in any event, they might as well know that I'm a New Zealander and not an Australian."

* * *

WHEN poor Billy died he scaled only 112 pounds—his normal weight for the last ten years. He told me that he scarcely varied ten pounds during all his later years, his average being 114, and when he fought for the title, he scaled only 118 pounds.

"My problem, when I was a fighter, was not to reduce, but to put on weight," said Billy. "I always gave from twenty to forty pounds to most of my opponents, because I couldn't get fights otherwise, and when I retired, I kept that same fighting weight."

And to his dying days, there was scarcely any variation.

Up to the time he met with the mishap that caused his death, Billy was spry and active. He walked like an army man, straight body and shoulders back, and he told me that he felt confident that, at seventy-four, he was the oldest living boxing champion, but I find that Harry Gilmore, who fought for the featherweight title long before Murphy was in his prime, is still alive and active in California. Murphy was keenly intelligent and took a deep interest in boxing matters. He seldom missed a fight in Auckland and was always Johnny-on-the-spot when it came to arguing about fights and fighters.

During the course of our interesting conversation, Billy recalled his early fighting days and also told me about the recollection he had of his first fistic affair, and so enthused was I over what he had to say that I decided to make it part of this story of his fighting career.

* * *

"THE first fight I ever remember having was the only one in which I ever cried quits!" said Billy. "It was when I was about seven years of age, and I had an argument with a bigger boy who threw himself at me, and we had a regular tussle. However, he had me down on the ground and nearly bit my ear in two, so I cried enough! But that was the last time I ever did that.

"My parents did not like to have me fight, despite the fact that I'm Irish."

Billy explained that from the time he was a mere boy his one ambition in life was to fight. He bought a set of gloves and would sally forth and ask any kid in the neighborhood to don them and have a round or two.

He never had a lesson of any sort, and as he got older, he would visit every training hall around and challenge anyone for a bout.

His first big public contest, he said, was with a recognized "bruiser," who was the terror of the town. And here is his story of that mill:

"At this time the back country of New Zealand was covered with dense forest and huge lumber mills attracted big, strong men from all parts of the world. Danes, Swedes, Germans, Americans and Englishmen—they all streamed in to work in the camps, and fighting was their main amusement and diversion. The man with strength was king of the camp! When they had a big pay check to 'blow in,' up they would come to Auckland, the port of the South Seas, and the hotels did a roaring trade.

"Soon one man stood out from the fighters, and he reigned supreme. He did the rounds of the hotels and picked a fight with anyone he could. He finally could get no takers, as he half killed his opponents, who were no match for him.

"'There's one man around you can't lick, Jack, and that's young Billy Murphy,' said one of the gang. 'Nobody can stand up to him at any of the "schools."' his mate told the bully.

"'Ah, yes, let's see him,' boasted the bully. 'I'll punch his face in.'

* * *

"IT was late one night when I was walking down the street and all the shops were wide open. An egg suddenly smashed on a window only inches above my head! Loud laughter came from the bully's gang.

"'Was that meant for me?' I quietly queried.

"'What if it was,' leered the local 'champ,' and suddenly he lashed out and cut my eye open. Immediately there was an uproar and only the cry of 'Police' stopped a 'free-for-all.'

"Arrangements were hastily made for a bare knuckle contest at the park the next morning.

"'You'll be killed, Billy. He's forty pounds heavier than you are,' my friends warned me.

"'We'll see,' was all I replied.

"The fight took place, and in the third round I knocked my big opponent clean out with such a terrific punch that I smashed a knuckle and split 'Jack's' eye wide open, the skin dropping down and blinding him.

"After this fight, I was King of Auckland and, after gaining

Meets Untimely DEATH

Gives Interview to The Ring Two Days Before Mishap Cuts Short His Life

more experience, I went to Australia, where I rapidly came to the fore, fighting all comers. So ended my fight with the bruiser," wound up Murphy. Then, after a pause, he continued:

"Half of these present-day fighters haven't got their hearts in the game. All they are after is money! money! money! I fought because I wanted to fight and could not fight often enough. If you are in it for the money only, your heart is in your mouth always, as you're scared of being hurt.

* * *

"THE hardest man to beat I ever met was Griffo. He had a perfect defense and was always dancing up to you, blocking your blows and dancing away after a hit or two of his own, and so was hard to fight.

"I had fought everyone of note in Australia and New Zealand until finally it was hard to get opponents.

"'Why don't you go to America and go for the big money?' a steward on a Pacific passenger vessel advised me, and I took the hint.

"I was then about twenty years of age, full of ambition, and I arranged with a friendly second steward to work my way as a steward from Auckland to San Francisco.

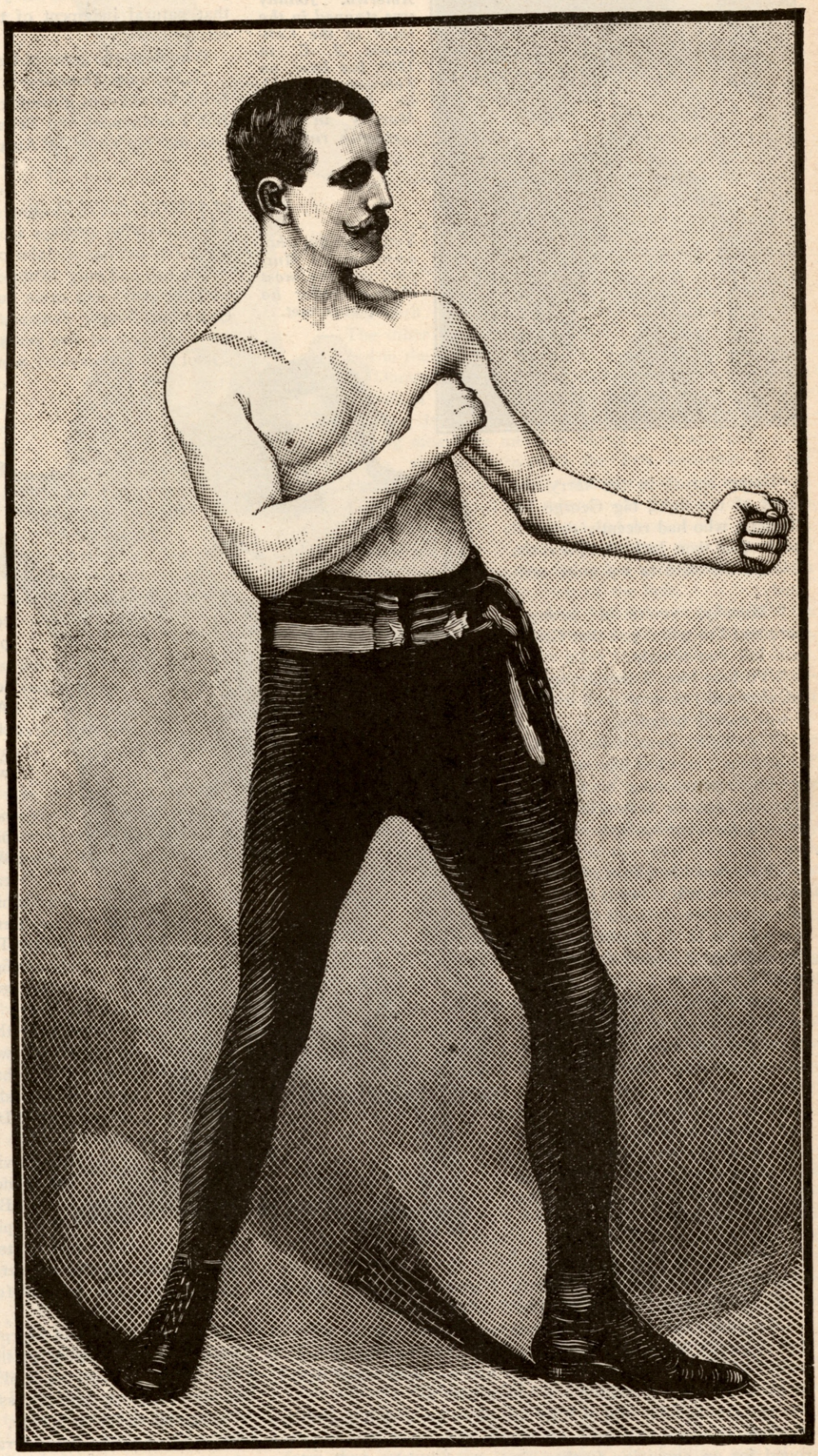
"I landed in that city and straightaway went to the California Athletic Club. I was made welcome and arrangements were made for me to go into training across the bay.

"A big fight was coming off the next night and the principal attraction was Jerry Griffin, the great Boston fighter then ranked as one of the best in the country.

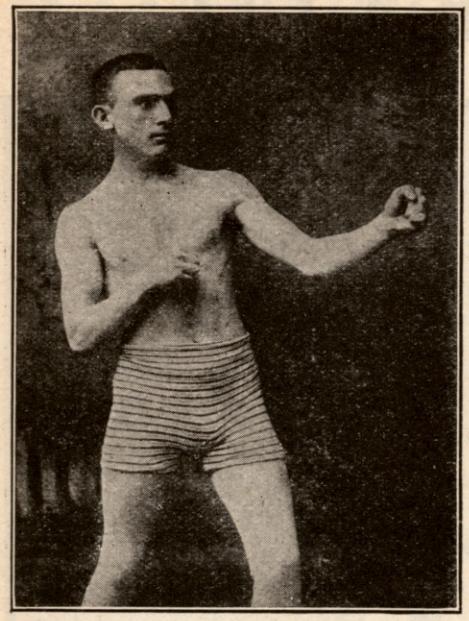
"At the last moment Griffin's opponent could not make an appearance and, in desperation, the California officials asked me if I would take his place. I instantly agreed.

"'But you're out of training and just been on the boat for over three weeks,' my trainer protested.

"'I'll beat him, nevertheless,' I replied.

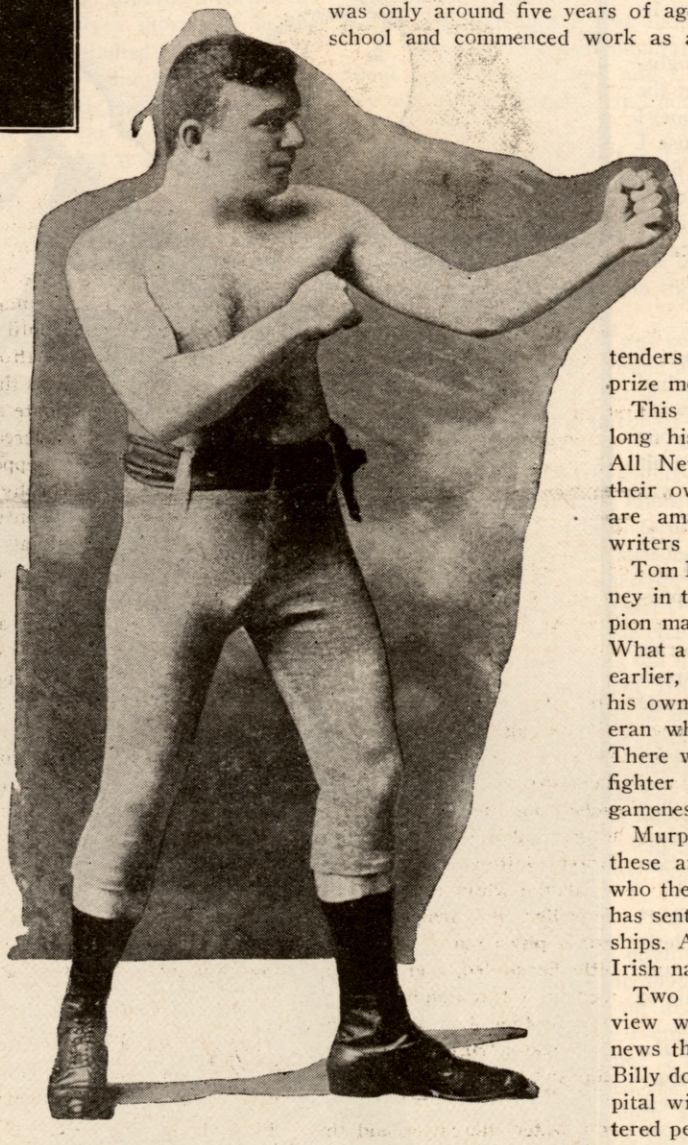


"Australian Billy" Murphy, as he looked when he arrived from New Zealand in California for his American campaign.



Johnny Griffin, the first fighter who faced Murphy in America. Johnny was stopped in the third in the California A. C. in 1889, but later, on February 6, 1893, he knocked out Murphy in the seventh round.

Young Griffo, who, according to Murphy, was the most elusive battler he had ever met.



"Going across in the ferry the night of the fight, big George La Blanche, who had recently defeated none other than Jack Dempsey, the 'Nonpareil,' said to me quite seriously:

"'Murphy, you're a stranger here and I'm tellin' you that Griffin will kill you tonight.'

"'I'll beat him,' I merely repeated, although I knew that all thought I was merely bragging.

"The fight went three rounds only when I knocked him out. I can see him now crashing, his head hitting the canvas first. He was a great fighter, but his style was easy for me.

"After that I had fight after fight, and my record is well known to all. Altogether I lived for fifteen years in the U. S. A., and a mighty fine country I found it in every way."

Murphy told me that the officials of the California Athletic Club were wonderful sportsmen, and that the club at that time was the finest in the world.

Speaking of purses, Murphy said that fifteen hundred dollars was big money in those days, and the biggest money he ever received was $2250 when he took the title from Weir in Chicago.

* * *

"THE two greatest light men I ever knew were Tommy White and Terry McGovern," stated Murphy.

Like most "old-timers" Billy had great contempt for present-day fighters. "Why, they merely cuddle and hug each other all night. Why don't they punch decently and use their heads more?" he growled when discussing this phase with me.

Many are the tales told of Billy Murphy's great skill and hitting strength. In one match, he is reputed to have gone after the sixth round for an agonizing further nine rounds with a collar bone broken, but so clever was he that his opponent did not fully realize the position; and Murphy won on points!

"Judgment and instinct are the two greatest assets a boxer can possess," the old champ informed me. "You can train a man for years and teach him all you know, but if he does not possess that natural judgment of timing and when to hit, he is only a second-rater."

Who were the greatest fighters he ever saw, Murphy was asked.

"Why, Jack Dempsey—yes, he was a real champion," replied Billy, his old eyes gleaming enthusiastically. "He could rank with Bob Fitzsimmons and Peter Jackson. In my time, Peter Jackson was the 'big noise' in Australia," said Murphy.

* * *

WHILE we're dealing with Australia and "Down Under" generally, perhaps it is time to inform RING readers that New Zealand has a claim on a few "pugs" as well as Australia.

The one and only "Ruby Bob" Fitzsimmons was born in Cornwall, England, but came out with his parents to Timara, South Canterbury, New Zealand, when the future world's champion was only around five years of age. Here he lived and went to school and commenced work as a blacksmith. He was a full-grown lad when a travelling boxing show visited Timara and the young New Zealander stepped into the ring in answer to the "travelling champ's" challenge. Fitzsimmons made short work of him, although he was very raw in his style. He then took the showman's place and knocked out four contenders in rapid succession for the prize money offered!!

This was the commencement of the long historic career of "Ruby Rob." All New Zealanders regard him as their own countryman, and naturally are amazed at American and other writers disregarding this fact.

Tom Heeney, who fought Gene Tunney in the last fight the world's champion made, is another New Zealander. What a pity he did not get his chance earlier, as he was regarded, even in his own country, as practically a veteran when he went to the U. S. A. There was, however, no more gallant fighter than Tom. He was full of gameness.

Murphy, Fitzsimmons, Heeney—these are the three New Zealanders who the small "Down Under" country has sent to battle for world championships. A gallant trio indeed, and with Irish names to back them.

Two days after writing this interview with Murphy, I heard the bad news that an automobile had knocked Billy down and he was taken to a hospital with a fractured skull and shattered pelvis. I went to the hospital and found the old champion cheerful and making good progress despite his injuries, but a turn for the worse soon took place and he died.

Right up till the end Murphy refused to believe that he was not good enough for most of the "young 'uns," as he called them. Before he met with the fatal injury, he regularly visited the office of the Auckland Boxing Association in an effort to get a match. Confidence he had in plenty, and he used to tell how often on the night of a fight he would arrange to meet a girl friend at a certain hour, and how he usually managed to knock out his opponent in time to keep the appointment.

Outside the little shack in which Murphy spent the last years

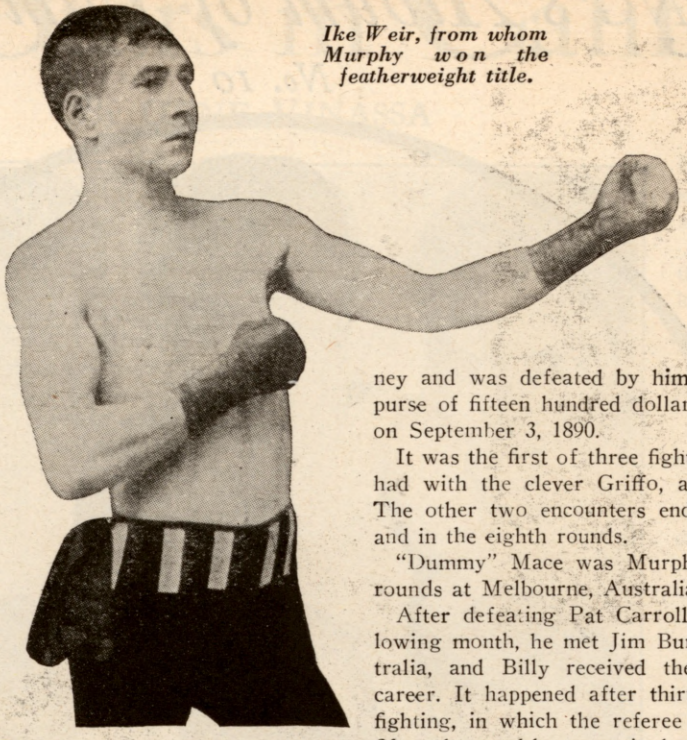
of his life was a sign which read:

BILLY MURPHY
Champion Fighter of the World
Champion Clothes Cleaner and Presser of the World

* * *

"AUSTRALIAN BILLY," one of the greatest punchers of his size in the history of the ring, was just as great a "character" as he was a pugilist. He was a tailor by trade, and if the old saying about a tailor being the ninth part of a man holds good, then it would have taken about fifteen Murphys to have made a full-sized clothes builder.

But he could fight and he had a right hand so potent in sleep producing that he was nicknamed "Little Dynamite" even long before he had set foot on the golden soil of California and established himself there as a wonder by knocking out Johnny Griffin in four rounds and then taking the featherweight championship from Spider Weir in fourteen rounds.



Ike Weir, from whom Murphy won the featherweight title.

Billy's early years had been lean ones in a financial way and he remembered these when money began to pour in. He was a "nickel nurser" if ever there was one, and every penny he could spare he sent back home. He later brought a brother here over whom he assumed the rôle of father, mother, trainer and manager.

After the brother had won his first purse in 'Frisco, Billy took his money, handed him a few cents and told him that the rest was to go back to his parents in New Zealand. The brother did not like this any too well, but Billy was the master, and that was all there was to it.

* * *

BILLY had had some experiences with the water at his training quarters that made him shy of it and he invariably used a bottled mineral water thereafter. At night when he would retire the bottle was placed on a table near the bed within handy reach.

Bill's brother made up his mind that this mineral water was to be the medium of his revenge and one night he changed the legitimate contents for a bitter concoction with a kick second only to the well-known product of an Indiana spa.

Waking during the night, Billy reached out for a drink, which he drowsily gulped. In an instant, he was galvanized into action and his screams brought about everybody within earshot to the rooms. He was pinned down and held, all the while shouting that he had been poisoned. The harder he yelled, the firmer he was held, while search was being made for a physician.

After the doc had smelled the bottle he smiled, and told the anxious onlookers that "he'll be all right in a few minutes."

Billy learned the next day that his brother had played the joke, but no opponent ever received the licking Billy handed out before he chased the lad from the camp and forced him to return to New Zealand.

Billy ceased to have faith in mineral water thereafter and the fluid that ran from ordinary faucets was good enough for him, for you see he was taking no more chances.

* * *

PROBABLY "Australian Billy's" greatest feat in ring history was when he knocked out Ike Weir on January 13, 1890, at the California Athletic Club, San Francisco, in fourteen rounds. Unfortunately, the details of this memorable battle are lacking, but Billy's victory over so formidable an opponent set him right with the sporting world, particularly of America.

He next defeated Tommy Warren at the Occidental Athletic Club, San Francisco, in four rounds. This battle took place on March 14, 1890.

Then came a four-round fight with Tommy White at Chicago on April 21, in which Billy is officially recorded with a victory.

Murphy then returned to New Zealand, where he encountered the renowned Griffo at Sydney and was defeated by him in fifteen rounds for a purse of fifteen hundred dollars. This scrap took place on September 3, 1890.

It was the first of three fights that "Australian Billy" had with the clever Griffo, and he lost all of them. The other two encounters ended in the twenty-second and in the eighth rounds.

"Dummy" Mace was Murphy's next victim in eight rounds at Melbourne, Australia, November 10, 1890.

After defeating Pat Carroll in four rounds the following month, he met Jim Burge at Broken Hill, Australia, and Billy received the first knockout of his career. It happened after thirty rounds of sensational fighting, in which the referee was knocked out in the fifteenth round by an excited and disappointed onlooker, who dashed into the ring. It was quite evident that Billy wasn't up to his mark that evening, for he had a hard time of it from the twenty-fifth round until the close of the fight.

His second go with Griffo, in which Murphy was defeated in the twenty-second round, was the next event on his pugilistic program. July 21, 1891, was the date and the place was Sydney.

Griffo will be remembered as unquestionably one of the cleverest fighters that ever stepped into a ring, and for that reason it was no disgrace to Murphy that he was beaten by him.

Another gruelling twenty-nine-round contest with Jim Burge on November 23, 1891, at Sydney is registered as "no contest."

Things in general were unsatisfactory in his home country for the pugilists and, as Billy liked this country from his previous visit, he decided to return and arrived in San Francisco the early part of May, 1892. His first bout after his return here was with Johnny Murphy, the boxing instructor at Harvard, at the Pacific Club in the Golden Gate. After forty rounds, of which the first fifteen were real old-time fighting, the bout was decided a draw, and the contestants split the purse of $1,250.

At the close of the fifteenth round, up to which time the fighting had been of the most desperate kind, it was found that Billy had broken his right hand. After this, the scrapping was little and resembled a marathon more than a boxing bout. At the close of the fortieth period, it was decided that the bout should be stopped and continued when Billy's hand was in better condition. They did things that way in the old days, when a fighter refused to take advantage of an injured opponent.

* * *

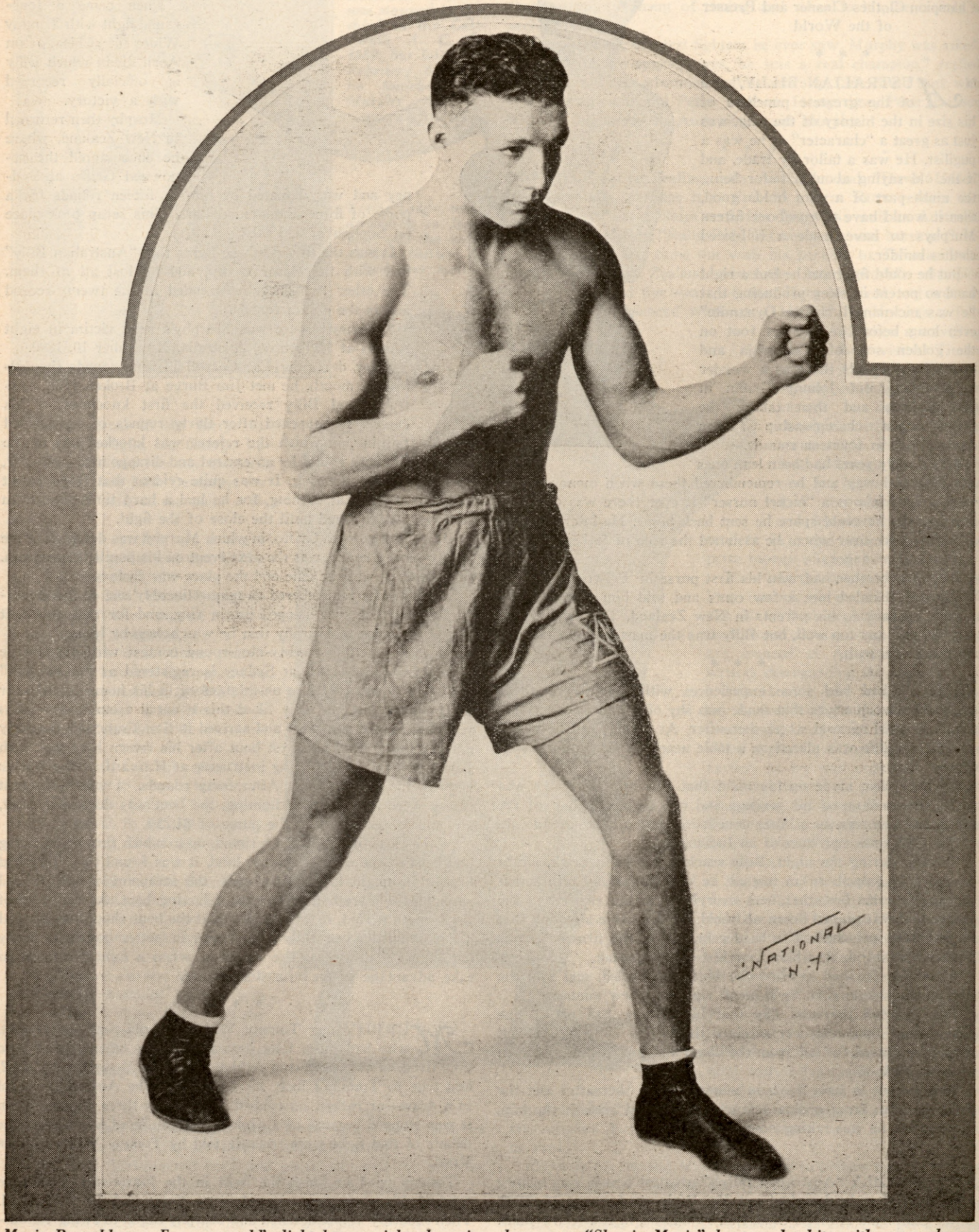
MURPHY met Tommy White, the old-time lightweight, who had more long draws than any other fighter who ever lived, at the California Athletic Club on December 28, 1892, and true to Tommy's luck, his battle with the Australian ended in a draw—or rather, no contest after thirty-three rounds, when it was stopped because of a broken hand suffered by White. The details of that fight were recently told by Tommy White in THE RING.

Tommy tried to finish the fight in the fourteenth round. He reached Murphy's face a good many times and Billy clinched. Then suddenly White desisted and Murphy began to swing viciously and aimlessly. Finding he could not reach White's head in a manner that would hurt, he turned his attack to the stomach, and from then on until the twenty-eighth, the fighting was of the same nature. It was then that the

(Continued on page 43)

The RING's Album of Famous Fighters

No. 10



Maxie Rosenbloom—Former world's light heavyweight champion—known as "Slapsie Maxie" because he hits with open gloves. Born in New York City on September 6, 1904. Nationality, Hebrew-American. Has engaged in more than 250 fights and has been knocked out only once, by Tommy Milligan in London, but Maxie claimed he was fouled. The referee ruled otherwise. Won world title from Jimmy Slattery on June 6, 1930 and successfully defended it several times until outpointed by Bob Olin at the Garden on November 16, 1934. Fought the late Tiger Flowers three times. Is a veteran of twelve years. Drew twice with Bob Godwin in non-title affairs then knocked out Godwin in four heats. Has won most of his fights via the decision route. Is a very clever boxer. Started career in 1923, lives in New York, likes night club life.

Rising Stars in California

By GENE VINASSA

NEW YORK and Chicago, from all appearances, at least so far as I could see in the many miles I have travelled with Joe Louis as his publicity director, has a firm hold on the best little scrappers in the country at this writing, but it won't be long before California again comes to the fore, and when it does, it will be with as classy a field of flyweights, bantams, feathers, lightweights and welters as has been seen in the pugilistic field in this country in many moons. The Californians are all het off the new crop of young lads, many of whom hail from far-off Manila, and others from down around the Mexican border and even from across the line, and I predict an exceptionally fine, successful indoor season with these boys as the headliners.

Top row, left to right—Jackie Treadway, Manuel Martinez, Bobby Leyvas
Bottom row, left to right—Sonny Valdez, Wally Hally, Leon Zorrita.

There is a most promising crop of youngsters in the Southland, boys who should be coming along and should reach their height in fistic efficiency before the year is over. The boys are Manual Martinez, Wally Hally, Victor Valdez, Jackie Treadway, Bobby Leyvas and Leon Zorita, a sextet that represents all types—the sluggers, the scientific fighters and the combination.

Leyvas is a nineteen-year-old Mexican, who came to California from Arizona. He is a splendid club fighter who should go a long way.

Valdez and Treadway, the former another Mexican, are two skillful boxers. They know their science and can apply it efficiently in their ring battles.

Hally is of the Hudkins type—the kind that is always ready to take one punch in order to land one. He is the school that just cannot be hurt and has a big following in California.

Zorita is a young Negro, who looks exceedingly good in action. Some time ago, as Willie Collins, he was hired as a sparring mate for the lightweight king, Barney Ross, and so good did he look that he was fired by Ross' handlers and he went East to Colorado. There he fought with success until a few weeks ago he was crowned the welter king of the state. He is a flashy fighter on the style of Kid Chocolate at his best, his footwork being amazing. He also carries a hefty wallop.

Martinez is a fighter who was schooled by Bert Colima, a splendid teacher, and Bert thinks that his charge will some day make the grade as champion. He is one of the best of the present new crop of Southland fighters. He has a terrific wallop and at the same time is quite clever.

Our Future Greats

(Continued from page 17)

Jimmy Varrelli, a Latin from Brooklyn, weighing around 170 pounds, may be up there ere another year rolls around. Jimmy is as handsome as they come, and would surely cop the ladies' vote. In addition, he can punch with any of them. A serious-minded young man, he may reach the top.

* * *

JERSEY JIM BRADDOCK, who rules the roost among the heavyweights, is making appearances in exhibitions and will not defend his title until next summer. Jersey Jim may not be the most glamorous figure inside the ropes, but he is a credit to the game, as is his manager, the persevering Joe Gould.

As to the contenders, Max Schmeling, the Black Uhlan, is the standout contender as far as Europe is concerned. Joe Louis, the Brown Bomber, is the leading American challenger. Max Baer, the fighting Loon from Livermore, is the ring's enigma. He took a million-dollar asset and threw it out the window when he put up that lackadaisical defense of his world title against Braddock. Max can really fight when he cares to, but who can sympathize with a fellow who doesn't give a hoot?

* * *

BUDDY BAER, younger brother of Max, possesses lots of stuff, but take a tip from me, it would be better if he went out and took on some real opposition. Fighting the Artie Suess type of battlers will do Buddy more harm than good. It sours the fans and discourages the winner when the press starts rapping. And after all, fighters need the fans and press with them always.

Hank Hankinson, Ford Smith, who technically kayoed Art Lasky; Leroy Haynes, the Negro; Eddie Hogan, Bob Pastor, Bernie Kaplan, Heinz Kohlhaas, the former German amateur heavyweight champion, now making his permanent home in Hoboken, N. J.; George Turner of New York, and Eddie Mader, are promising heavies.

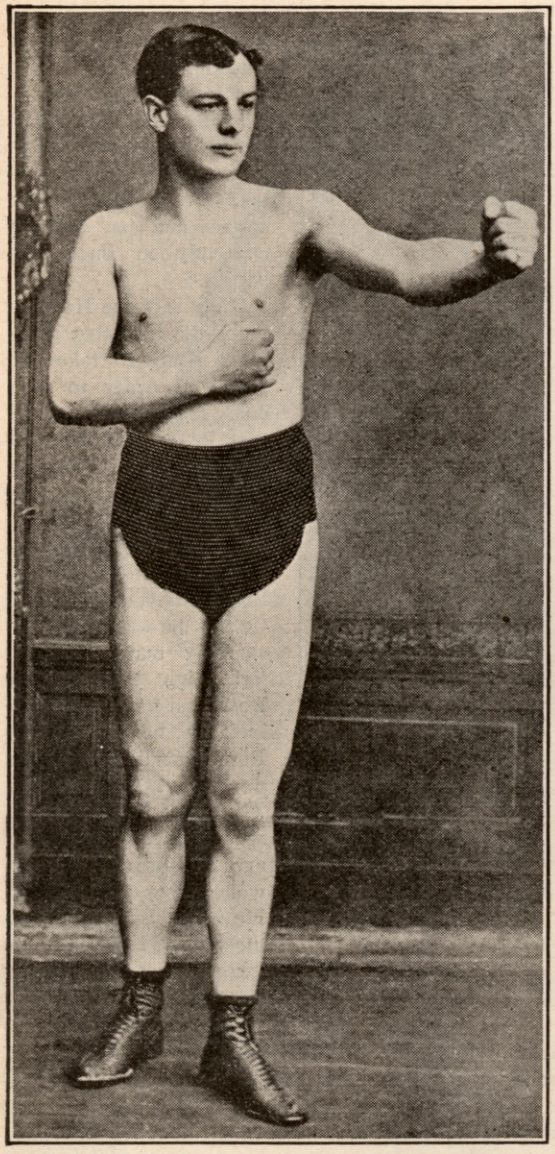
The most dangerous of all the heavyweights is Tony Galento, pudgy Newark, N. J., 220-pounder, who packs the punch of a mad mule in both fists. Galento, besides other accomplishments, holds a one-round kayo over Natie Brown, who went the ten-round distance with Joe Louis. Joe Jacobs, who made Max Schmeling world champion, now has Tough Tony in tow, and is sincere in the belief that he is managing the hardest-hitting heavyweight extant, not excepting Schmeling or Louis. Jacobs believes that Galento would be just the fellow to answer the question, "Can Joe Louis take it?"

Thus you will note that in practically every division, there is plenty of talent from which promoters can obtain classy, profitable matches for the indoor season. Even the middleweight division, which has been dormant for quite a spell, is back with a new streak of life.

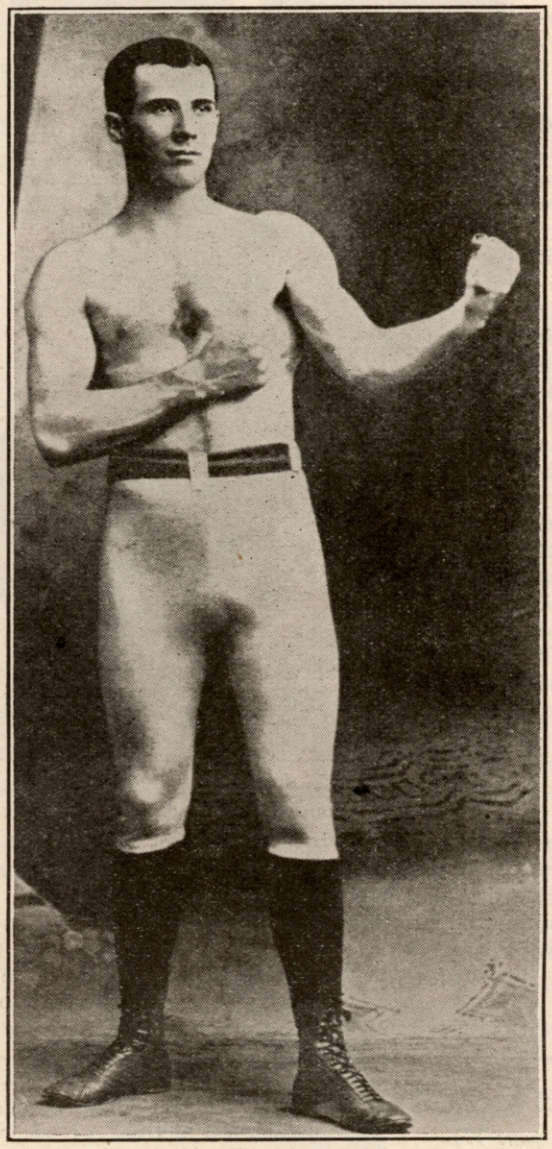
Who said lack of cards? The cards are there, Mr. Promoter, if only you will go out and look for them. From bantam to heavyweight, you will find crowd pleasers.

Philadelphia JACK

By
GEORGE T. PARDY



Marvin Hart, who twice fought O'Brien in six-round contests in Philadelphia.



Charley McKeever, who lost one bout on a foul to O'Brien in England, was knocked out in one round in Philadelphia and fought three no-decision bouts with Jack.

'Twas he that owned the fighting heart and skill to back the same
As you can see recorded in the annals of THE GAME,
There never was a finer bred from the old Celtic line
Than the pride of the arena — Philadelphia Jack O'Brien!

What of the men he conquered? All sterling battlers they,
The likes of which you will not find between the ropes today;
The money-lure was smaller, but the scrapping stuff was prime,
Faith, the going wasn't easy, boys, in Jack O'Brien's time.

He met the best and bravest in battles fierce and grim,
The tougher his opponent, why, the greater joy for him!
As crafty as a serpent, a tiger in attack,
Sure there are no more ring terrors like this Philadelphia Jack!

He sailed across to England and seized a British crown,
While gladly from Valhalla his ancestors peered down,
Those warriors of Erin who in the long ago
Charged on to death or victory against the Saxon foe.

They're proud of their descendant who thus upheld their fame,
The shade of good St Patrick showered blessings on his name,
And wished there was another who had the selfsame knack
Of honoring the Irish race like Philadelphia Jack!

ON a corner of Broadway and Fifty-First Street, New York City, an electric sign announces the tenancy of "Philadelphia Jack O'Brien," physical culture specialist, which daily and nightly draws generous patronage from Gotham's business and society elite of both sexes, interested in development of hitherto unused muscles and the shedding of surplus avoirdupois. To the initiated in ring lore, however, that particular sign speaks of performances between the ropes by an ex-champion who, in his prime, was equalled by few and excelled by none of the fistic brotherhood as a spectacular, colorful and daringly sensational glove artist.

Born Joseph F. Hagan in the City of Brotherly Love, "Philadelphia Jack" is now in his early fifties, a finely athletic figure, five feet ten and a half inches tall, as erect and splendidly muscular as one of Fenimore Cooper's legendary Indian chiefs, as lithe as a leopard and able to travel half a dozen rounds with the mitts at a pace guaranteed to bewilder nine out of ten of our present-day battlers. Now Hagan is as staunchly an Irish cognomen as any true-blood Celt could wish for, and it may seem strange that a Hagan should switch to O'Brien, or even vice versa. One would as well expect to hear of a Maloney changing his name to Flanagan.

But thereby hangs a tale! As a youth, the Hagan lad drove a truck for a living, but, coming of a fighting breed, his attention was naturally turned to the mimic war of the modern arena. Not, indeed, as an active performer at first. But it chanced that on one fateful occasion he agreed to handle a certain Jack O'Brien, who was scheduled to do battle. When O'Brien was due to step into the ring he was conspicuous by his absence. But young Joe Hagan was on deck and offered to substitute for the missing warrior.

He was elected, and "thrown to the lions," as the sports of Rome in Emperor Nero's time might have put it. That is, the assembled sports fancied him as a victim fed to an experienced

O'BRIEN — *First American to Win British Middle and Heavyweight Titles*

adversary. But in after years the then metamorphosed Joe Hagan frequently fooled the fistic sharps, running true to the form he exhibited on the night of his scrapping debut. For instead of being chewed up, he did the excess chewing himself and was gloriously returned victor.

* * *

AMONG the blushing honors he wore, however, upon entering the portals of his home, was the embellishment of a remarkably prominent black eye. The elder Hagan, smoking the pipe of peace in deserved comfort, looked up as his son and heir appeared, studied him coldly a moment, and commented:

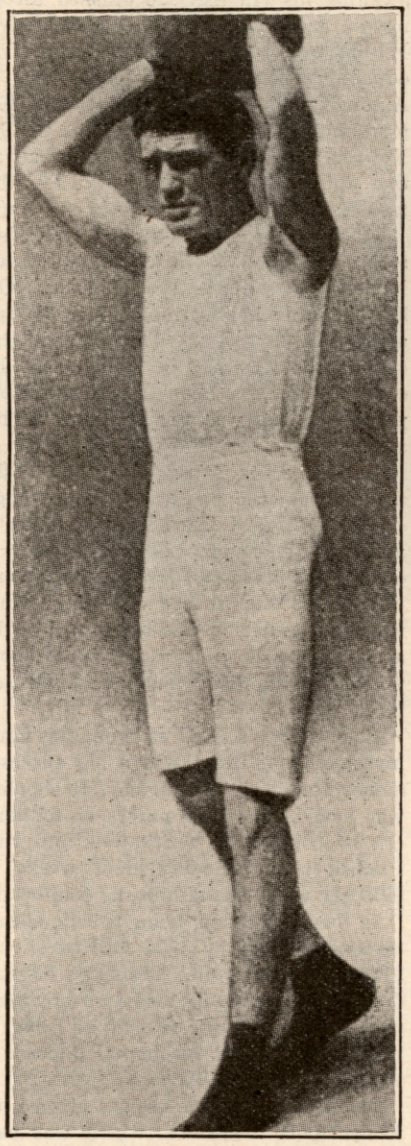
"Faith, 'tis a good friend ye must be to Jawn O'Brien whin yez lent him your face to do his foightin' wid!"

There was no fooling Dad Hagan, and young Joe grinned and told his tale, much to his parent's amused satisfaction. Having been launched as O'Brien, the aspirant for pugilistic fame hung on to the moniker, which he was destined to make known in every spot in the civilized world where gather the "coves wot loves a mill."

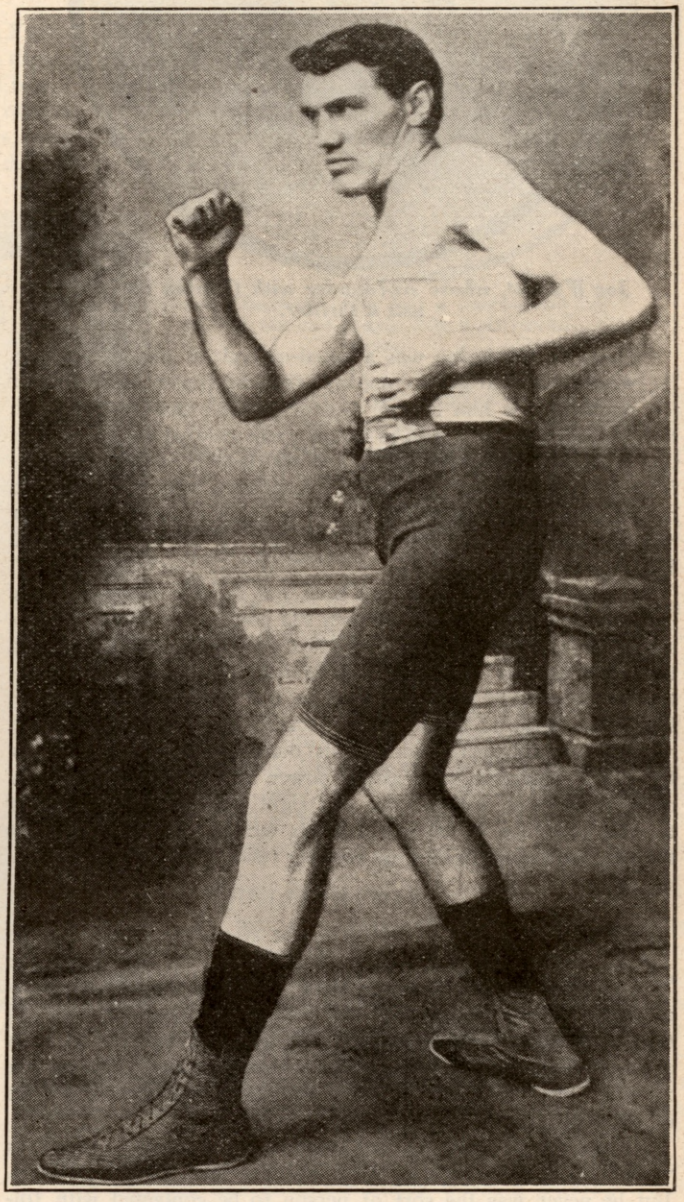
From the outset of his career Philadelphia Jack O'Brien studied the finer points of the game with that curious concentration of purpose and determination to succeed that was ultimately to make him known as one of the craftiest ring generals and masters of science that ever donned a glove. Two of the pugilistic leaders he most admired and whose methods he largely adopted were Jim Corbett and Kid McCoy.

His footwork and the elusive fashion in which he used his head when slipping punches were reminiscent of the former's polished tactics, while his ability to tease, bewilder and lure an opponent into leaving an opening for a knockout shot bore a startling resemblance to the subtly effective strategy of the deceptive Kid. For, unlike Tommy Loughran, his townie, who later was to blossom forth as a scientific wonder, O'Brien was not disposed to sacrifice punching power to cleverness.

There were many occasions upon which Philadelphia Jack contented himself, for reasons of his own, with merely outpointing an adversary and allowing him to last the limit, when he could have stopped his man had he so desired. These performances at times caused certain newspaper critics to credit him merely as a wily left-hand artiste and deplore his lack of a sleep-producing wallop. But those who knew him best were well aware that in his prime O'Brien could drop an antagonist for the full count with a deadly precision that left no room for argument as to the winner.



Philadelphia Jack O'Brien during a training session at his gymnasium in New York City.



The famed gladiator as he appeared when he fought McKeever and other good men in England.

He started as a lightweight in the late nineties when the six-round, no-decision bouts prevailed in his native city. Philadelphia was a great boxing center, and one of the few big cities where the local men were all gaited up for six frames. As a natural consequence, every mitt-boy in that burg could go like a streak over the half-dozen distance, and visiting boxers not infrequently found themselves carried along at such an unaccustomed pace that they were either stopped, or lost the newspaper verdicts.

Joe Walcott, whose six-rounder with O'Brien in 1902 was a thriller.

O'Brien in particular was a speed-marvel on the short route. He went right into good company when he began as a pro, for the records show him beating George Russell and drawing with Bobby Dobbs in 1896. Dobbs was a great colored lightweight at that time, a rival to Joe Gans, and had beaten many crack performers. Yet O'Brien, a mere tyro compared with his opponent, held Dobbs even, and the year following saw him victor over such recognized high talent of his class as Leslie Pearce and Bull McCarthy.

He was busy battling all the time, but rapidly outgrowing the lightweight grade, which was then 133 pounds, and usually ringside scaling, unless otherwise specified by articles. So it followed that 1899 to 1900 saw him campaigning as a welter with spectacular success. In the latter year he met with his first reverse, losing on a kayo to Young Peter Jackson, the formidable colored scrapper, in thirteen rounds. This defeat did not injure either O'Brien's reputation or drawing power at the box office to any noticeable extent, for Jackson was rightly looked upon as likely to whip any man in the world at his weight, and O'Brien more than evened the score later by winning twice from the Negro.

* * *

HE had grown to middleweight status by 1901 when he set sail for England with the intention of testing the mettle of the British boxers. This trip abroad was characteristic of his enterprising disposition, for England was not then a familiar hunting ground for American fighters, as it is at the present day. The fact of the matter was that O'Brien was far in advance of his day when it came to realizing the advantages of publicity.

He had done everything that could be asked of him as a crack welter and middleweight at home, nor was there lack of matches. But he never was the sort of person to be contented with following the beaten track, there was no title-shot to be had just then within the limits of Uncle Sam's domain, and consequently no way of getting under the spotlight, so long as he merely remained "Philadelphia Jack," minus the glamour which goes with the possession of a pugilistic crown.

Already he had gained something of the fame that accompanied the goings and comings of Jim Corbett, as a gentlemanly *rara avis* of the ring. From the beginning of things he had set his heart upon acquiring a degree of culture rather foreign to his profession of gloveman. Corbett was the first to adopt and keep a pose of quiet reserve which formed a startling contrast to the hell-raising atmosphere which surrounded John L. Sullivan and other old-time champions.

Jack O'Brien "went Corbett one better," for it became known that here was actually one pug who liked to read and study in his moments of relaxation. In later years the fight fans were to be confronted by a similar phenomenon in the person of one Gene Tunney, much to the disgust of certain hard-boiled veteran patrons of the squared circle who could never reconcile their notion of a real slugger with that of one tainted by a leaning toward literature.

It is on record that Tunney never cared a whoop in Hades whether the hard eggs approved of his private pursuits or vice versa, and it was the same in O'Brien's case. The man never lived who steered his own course as dogmatically as did Philadelphia Jack. For one thing, he insisted upon managing himself. At times he engaged various persons to lend a hand in arranging minor details of his ring affairs, but these might best be described as secretarial employees. When it came to a question of actual matchmaking, O'Brien was emphatically the court of first and last resort.

* * *

OTHER battlers have tried this self-managing stunt, but few have ever had enough gray matter in their craniums to get away with it successfully. The best instance, outside of O'Brien, of a fighter winning through in such a dual rôle is Packey McFarland, the clever Chicagoan. Packey utilized Emil Thiery of Chicago as a representative, but Thiery received a salary for his services and was not a shareholder in his employer's ring achievements. McFarland, an astute business man, was the real god in the machine.

To England, then, went Jack O'Brien, and found a rich field awaiting his reaping. He crashed through the ranks of British middle and heavyweights as destructively as a Texas tornado. Within twelve months after his arrival he had run up a list of sixteen decisive victories, mostly via the knockout route. Among his victims were Jack Scales, English heavyweight champion, and Dido Plumb, holder of the British middleweight title. Neither was in a position to offer an alibi. O'Brien attended to that, for Scales went out cold in less than a round, while Plumb took a dying gladiator's nap in six frames.

It is striking testimony to O'Brien's diplomatic skill that his success in trimming their best and bravest aroused no animosity in the breasts of the English sports. On the contrary, they took him to their hearts, metaphorically speaking, and fêted, dined and toasted him to an extent which might have proved the undoing of an athlete lacking in self-control. But O'Brien, whose sagacious Irish brains always worked as coldly and calmly as though packed in ice, was not the sort to be led astray by profuse adulation.

As wise in mob psychology as in that of the ring, he could analyze human nature with the unerring perception of a graduate of the College of Hard Knocks whose knowledge of the masses, acquired first-hand, was later ground to razorlike sharpness by educational processes. Socially and otherwise, he was thus enabled to meet his English hosts on their own level. Like Corbett, there was a good deal of the born actor in him; he could flatter with a convincing air of candor, and his popularity increased in proportion to the deft tributes he knew so well how to pay to national pride.

Financially, as well as from the fame standpoint, this British invasion by O'Brien was a big success—when judged from the money standards of that day. It should be remembered that this was long before huge purses or million-dollar gates brought the era of commercial corruption into ring manipulation. For his English tour, including eight weeks' theatrical engagement at $250 per week, netted him the comfortable sum of $15,775.

In this connection, going a little ahead of our story, it is worth mentioning that by 1906 O'Brien's ring earnings totalled over $118,000. He was also adding to his bank account by real estate deals in Philadelphia, and was credited by no less an authority than the New York *World* as being the owner of twenty-one houses in the best residential districts of the Quaker City, and the wealthiest pugilist in the world.

On his return home he was given a tremendous ovation by his Philadelphia townsmen, which was participated in not only by the sport element, but by sober-minded representative citizens to whom the average pugilist meant less than nothing. Philadelphia Jack must surely have felt on this eventful occasion that his

youthful ambitions had been more than realized.

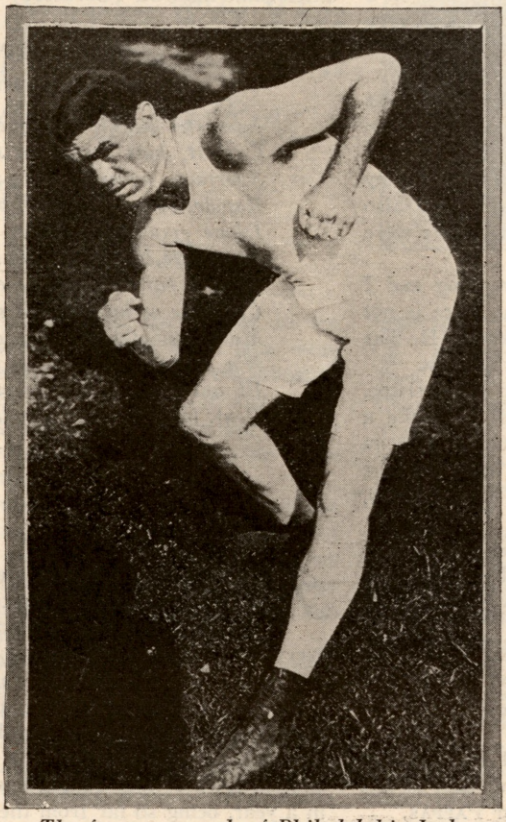
With the prestige gained by his triumphs abroad, O'Brien was a bigger drawing card than ever on his native heath. His services were constantly in demand and he skipped around the country with antelopelike agility taking on middleweights and heavies with fine impartiality. The records show him as engaging in thirty-two battles during 1902. The newspapers gave him the duke in fourteen no-decision bouts, he won eight on referees' verdicts and scored ten clean knockouts. For a headliner in the game, this was an extraordinary period of activity which offers an ironical contrast to the "safety-first" methods of campaigning adopted by prominent pugs in this year of grace.

There were no "set-ups" or "unknowns" in the list of conquered. Every man he defeated that year was recognized as a real fighter, and the names of Joe Choynski, Peter Maher, Marvin Hart, Joe Walcott, Charlie McKeever and other high calibre boxers occur at intervals in the official records of O'Brien's 1902 triumphs as evidence that his opponents were certainly not hand-picked. His three-round knockout of Al Neil during this period presented some odd angles which deserve a more than passing reference.

* * *

NEIL was a California middleweight, a quick-finishing, hard-punching chap, who scored victories over such top-notch performers as Mysterious Billy Smith, Jim Ferns, Tom Tracy, Young Peter Jackson, and a host of lesser lights. In 1900 he boxed fifteen rounds to a draw with O'Brien. The bout took place on the Coast, where Neil was a huge favorite. At that time the native son atmosphere was peculiarly unhealthy for most visiting pugs, as any old-timer can tell you.

Referees invariably leaned to the local man, unless the gamblers, who virtually ruled ring matters in that section of the country, saw fit to tip them otherwise. Hence, it was with no great amount of surprise, but considerable disgust, that O'Brien, who felt that he had clearly outpointed Neil, heard a fifty-fifty verdict announced.



The famous crouch of Philadelphia Jack.

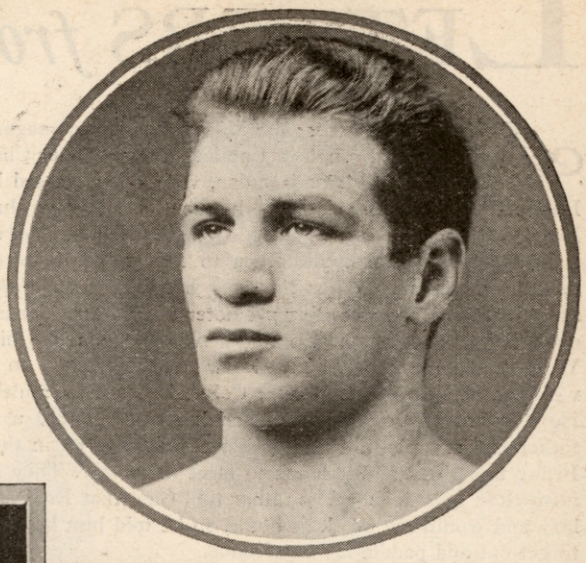
Nothing could be done about it, so Philadelphia Jack swallowed his resentment for the time being, but he was far from either forgetting or forgiving the deal he received. Consequently when, a couple of years later, Jack Curley, then matchmaker for the Wabash Club of Chicago, invited him to meet Neil, he lost no time in closing with the offer.

In the days before wrestling lured Curley away from his first love—the slugging game—Jack manifested a peculiar genius for matching up scrappers with a mutual grudge to work off. Grudge battles, now practically non-existent, were plentiful then, and some of the most furious fistic events for the making of which Curley was directly responsible came under the "get-even" listing.

"There'll be bloody murder when those two get together," said the Wabash matchmaker to the writer, who was covering the fight for the Chicago *Inter Ocean*. "O'Brien is out to fix Neil for what he thinks was the double-cross he was handed in his fifteen-round draw with Al."

"Who do you fancy?"

"Well, I'm not picking anybody. Neil carries a left hook that would knock over a mule. But, you know what Philadelphia Jack is when he cuts loose. Anyway, it'll be one peach of an argument."



Joe Choynski, who lost a six-rounder to O'Brien and fought him a six-round draw.

Mr. Curley's terse prognostication proved beautifully correct. The occupants of the press stand expected sensational happenings. They got them, and something over the mark. Had they known of a conversation which took place between the principals before entering the ring, their anticipations would have been even keener. Said Mr. Neil to Mr. O'Brien:

"Jack, this is only a six-rounder. How about letting it go easy to an even break, and grabbing big money over the long route at San Francisco later?"

Said Mr. O'Brien to Mr. Neil:

"You blankety-blank-blank-blank! ! ! !——— d'ye think I've forgotten what your pals did to me on the Coast? You'll FIGHT tonight—see? I'm out to lay you as cold as a frozen flat fish—and that goes!"

* * *

PHILADELPHIA JACK, you may observe, had temporarily abandoned his customary polite conversational line. He felt that the occasion demanded plain talking. So did not Mr. Neil, who felt mentally hurt, and was shortly to experience injuries of a more material nature.

Harry Gilmore, veteran ex-lightweight champion, and hero of many a hard-fought encounter with bare knuckles, skin-tights, two-ouncers and every kind of old mitts, was the third man in the ring. In later years, Gilmore was wont to refer to that O'Brien-Neil combat as the sweetest fistic morsel he ever digested, and an affair beside which a clawing match between lunatic wildcats must have appeared mild in comparison.

The press stand unanimously endorsed the Gilmore point of view. O'Brien leaped from his corner with the vim of a bloodthirsty leopard, Neil charged to meet him, ran his face against a straight left, reeled back, was battered to the ropes, sprang in again with desperate courage, only to be made receiver-general for cutting, stunning volleys of punches that hit him from all directions. The fight wasn't fifty seconds old when everyone present knew that Neil was licked, barring accident. Many of us at the ringside had seen O'Brien fight frequently, but never with such concentrated fury and viciousness of purpose.

The second round was a duplicate of the first, O'Brien driving in like a winner after gold, Neil standing up gamely to the whirlwind that enveloped him. The wonder was that O'Brien didn't tire from his exertions, but he appeared fresh and as vengeful as ever when he answered the third-session bell.

Neil still had fight in him and *(Continued on page* 44)

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

I HAVE run across the May issue of your magazine, and in looking through it, I noticed a story about Chief Little Wolf, the Trinidad Indian, who was defeated lately by Danno O'Mahony. In this issue, he mentions the fact that it was Everett Marshall that gave him his first big chance. *That is not so.* I always like to see credit given to those who deserve it, and that person is none other than my husband, *Gust Pappas,* and *John McIntosh,* the wrestling promoter of El Paso, Texas. John is one of the finest promoters in the whole country. Chief Little Wolf, or Benny Osage, as we knew him here, came to us when we were playing in La Juanta, Colorado, with an athletic show. He was broke and very dirty and hungry. He told us that his father had run him away from home, and later on in the season, Benny took Gust to his home to meet his father. They live on a farm close to Trinidad. His father told Gust that Benny was very lazy and would not work at home, so he told him he would have to get out and paddle his own canoe.

Benny told us that he never did like farm life. His father was very glad to know he was in good hands and he told Gust to do all he could to make a man of him.

I suppose I am getting ahead of my story, as I said when Benny came to us, he was looking for something to do and he also mentioned the fact that he would like to be a wrestler. We were very sorry for him and gave him a job.

The next day Gust started training him for wrestling and I am sure that no man could have a better teacher, as there is not much in the wrestling game that Gust does not know. He has been up the ladder, and today is still ranking among the best.

Benny learned rapidly and before long he was in great shape, and was a big drawing card with our show. Well, to make a long story short, the show was closing for the winter in Arizona and we were in John McIntosh's territory, and as he is the best friend Gust has, we wrote to him and told him all about Benny, and asked him to give the boy a chance.

We knew that John had connections with the best promoters in the country and could do lots for him. We also knew that John would not disappoint us, and our judgment was correct. A letter arrived telling us to send Benny to El Paso.

John took him under his wing and *really* made Little Chief what he is today. John gave him the chance to make good, and he did. John gave him the name he now uses, Chief Little Wolf, and I am sure Benny won't deny it. What about it, Benny?

I am enclosing a mat of my husband. I would appreciate it very highly if you will print this letter in one of your later issues.

MRS. GUST PAPPAS,
Tampa, Florida.

* * *

I HAVE been reading your RING magazine each month and enjoy it very much. Its accounts of the fights, fighters, etc., are entertaining and interesting reading matter. Your special feature of the one-page photos of the fighters of the present and the past is excellent. I have already begun my collection of same.

You have been writing fine articles on fights of the past, fighters of "the good old days." I have a friend in Richmond, a former bantamweight champion of the world, Frankie Neil. I would appreciate a story about his fistic career. Not only I would appreciate this, but I think Frankie, who has been pretty hard hit, would enjoy a recollection of his ring battles.

CHARLES NOVASCONE,
Richmond, California.

* * *

CONGRATULATIONS on your fistic journal, THE RING, copy of which, the July issue, is before me. It is a wonderfully interesting publication, and the sporting world has now a long felt want. The illustrations alone are worth the price of subscription.

I read with great interest in column of Letters from Our Readers in this July number, the stirring and inspiring poem to the great John L. Sullivan, composed by Glyn Jones of Great Britain. It is a graceful tribute to the memory of the formidable old champion. For, as the writer says, "The centuries will tell of the prowess of John L."

I am enclosing you an old French poem, descriptive of John L.'s defeat at the hands of James J. Corbett at New Orleans, La., September 7, 1892, which is ring history. The poem, written and composed on the *day following the memorable fight* by one long since dead, has never been published, and has been in my possession a long time. Its publication now might interest your readers, especially your French readers. The closing lines, warning Corbett of his own ultimate defeat, proved truly prophetic, as soon thereafter came his own (Corbett's) Waterloo and fall.

OLD FRENCH POEM
A James Corbett

Immortel pugilist, vanquer de Sullivan
Corbett, dans l'arene tu sus vaincre le titan.
Spartacas nouveau, deja ta renomee
Rapide, comme le vent, partout s'est affirmee.
Digne emule des temps, ou, dans l'antique Rome,
Le peuple, en foulle, couraient au portes du forum,
Ta sus, par ton courage et ta force brutale
Conduire ce mastadon a son heure fatale.
Mais, souvient toi bien, que la fois qui enivre,
N'a souvent qu'un jour, ou un instant a vivre.
Et que l'astre du vainquer, qui brille un moment,
Peut, bientot, palir par le sort inconstant.

Composed Sept. 8, 1892.
Author deceased.

J. N. RICHARD,
Bayou Goula, La.

* * *

FIRST I must congratulate you on the high standard of THE RING. I read it from end to end—"ads" and all. The pictures are swell and our club room walls are adorned with more every month. Our favorites are the colored cover paintings. They are far superior to anything we get in Britain.

Up here in Scotland there are few fights or fighters of any great importance, Benny Lynch being our star. On the whole, Scotland is far behind in the fight game, even Aberdeen, our nearest town of importance, has only about one really good show in a year, being so far from the center of Fistiana, and therefore incurring big expenses which the promoter fights shy of, as the expensive seats are bad sellers.

There has not been a contest staged in Peterhead for three years now, barring Simon-pure matches, but these have fallen off for the summer again. However, the booths will be with us shortly again and we might see a good proposition. Most of our champions and near champs are ex-booth men.

Personally, however, I think that lack of proper training and concentration on the job in hand, coupled with the fact that their reimbursement is too low, is what keeps our game down in Scotland. With a few exceptions, professional fighting is a pin money game. The sooner that boxing gets on a par with football, the better we fans will be pleased, and it could be very popular if the promoters and officials were not so mean and near-sighted. However, we must live in hope of a brighter future for the greatest game of all.

I now want a great favor of you. Would you be good enough to get in touch with anyone in the States who would correspond with me concerning boxing, athletics and cycle touring, preferably between the ages of twenty and twenty-five? If you could possibly do so, I would be greatly indebted to you. Before closing, I ask you to keep THE RING standard flying over all.

THOMAS REID, Peterhead, Scotland.

A Redskin's Revenge

Here's the Inside Story on Why That Dusky Warrior, Chief Chewchki, is the Biggest Villain of the Ring

By

BERNICE SANDBOE

Chief Chewchki

IF you haven't seen Chief Chewchki, the Terror of the Ring, you've heard of him. I doubt if there is a more notorious man in the wrestling game. While the scientific wrestlers wrestle, and the "roughies" rough it, and champions scramble about for an undisputed throne, this big redskin plows his way through the wrestling world, leaving in his wake a path of badly mauled opponents.

No wrestler, whether it turned out that he won or lost the match, has come out of an engagement with the Chief without being much the worse for wear and tear. For the Chief has no scruples about what he does to an opponent. He is the one wrestler who uses a kit of tools, which assist him to batter and bruise his unfortunate adversary.

He has carried with him into the ring, coat-hangers, wire, hypodermic needles, pepper, shoes, a stove lid (adroitly concealed in his trunks and ideal when opponent decides to execute a flying tackle), cotton soaked in chloroform or ether, ropes, thumb tacks, sandpaper, hunks of lead, a small flatiron, sneeze powder and heaven knows what all. You won't believe? Well, it's true, nevertheless!

With the assistance of these, his big fists, and his sharp teeth, the Chief proceeds with only one objective in mind. And that, dear little wrestling fans, is not to win the match, or to become champion grappler of them all, but to torture!

* * *

YESSIRREE, believe it or not, the Chief is out to torture. And the more ways he can think of to accomplish his purpose the happier he is. When he can wrap a rope around his opponent's neck, or rub pepper in his eyes, or take a big bite out of him, or bang him over the head with a hunk of lead, then the Chief is truly happy.

You see, the Chief, who is part Indian and part Gypsy, holds a heap big grudge against the palefaces for "cheating" his race out of this country. He mistrusts and dislikes them all and is out to avenge his tribesmen by taking the wrestlers one by one and torturing them.

Says the Chief, with a knowing look, "I get even with whiteman. I feex 'em."

And if you are inclined not to believe this little story, I refer you to the Big Chief himself. He'll tell you in a most convincing manner that he means just what he says, and you'll probably change your mind.

THE Chief's father was a Gypsy horse-trader and his mother a Choctaw Indian. They lived in the open near Ardmore Post, which is now the little town of Ardmore, Oklahoma. The Chief led the life of a typical Indian boy, hunting, fishing, wrestling, riding broncs, and developing his body. His life in the open, and his athletic training as a youth, has made him an almost perfect physical specimen today. He has never had a sick day in his life and in a recent physical examination was rated 99½%.

When he had finished high school in the little Ardmore Post the Chief, then George Daniels, went to Haskell University and there excelled in all sports, wrestling and football in particular. After graduation he decided to play professional baseball and joined with a team in Birmingham, Alabama. But somehow this didn't satisfy the Chief. He turned to boxing and was known as "Gypsy" Daniels, the Terror of the ring.

Then one day the Chief went to a carnival and decided to accept the challenge of the carnival wrestler and match his skill with him. However, it turned out not to be a battle of skill, for the Chief had at last found a satisfactory method to get revenge on his traditional enemies—the palefaces. Here was a means of torture that was within the law and would permit the redskin to batter and bruise to his heart's content. After nearly killing the carnival grappler, the Chief was pulled out of the ring, but then and there he decided to become a wrestler.

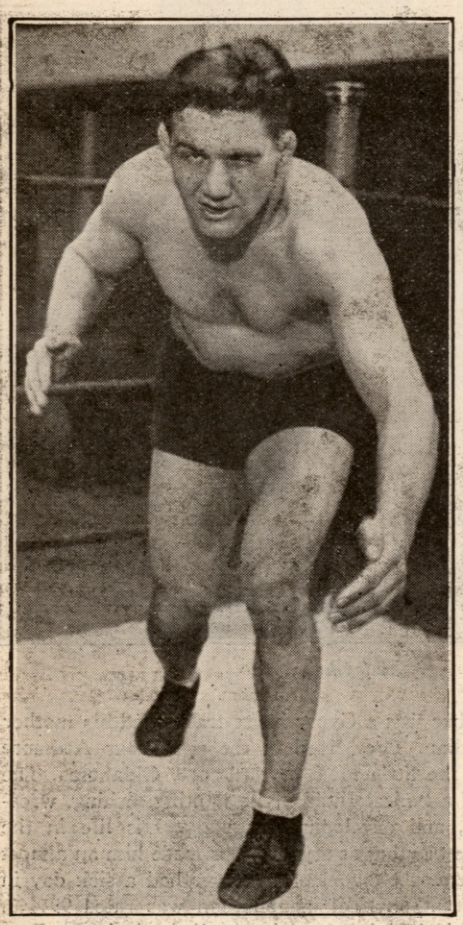
And so he has been wrestling now for four years and his fame has reached from one end of the country to the other. He holds an unequaled record of having been suspended in every state in which he has wrestled and usually pays more in fines than the average wrestler makes a night. But that doesn't phase the Chief. As long as he can maul an opponent, fines and suspensions don't bother him.

* * *

THE Chief has made lots of money since he started wrestling. And he is more than generous with it. Since he has had money he has taken care of his people, buying them homes and cars and luxuries they had never had. He owns considerable property, too. A radio station in Evansville, Indiana, a tourist camp called "The Wigwam Inn" in Columbia, Missouri, a lovely home and property in Ardmore. And recently on his wife's birthday he gave her a huge Cadillac sedan for a gift.

Incidentally, the Chief has made one exception in his campaign for the torturing of palefaces. And that is his charming young paleface wife, Alice. Alice and the *(Continued on page 43)*

From MILO to LONDOS



Jim Browning of Missouri, the airplane scissors king, who won the title from Lewis and lost it to Londos.

WHEN Joe Savoldi gained the decision over Jim Londos at Chicago, he automatically jumped himself into the big moneyed circle in wrestling. Immediately following that disputed triumph, Joe became a headliner throughout the country. He was taken in tow by a syndicate that had guaranteed him the sum of one hundred thousand dollars for the first year, and as that combine had its membership in the Curley - Mondt - Bowser - Fabiani group of promoters, it didn't require much effort to obtain plenty of work for the former Notre Dame football star.

The first step toward simplifying the championship muddle and strengthening the hold of Browning on the crown was to arrange a match between Savoldi and Gentleman Jim for the Yankee Stadium. The promoters felt confident that, with Joe's popularity as a football player and his recent defeat of Londos, with its attending ballyhoo, the Browning-Savoldi match would be a good gate attraction, but unfortunately, they had failed to figure on the Weather Man, who threatened rain all day of the bout but held off until the slim crowd was sitting comfortably on the spacious lawn of the Stadium.

Then, just as the match preliminaries were started, the rain came down in torrents and not only made it difficult for the wrestlers to do their best, but drenched the spectators and kept the attendance down to a minimum. Thus Savoldi's first appearance as "champion" of Londos' territory proved a huge flop financially, and also was disastrous for Jumping Joe, who was defeated, and thus Browning's claim to world honors was strengthened. The bout went an hour, fifty minutes and five seconds when the curfew law halted it and Browning was declared the victor.

* * *

THAT bout was one of the poorest exhibitions given by champions or claimants in many moons and thoroughly displeased the spectators. Savoldi displayed little knowledge of the finer points of the game and Browning proved his master from the start. In fact, it appeared that, had Gentleman Jim felt so inclined, he would have tossed Savoldi at any time. Instead, Jim elected to give the slim gathering a run for its money and carried Joe along, and so obvious was his action that it aroused the ire of the fans. The drop in patronage in New York seems to date back to that match, for whereas Browning was the recipient of plenty of applause on every appearance previously, his popularity turned to boos and catcalls on almost every occasion thereafter.

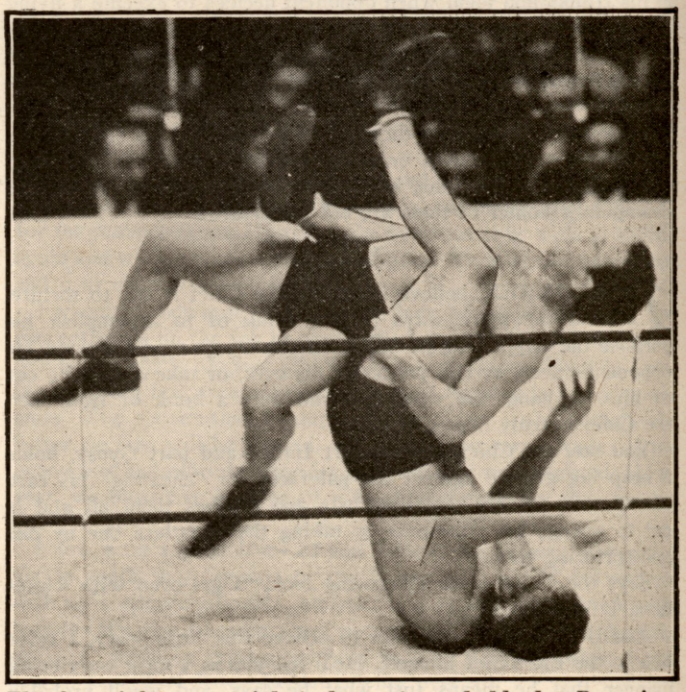
For a time it seemed that he would overcome that feeling by giving some splendid performances, and when he clashed with Londos at the Garden Bowl, he had the twenty thousand or more persons rooting hard for him, but when he dropped the bout to Jemmy after having things practically all his own way until a few minutes before the finish, he again became a target. Since losing the crown, however, Browning has again come into favor with the fans, all of which goes to prove the fickleness of those who pay the freight.

* * *

FOLLOWING the contest with Savoldi, Browning continued to ply his trade as champion until such time as it was convenient for the change. When the attendance began to fall off and it became apparent that Gentleman Jim was not much of a showman, and that so long as he held the reins over the heavyweight division the promoters could hope for only a small return for their investment, they began to prepare for Londos' return to the top. That was the cause for the peace pipe being smoked by the rival pacts and for arrangements being completed for taking Londos back into the Curley-Mondt fold. It also was the reason why a Browning-Londos match was hastened and staged under auspices of Mrs. Hearst's Milk Fund.

In the meantime, however, Browning was kept busy with the defense of his laurels six days every week, and among the stars of the mat world whom he tackled and beat were Hans Steinke, Joe Malcewicz, Gus Sonnenberg, Henri De Glane, Matros Kirelenko, Sammy Stein, Ed Strangler Lewis and many others, but by far his best bout and his most important was with Ed Don George, with whom he clashed three times, each bout resulting in a draw.

Of the three, the best match was staged in the Garden on December 19, 1933, and resulted in an hour and forty minute draw, the longest bout staged in New York in a number of years. Although George had a shade the better of the wrestling, the judges called the affair an even one, thus saving the title for Browning. When the men had wrestled without a fall up to eleven o'clock, the curfew law was waived and they were permitted to continue. When Referee George Bothner saw that George had almost pinned Jim's shoulders, he let the men go on for another fifteen minutes. Seven times Browning had his

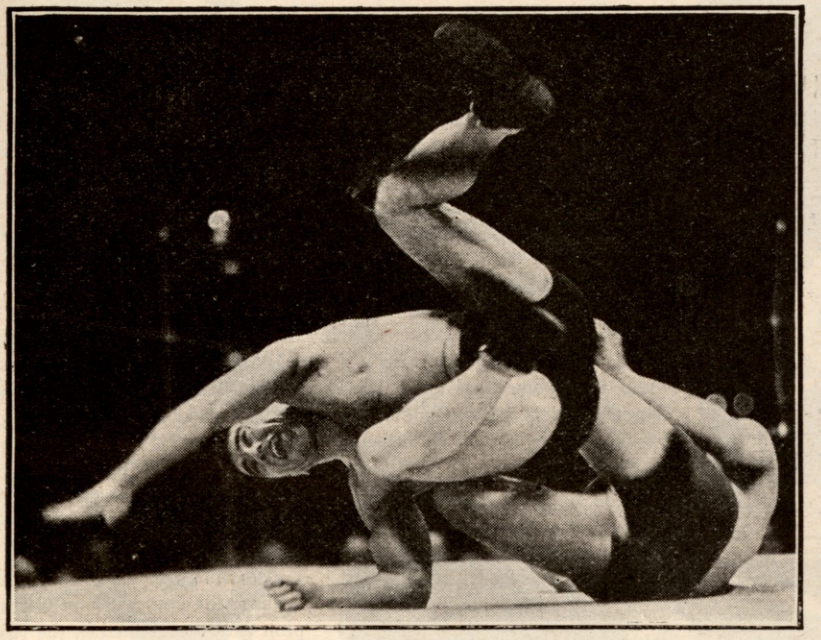


The first of five successful airplane scissors holds that Browning secured on Londos.

to O'MAHONY

By A. D. PHILLIPS
(World's oldest active sports writer)

CHAPTER XXXVI



Here we see Londos tossed out of the airplane scissors by Browning.

famous lethal body scissors on George, but the New England champion worked out of it. When the finish was announced, both men were on the verge of collapse.

* * *

THE season's banner crowd saw the men in action, a total of $16,651 being taken in at the gate. The bout was a natural, with George risking his New England and Canadian titles and Browning his world championship in so far as New York was concerned. George was the first opponent that Browning had failed to toss since he won the title from Lewis a year previously. It was a tough, scientific match, and had a decision been rendered in favor of either man, George would have earned it.

In a fierce rally after the first hour, George had Browning down and almost out in a corner, but lost that advantage when he attempted a finishing flying tackle. Their heads met and both toppled over, Browning recovering first and thus abating his most serious threat.

Browning snapped on his first body scissors at the end of the first five minutes, but George leaped out and landed on his feet as Browning raised him by leg power for a spin. Three minutes later the champion again got his favorite hold and once more George was out in a jiffy. As he came out he seized Browning with an arm lock, which he held for three minutes. Another arm lock was more speedily broken by Browning.

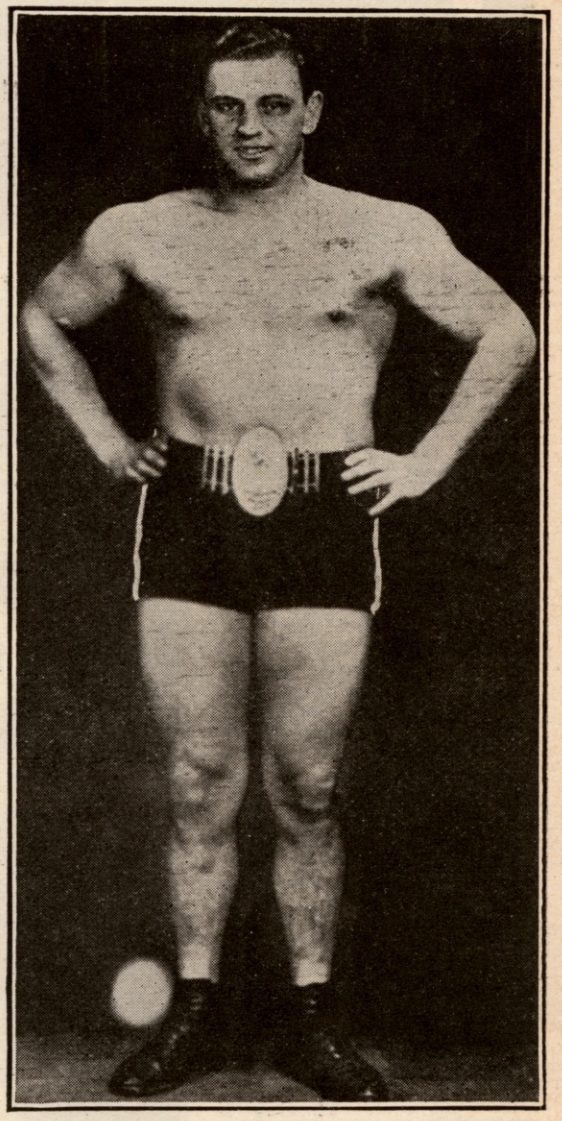
They had followed an exhausting pace for half an hour when George seized Jim in a headlock, but by violent struggling Browning broke away in a little more than a minute. It was hard, scientific wrestling unmarred by rough-house tactics.

A painful toehold had George in a bad way for two minutes at the forty-five-minute mark, and when he finally wriggled out and took a headlock, Browning easily extricated himself. At this stage the Missourian appeared to be slowly gaining the upper hand.

* * *

A TOE hold had Browning in considerable distress at fifty minutes, but while George was tugging at the champion's foot, Jim slipped the other leg around and locked his ankles together, catching Don around the middle with his best scissors grip. Browning then applied terrific pressure and the challenger groaned deeply. As Browning attempted to raise him for the slam, the challenger once more broke away.

At the end of an hour, Browning, with a sixteen-pound weight



Ed Don George, who gave Browning his greatest battles while "Gentleman Jim" was champion.

advantage, seemed to be steadily wearing down his man, but still could not get his leg grips functioning effectively. At this point the champion narrowly escaped being pinned by a crotch and body hold.

At fifteen minutes to curfew, George brought the champion down with a hammerlock but could not keep him on the mat. Browning took the same hold but George leaped and snapped on a head scissors. He brought the Missourian down hard with this, Browning's head thumping heavily on the floor.

Three minutes of this and Browning staggered to his feet and slumped in a corner. George launched two wild tackles, fell underneath, got up again and butted the champion in the stomach.

Again Browning fell in his corner. The challenger pulled him clear of the ropes and threw him clear. Browning came up slowly as George was charging again. Their heads met and both toppled over badly dazed.

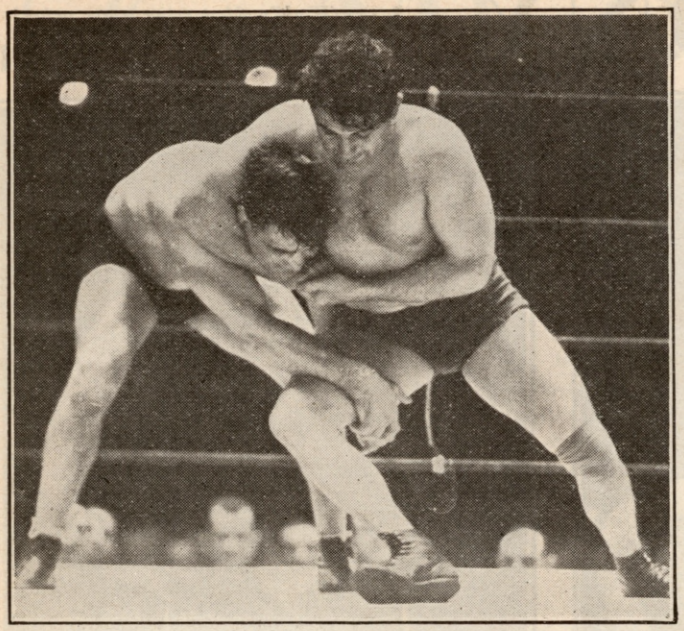
Browning was the first to recover. He made a blind stagger at George, who fell back with one arm around the ropes and the other about his opponent.

George's offensive bogged down in an armlock which Browning took with only five minutes to go. Ed Don broke it by a supreme effort.

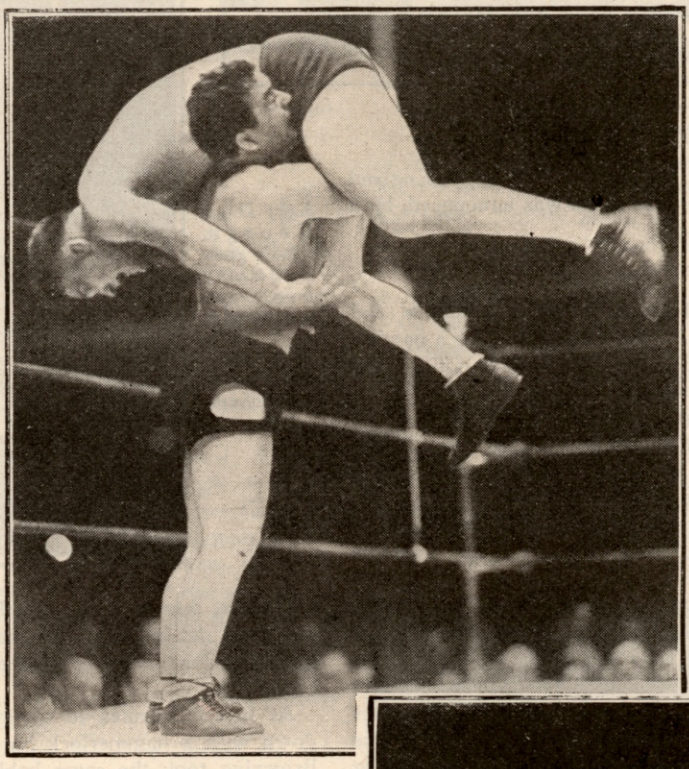
At this point Referee George Bothner announced that he would extend the time limit an extra quarter of an hour, or until 11:15.

There was little punishing action in the first five minutes of overtime, both men apparently saving themselves for the finish.

Two severe headlocks had Browning dizzy and a flying tackle



A scene in Browning's match with George, the last important one in which Jim appeared before losing his title.



The start of the finish. Londos raised Browning with a crotch hold just before slamming him to the mat.

downed him again, but he came back with his seventh body scissors and this time twirled George twice. The challenger stopped him then with a head clasp. They were on their feet at the final bell.

* * *

WITH that bout over, Browning started an intensive winter campaign that carried him through almost every state in the Union and wound up with his match with Londos at the Garden's Long Island Bowl on June 24, 1934, when Londos regained the world laurels. When the bout was over, the handsome Greek challenger became the undisputed world champion in all territory but New England and Canada by pinning the shoulders of the defender in an hour and ten minutes and ten seconds.

Londos won with a crotch and head hold and a body slam after a struggle in which he was, for the most part, on the defensive. For more than an hour he was subjected to all the strength, power and skill of the giant, who towered above him half a foot and outweighed him thirty-eight pounds.

It seemed at times that Londos was helpless as Browning punished him with every hold at his command and with all the power he could summon to the various locks and grips.

It was from a near approach to defeat that Londos flashed the attack, a startling, furious offensive, which brought him victory. He had been gripped and twice twisted in the eighth of Browning's famed body scissors, a viselike clutch with which the Missourian crushed the Greek's body for two minutes shortly after passing the hour mark. The State Athletic Commission's rule, automatically breaking a hold when contestants crawl or are thrown or twisted under the ropes, saved Londos at the time.

Londos took a short breathing spell before launching the attack which provided a dramatic finish to the match. Leaping in quickly, the Greek clasped his foe about the body and lifted him aloft.

Like a sack of meal, Londos plunged Browning heavily to the mat. The Missourian acted as if his back and shoulders were hurt under the impact of the slam and leaned weakly against the ropes until Londos pressed in, raised him from the mat and slammed again.

Five more times Londos repeated this operation, and with each slam Browning grew weaker and dizzier. On the eighth slam, Londos threw the weight of his own body upon that of the defending champion and pressed his shoulders to the mat until Referee George Bothner patted the back of the Greek in the age-old signal of wrestling victory that brought with it the heavyweight title beyond dispute in New York State.

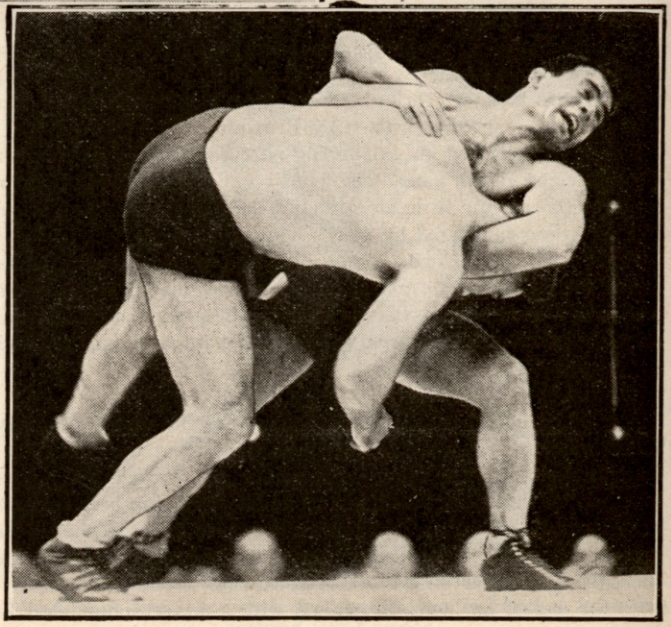
The crowd of twenty thousand fans paid receipts of forty thousand dollars for the match. In the gathering, which only partly filled the huge bowl on the Long Island flatlands, were men and women who are prominent in the life of the city and state. Typical of the sport, the struggle drew fans from many walks of life and from other fields of sports.

In winning the title, Londos came again into possession of laurels he first held four years previously, when he conquered Dick Shikat in an elimination tournament.

Browning, on the other hand, became the fourth sport champion to be dethroned in the ring of the Bowl. The others were in boxing and, in the order of their dethronement, were Max Schmeling and Jack Sharkey, heavyweight champions; Jimmy McLarnin, welterweight king, and Primo Carnera, who lost the championship under the driving fists of Max Baer.

It seemed that Browning was well on the road to victory. He had done most of the work on the attack, and had matched his own speed with that of the Greek without suf-

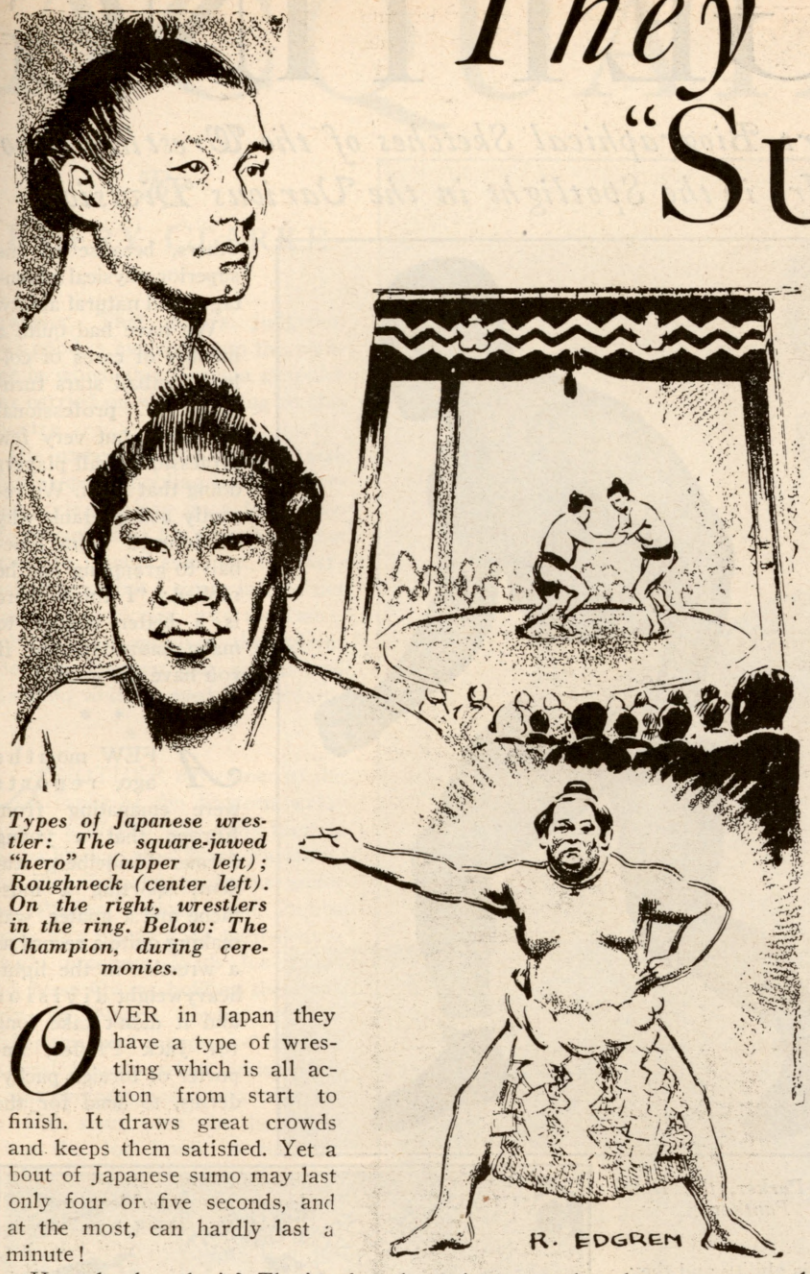
(Continued on page 47)



The final toss before pinning Browning's shoulders to the canvas. Browning was hurled across the ring and Londos leaped on him to gain the fall and championship.

They Call It "SUMO"

By ROBERT EDGREN



Types of Japanese wrestler: The square-jawed "hero" (upper left); Roughneck (center left). On the right, wrestlers in the ring. Below: The Champion, during ceremonies.

OVER in Japan they have a type of wrestling which is all action from start to finish. It draws great crowds and keeps them satisfied. Yet a bout of Japanese sumo may last only four or five seconds, and at the most, can hardly last a minute!

How do they do it? That's what the writer wanted to know when he visited the Kokugikan, or wrestling arena, in Tokio recently.

The championship tournament was going on. It was the final day of the tourney, and the championship was to be decided in a bout between Tamanishiki—the 1934 champion—and Musashiyama.

The main bout was set for six-thirty in the evening, but wrestling fans might arrive as early as they liked, because there were two hundred and fifty wrestlers in the tournament—ranked in classes according to skill—and preliminary bouts began early in the morning.

* * *

I ARRIVED in time to see a man named Debanotake climb into the ring. He would have startled anybody who thought all Japanese were little. Debanotake weighed over four hundred pounds and stood six feet eight inches in his bare feet. He was matched against some poor little fellow weighing about 185. There were whispers of "It's a crime!" and "Why do their allow it?" from the English-speaking spectators. The Japanese kept quiet, probably knowing what was in store.

The two men crouched, charged together; in less than ten seconds, big Debanotake had been tossed out of the ring onto the ample seat of his pants. That ended the bout, for if a wrestler is thrown out of the ring, or touches the ground with any part of his body except his feet, he loses.

The last three matches of the day were among Japan's six best wrestlers. Dramatic tension was rising; the Kokugikan was jammed to the rafters.

At last Tamanishiki, the 1934 champion, entered the ring. He was about as frail as a bull elephant. I had never seen a man with such powerful legs. He went through his limbering up with great gravity, scarcely acknowledging the applauding roars from his admirers. Tamanishiki was the type of Japanese wrestler who has developed a hard, muscular paunch to help hold him on the ground.

Musashiyama, the challenger, was a fine-looking, big, athletically-built fellow, heavy, but not fat. He did not seem as powerful as Tamanishiki, but looked like a good, all-around athlete.

Excitement around the arena was now at its greatest pitch, and the wrestlers played up to it by delaying the start for the full officially allowed ten minutes.

At last they faced each other in what every one of thousands of onlookers knew was to be the final stand. Quick as a flash they rose, Tamanishiki's powerful legs churning the salty earth of the ring as he drove into Musashiyama. There was a furious and fateful moment in which the two wrestlers were twisting and parrying at top speed with their arms, seeking to avoid each other's grasp, and to get a powerful hold. Then, with all the irresistible appearance of an ocean liner, Tamanishiki drove the struggling, wrenching, twisting form of Musashiyama straight back across the ring and over the edge!

* * *

WHAT about the men behind the scenes, the men who have kept Japanese wrestling popular for over a thousand years?

The wrestling organization is very different indeed from its American counterpart. Wrestling is supported by clubs and by wealthy patrons. The wrestlers get very little. Board and lodging, and a tiny salary—about $1.50 every ten days. They also receive gifts from the fans, without whom they would be unable to acquire the $330 silk sash which makes up their "trunks," and the ceremonial aprons, which cost from $70 to $650. The sashes are of the finest silk, twenty-six feet long. This is wrapped around the hips and legs, and tied.

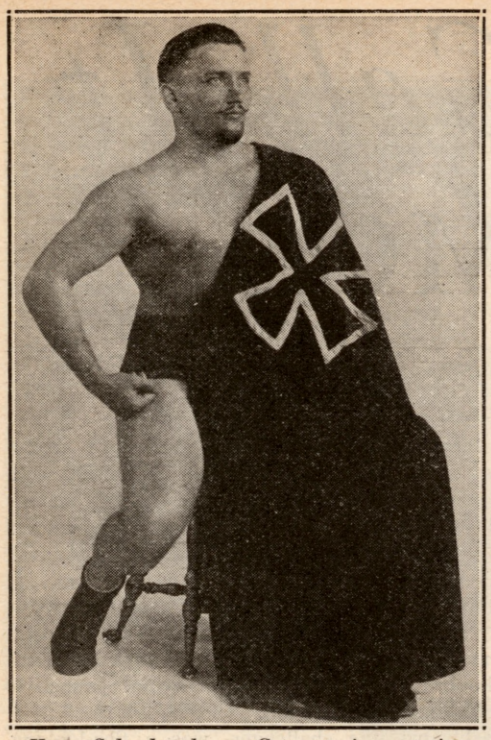
The men sleep and eat in houses furnished by the wrestling club. They rise at 5:30 A.M. and wrestle from 6 until 11. Afternoons and evenings they are free. Wrestlers are encouraged to eat. One of them will eat enough for three persons—rice and fish, mostly.

Of the two hundred and fifty wrestlers at the Kokugikan, only one is a college man: Kasagiyama of Waseda University. They don't play up college men.

* * *

THE showmanship in Japanese wrestling is in the ceremony which takes place before a bout. Once the wrestling begins, it is so fierce and intense a struggle that a man cannot do anything but give the best he's got; a second's relaxation would lose a bout.

Ceremony—On entering the ring, the wrestlers face each other and warm up their muscles by *(Continued on page 46)*



Hans Schacht, latest German importation.

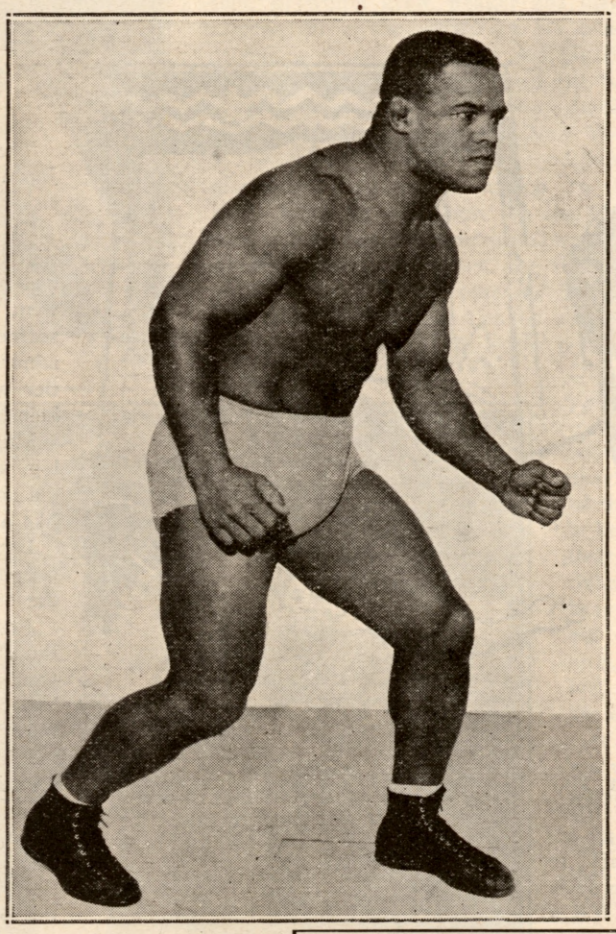
GETTING

Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions

IN 1928 at the Boston Garden, Gus Sonnenberg of Dartmouth, with his then novel flying-tackle, which revolutionized wrestling, won the world's title from Ed "Strangler" Lewis before a record crowd that paid $78,000 to see that championship match, which still stands as the record indoor gate.

Right now there is another former Dartmouth all-around star who graduated with an AB degree in 1932, who promises to develop into another title holder. He is Hank Barber, a Jewish lad born in Cambridge, Mass., where Harvard University is located.

Barber has the most brilliant background of any Jewish lad who ever attempted to make a name for himself at grappling. He stands six feet one inch, weighs 230 pounds and is only twenty-five years old. Lewis, Sonnenberg, Rudy Dusek and other stars who have seen him wrestle, are loud in their praise of his ability and they predict that before long he will be considered the world's foremost Jewish wrestler and they wouldn't be surprised if he went on and won the world's crown, just as did his fellow collegian, Gus Sonnenberg.



Zimba Parker, the Black Panther.

Barber has been wrestling professionally for only two years, but already he has made such progress that he is about to make his New York debut. He prepared for Dartmouth at Cambridge Latin, where he won the All-Interscholastic tennis championship. He later attended Dean Academy.

Hank played three years at tackle at Dartmouth, the same positon that Sonnenberg played there and he also covered first-base for three years and was also a member of the track, water-polo and basketball teams. He ran a hundred yards in twelve seconds flat—fast time for such a big fellow.

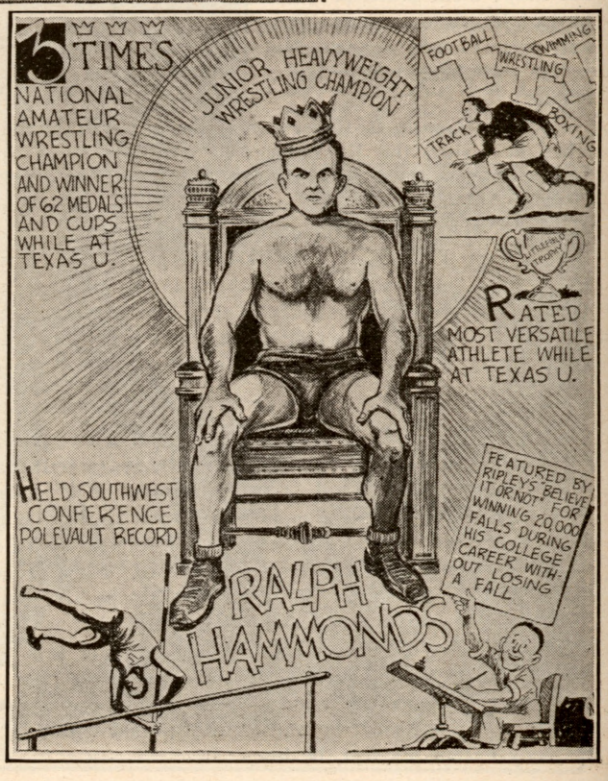
Barber made the All-American college nine in 1932 and the same year was the Eastern Intercollegiate League batting champion with a mark of .500. He was given a tryout with the Braves that Spring, but "farmed" to Lowell of the North Eastern League, which used to be called the New England League and he led the entire organization in batting with a percentage of .374

Although he was recalled by the Braves for the spring of 1933, Paul Bowser, famous New England promoter, talked him into becoming a pro grappler and he has made such headway that good judges think that before long he will surpass in ability such Jewish stars as Sammy Stein, Herbie Freeman, Abe Coleman, Harry Fields, Eli Fischer and others, because of his superior physical advantages and natural ability.

We have had quite a number of cases of college football stars turning to professional wrestling, but very few professional ball players doing that stunt. We recently asked Hank why he jumped from baseball to grappling and he replied: "I think there is a better chance to make more money if you have the goods."

* * *

A FEW months ago, reports were emanating from Europe that a young former Heidelberg student, sporting a mustache and a goatee, was making quite a record as a wrestler in the light-heavyweight division and it didn't take long for Jack Pfeffer, importer of foreign pachyderms, to send for the



ACQUAINTED

By
EMERY CLARKE

grappler. That Jack's judgment was good is evident from the manner in which this German grappler has carried on since coming to this country.

His name is Hans Schacht and, with proper schooling in the American style, he may go a long way. He recently lost his first American match to Dave Levin, but the German claims that a groin injury, not Levin's superiority, was the cause. Schacht has appeared throughout Pfeffer's Eastern mat circuit and has been well received by the fans.

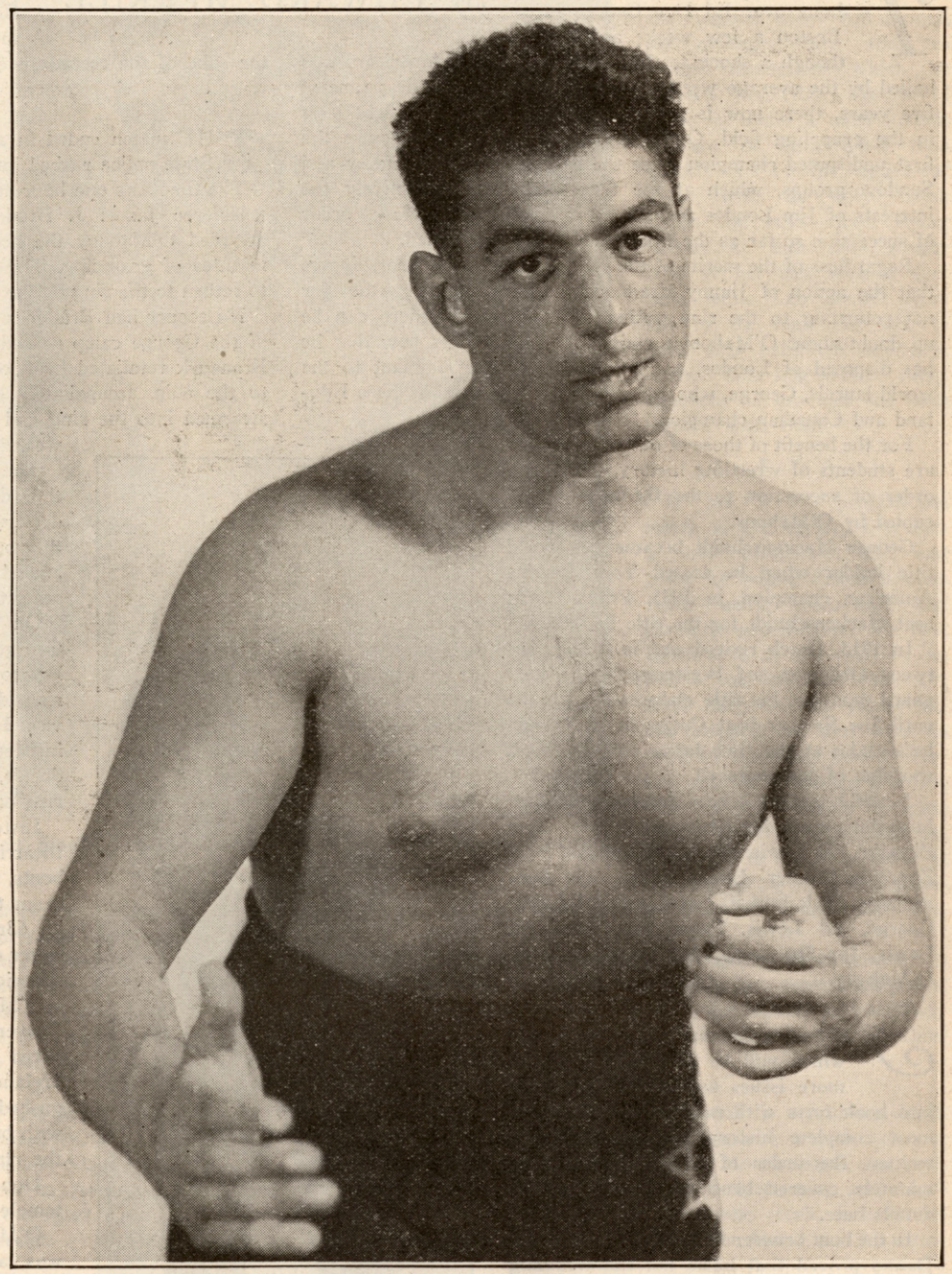
* * *

ANOTHER newcomer to the ranks of the Eastern wrestlers is a Negro who calls himself Zimba Parker, the "Black Panther." He, like Schacht, performs under the Pfeffer banner, and Zimba looms as a pretty good light-heavyweight prospect. With Joe Louis and Jesse Owens holding the spotlight in Negro circles, Parker makes the third member of his race to crash into the select circle. If his recent performances are a criterion he will soon earn the honor of being the Joe Louis of the mat world.

Zimba claims a rather colorful background for himself, but until we find reason to believe that the background is made up of good ballyhoo material, we will ask our readers to take Parker's word for it. Here is what he says:

"I was born in Leopoldville, Belgian Congo, where I learned to speak Kishwahali, Bangala and Fiote languages long before I could speak a word of English. During my youth I had plenty of excitement, as who doesn't in the region where I lived? I was kidnaped by a band of wild pigmies and taken into the jungle, where I lived for a number of years."

Zimba claims the ownership of a mystic eye, with which, he declares, he can foresee things the average person cannot. He declares that the great Emini-a-nzima, who had founded a kingdom in the lower Congo, was the first endowed with that eye, and most of his followers possess it now. However, whether or not it is the talisman of the departed spirit of Emini-a-nzima which guides the fortunes of Parker on the mat, the fact remains that he is a good wrestling prospect, as Everett Marshall, who recently beat him, can testify. Zimba has strength beyond the average person due to his outdoor life. He resembles an ape when in competition. Parker has been competing with considerable success in Eastern wrestling circles.



Hank Barber, Cambridge, Mass., Jewish wrestler who has shown considerable ability.

GEORGE WILLIAMS thinks so highly of the chances of Ralph Hammonds that he has sent in the following story of Hammonds' career:

Down South a new wrestling flash is looming over the horizon, a flash so bright that he has already received the unusual distinction of being singled out by Ripley, the "Believe It or Not" man, for one of his famous cartoons.

This new idol of the South is Ralph Hammonds, 195-pound San Antonio grappler, former Texas University athlete. Even before he turned "pro," Hammonds had an international as well as a national reputation as one of the greatest of all amateurs. While with Texas U., he traveled over ninety thousand miles on wrestling tours, meeting the world's best amateurs in the light-heavyweight division. He represented the United States in the 1928 Olympics at Amsterdam. *(Continued on page 43)*

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By EDWARD MERRILL

THE victory of Danno O'Mahony over Ed Don George in Boston a few weeks ago, although a shock to the supporters of the American, was hailed by the average wrestling fan because, for the first time in five years, there now is an undisputed world heavyweight king in the grappling field. O'Mahony, by his triumph, becomes the first undisputed champion since the feud between the Curley and Sandow groups, which at the time controlled respectively the interests of Jim Londos and Ed Strangler Lewis, broke up order of succession so far as the title holders were concerned.

Regardless of the merits of the claim of the George worshippers that the action of Jimmy Braddock in counting George out for not returning to the ring within twenty seconds, there can be no doubt about O'Mahony's claim to titular honors now that he has disposed of Londos, and of the only other claimant to the world laurels, George, who was officially recognized as New England and Canadian champion.

For the benefit of those of our readers who are students of wrestling history, this is the order of succession to the throne now occupied by O'Mahony.

George Hackenschnidt became the world title holder when he tossed Tom Jenkins American champion, in 1905. Frank Gotch beat Hackenschnidt for the title in 1908.

In 1913, Gotch retired and in a bout between Ordeman and Westergaard, Westergaard won but his title claim was disputed until Joe Stecher beat Cutler in 1915, Cutler's claim at the time being stronger than was that of Westergaard.

In 1917, Caddock beat Stecher and then in order, came Ed Strangler Lewis, Stan Zbyszko, Ed Lewis, Wayne Big Munn, Stan Zbyszko, Stecher, Lewis again; Gus Sonnenberg, Dick Shikat, Jim Londos, Ed Don George, Ed Lewis, Henri De Glane, Ed Lewis, Jim Browning, Jim Londos, Danno O'Mahony.

* * *

IN our series on "Milo to Londos," which will be completed in a few more issues and will then be put into book form with many additions as the most complete history of wrestling ever written, the order of succession has been minutely covered hence we won't go into details here.

In the bout between O'Mahony and George, Danno proved that he is not the weakling most critics have painted him, by the manner in which he wrestled George. Of course there are George's admirers who still insist that Ed is the better man, but we cannot get away from the results—for that is all that counts when records are concerned. One thing is certain, however, and that is that as a drawing power in certain localities, especially in the Irish centers of American sports, O'Mahony is to wrestling what Joe Louis is to the boxing game. He has proved the tonic necessary to bolster up the sport and if for no other reason but that, we welcome him in the field as wrestling king. When any man can draw $70,000 at the gate, he is worthy of a place among the elite.

As for the detailed account of his match with George, good old Doc Almy, our Boston correspondent covers that fully in his Boston news in this issue, but for the sake of the records, we will review the match roughly, here.

* * *

THE match ended in a free for all fight in which city and State police rushed into the ring to halt the riot.

The time was one hour and thirty minutes.

Referee James J. Braddock, heavyweight boxing champion, awarded O'Mahony the necessary one fall after 1 hour and 30 minutes of grappling. The award was made when George failed to return to the ring by the count of 20.

No sooner had Braddock announced his decision than members of the George camp rushed into the ring and slugged at Jimmy. Braddock retaliated by flooring his aggressor with a right hand to the chin. Immediately other handlers and a few irate fans swarmed into the ring and collided beneath the flood lights in a welter of waving arms and flying fists.

The George camp was incensed at what they deemed prejudiced officiating by Braddock. Just before George went sailing over the ropes for the loss of the decision he had hurled the young Irishman into the press seats twice.

On the second time out it appeared to George's admirers that Braddock was giving Danno a long count and some insisted that ringsiders had helped him back to the canvas. However, Timekeeper Charlie Heath insisted that his count agreed with Braddock's, and that Danno had returned to the ring on the count of nineteen.

Instead of resorting to the usual circus theatricals which characterize most bigtime bouts, the two grapplers went at it in earnest from the very start. O'Mahony, trying for his 63rd straight American victory, had the better of the first half hour and George was superior in the second half hour.

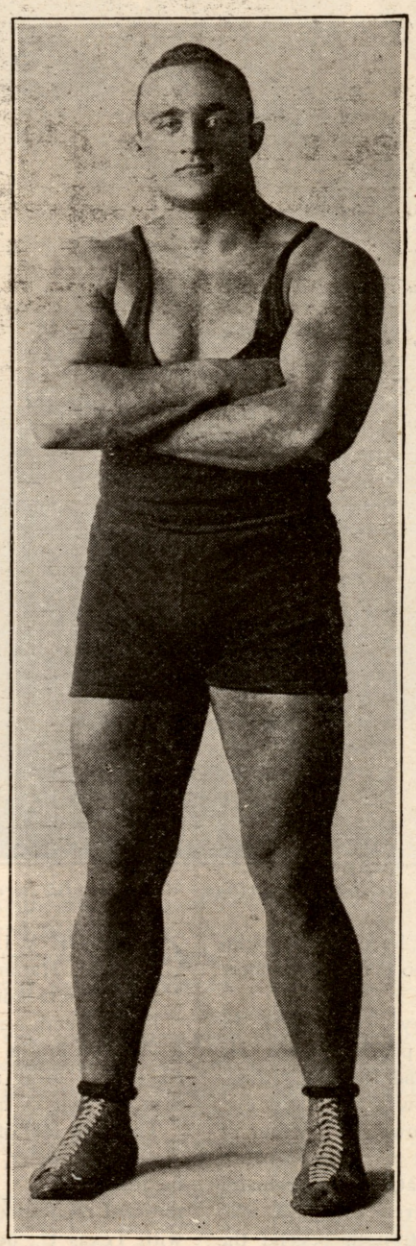
O'Mahony floored the former Michigan University athlete three times but was staggered several times himself. The lad from Ireland left the ring with a bloody nose and gashed left cheek and his body was covered with bruises suffered in his two flights from the ring.

Don George had a gash on his right temple and several red welts on his face.

O'Mahony tried the whip six times but was fairly successful with it only once. Unfortunately George flew through the ropes and landed half conscious on the ring apron outside the ropes. If he had hit the canvas inside the ring, O'Mahony would have scored his fall in about a half an hour.

* * *

WHILE we in this country are showering our praise on O'Mahony for having put an end to the wild-cat championship claims of wrestling contestants by clinching the honors beyond the shadow of a doubt, we find that in addition to the ridiculous claim of Everett Marshall, still another attempt to muddle the situation comes with the claim of Wladek Zbyszko that he is the world champion. How did he come by it?



Wladek Zbyszko, who recently won the heavyweight tourney in Argentina, beating Abe Kaplan, another finalist.

Well, here is the story as it appeared in recent Polish newspapers:

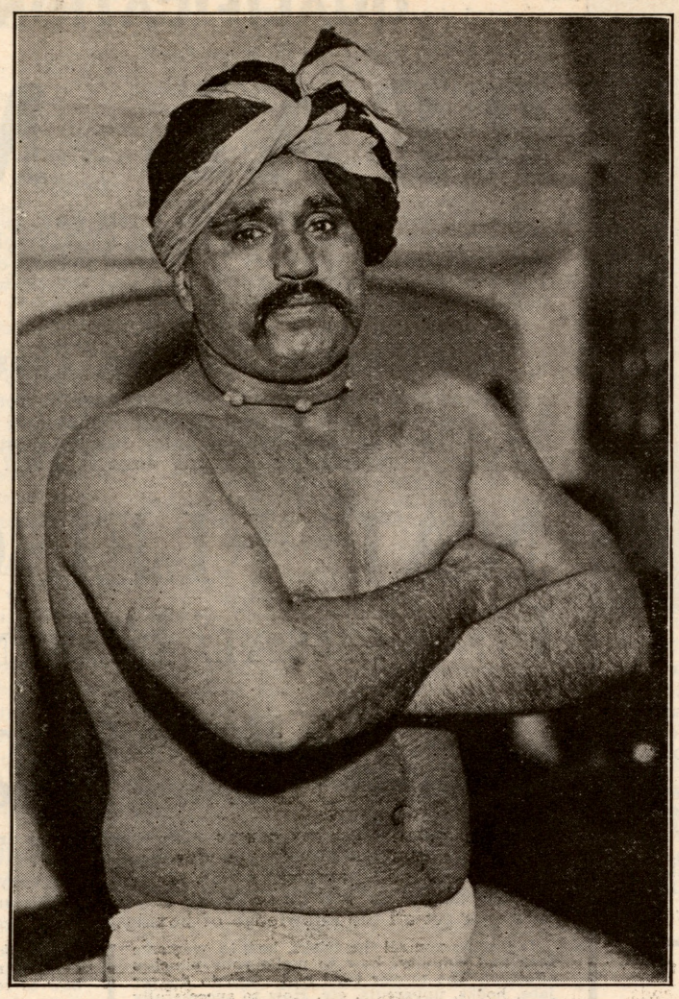
The heavyweight wrestling championship of the world has been won again by a Pole. This time news comes to us that Wladek Zbyszko, the most educated wrestler extant, won the "World's Wrestling title" at Luna Park, Argentine, South America.

Wladek won the "title" on June 20th of this year when before thirty-two thousand fans he threw Abie Kaplan, another aspirant for the coveted honor.

Wladek and Kaplan were survivors of a long arduous tournament staged to pick the "world's champion."

Wladek Zbyszko survived 118 tourney bouts before reaching the finals with Abie Kaplan. The tournament gathered wrestlers from twenty-eight nations and lasted ten months. It is estimated that over two million people witnessed the bouts.

Argentine newspapers also had high praise for Stanislaw Zbyszko and Karol Nowina, his nephew. The handsome Karol won a popularity prize conducted by the Argentine Sports Weekly, "O.K." He received eighteen thousand votes winning by one thousand votes over the Serbian wrestler, Halsey.



Jagat Singh, Hindu wrestler, who is now competing in Australia

Zbyszko received a gold cross bearing the emblem of the Argentine Republic decorated with precious stones, right after the bout as emblematic of the World's Wrestling Championship.

The Zbyszko entourage will be headed for Paris shortly where Henri De Glane, will be on hand to be matched with the Pole.

After the battle scene in Paris is cleared, the Zbyszkos will move on to Poland to appear again for the first time in many years in their native haunts.

Although we in this country will not pay much attention to Zbyszko's claim, in the southern hemisphere, Wladek is regarded as unbeatable. The Zbyszkos, Wladek, Stanislaus and Karol, brought thirteen wrestlers with them to Argentine and made considerable money besides putting the sport back on the map, and for that, they deserve heaps of credit.

* * *

BERNICE SANDBOE, our Dixie correspondent, sends in these Dixie Doins:—

Wrestling, in Houston, seems to be taking an unusual midsummer boom. At this time of the year when fans usually desert the ringside to sit at home in front of a fan and sip lemonade, the biggest crowds in many months have been flocking down to the town hall every Friday night.

Not only are the seats packed to the rafters, but many of the folks have to be content with standing through the whole show. But do they complain? Not much—when Leo Daniel Boone Savage is there to entertain them.

* * *

Leo Daniel Boone is a big guy from the Kentucky Hills. He sports a long, black mangy beard and wears his hair in a ravishing Garbo bob. He ambles into the ring, shading his eyes from the big center light, and takes time out to whisper to the referee. He carries a big red hanky in his trunks and when he gets warm drags it out and mops his brow. Every few minutes he stops wrestling to peer into the ringside where Art Mondt, his manager, sits, and receives instructions which he follows implicitly. He will stand up under a most furious barrage of fists and then quickly swat his aggressor down with an open hand. When the boys direct flying tackles at him they simply land at his feet with a sore head while Leo doesn't even fall to the mat. He has, to date, only exhibited one hold — the bear-hug — but every opponent he has met has been thrown with that.

* * *

If his first professional match is a criterion, I predict a rosy future in the mat game for young Frank Brown. After being discovered and carefully groomed for his first appearance in the ring, by no less a mat scientist than Dr. Karl Sarpolis, this young fellow stepped out and went to town by throwing Jake Patterson, one of matdom's meanies, after fifteen minutes of some of the most scientific scuffling seen here in many a moon. It was a good start for this promising youngster, and more will be heard of him in the near future.

They should have warned Rudy Strongberg about coming to Houston. He looks so much like the town's Don Juan, Paul Jones, that the soprano fans are likely to mob the poor lil fellow. Rudy possesses a fine repertoire of holds, including a version of Chief Little Wolf's death-lock.

* * *

RAMBLINS ON RASSLERS—So nuff is scorching down heah in Dixie-land but notwithstanding, capacity crowds turn out for the matches week after week . . . . Morris Sigel, our promoter, knows how to please the fans with interesting and colorful mat cards . . . . just now that fantastic freak, Leo Daniel Boone Savage is Public Hero (?) Number One . . . . his name on the card means a full house . . . . Doc Sarpolis, wrestling's gift to the ladies, is the only man to date, to have thrown this bearded biggie . . . . by the way, Doc crooned over a local radio station t'other day n' can he warble!

Mike Mazurki recently middle aisled it . . . . Louie Bacigalupi, Italian wrestler who collects snakes in his spare time, got bit by one of the reptiles and believe it or not, the snake curled up and died . . . . Botchy wrestled a few nights afterwards . . . . tuff guys, these wrestlers . . . . add masked grapplers, The Scarlet Scorpion, now on the west coast . . . . hear that Dan O'Conners has been ill . . . . speedy recovery, Danny . . . . another study in sartorial smartness among the wrestlers is George Mansur, dark and dashing Syrian . . . . George sports a moustashio.

Things I didn't know before—that Syrians are Christianized Assyrians . . . . most unwrestlerish names—Laverne Baxter and Everette Kibbons . . . . young Rudy Strongberg, German Adonis, has just been in this country two years . . . . and has the cutest accent . . . . Rudy looks like Paul Jones, have you noticed . . . . Bill Middlekauff,

(Continued on page 45)

WHAT ARE THE NECESSARY QUALIFICATIONS OF A

REAL MAN?

People realize today that, to be a real man, requires more than just physical strength. A keen mind, ability to think quickly, self-confidence and courage, poise and alertness are necessary in addition to well-developed and trained muscles. There is a way open to every man and youth whereby he can become a real, upstanding man as described above.

It Is Easy to Develop These Qualifications

That sounds like a pretty broad statement, doesn't it? But it's a fact. There is a system by which you can develop and school your muscles and, at the same time, cultivate poise, alertness, quick thinking and self-confidence right in your own home. Hundreds have already done it. How? Through

NAT FLEISCHER'S
UNIVERSAL BOXING COURSE

Jack Dempsey

A Home Course in Scientific Boxing & Health Building

Please do not confuse my course with other books or lessons in boxing. It is entirely different. Through its study you develop your mind as well as the body. The lessons show clearly and graphically how to perform every movement. With a half hour's practice daily, you will be surprised at your ability and condition within a few weeks. In it you get all the knowledge of boxing and physical training that you require.

It teaches you all the tricks, how to overcome fear and timidity, how to make your punches effective. The proper time and place to deliver jabs, hooks, uppercuts, etc. How to successfully defend yourself and handle bigger men. How to be aggressive without fighting blindly or wildly. In fact, everything from **"How to Make a Fist"** to **"Ring Generalship."**

Also special exercises to develop all muscles, strengthen weak parts, straighten shoulders and back, raise the chest and correct general defects in physique. What to eat, how to eat, how to reduce or increase weight, how to overcome common ailments through natural methods.

I already have hundreds of students in all parts of the world. Many of them have written me telling of the wonderful benefits derived from this course.

A MAIL ORDER course, unsurpassed. Something you've always wanted but, until I decided to furnish it to you, you could not obtain anywhere.

You who take my course will be surprised at what you will learn in nine lessons, covering a period of eighteen weeks. I'll prepare you, in these lessons, to start your amateur career within three months after you get started and it won't be long after that when you'll be ready for a professional career, should you so desire.

Nine Lessons-- *that's all!!!*

Two Weeks for Each Lesson—

You get one book every two weeks or can get all books at one time. Tell me which you prefer.

Now Here's My Offer:

You get the entire nine lessons, fully illustrated, printed on fine paper, each in booklet form, so that you can keep all intact.

Nine lessons by mail, for only $5.00

BUT THAT IS NOT ALL

In order that you may develop your body properly, you also get free, two books, "Army Exercises" and "Navy Drills."

Then Here's ANOTHER Feature—

The best way to learn boxing is to practice with another fellow. Work with him, study with him and you'll soon master the sport.

Therefore, I am making this extra offer. With every enrollment, you and your pal will receive free, a pair of Satin Trunks and a Gymnasium Shirt.

You split the fee in paying for the course, and you and your pal get the trunks and gym shirts without any cost to either of you. And—for only $1.00 extra, your pal can also get the full boxing course for himself, the same as you are to receive.

THE BEST BOXING COURSE YET DEVISED

At the Lowest Price Ever Asked for a Legitimate, Bona Fide, Honest-to-Goodness Course That IS A COURSE. No Hokum—No Bunk—No Unfulfilled Promises.

In the Universal Boxing Course, I had the collaboration of

JACK DEMPSEY

The greatest fighter of modern times.

TONY CANZONERI

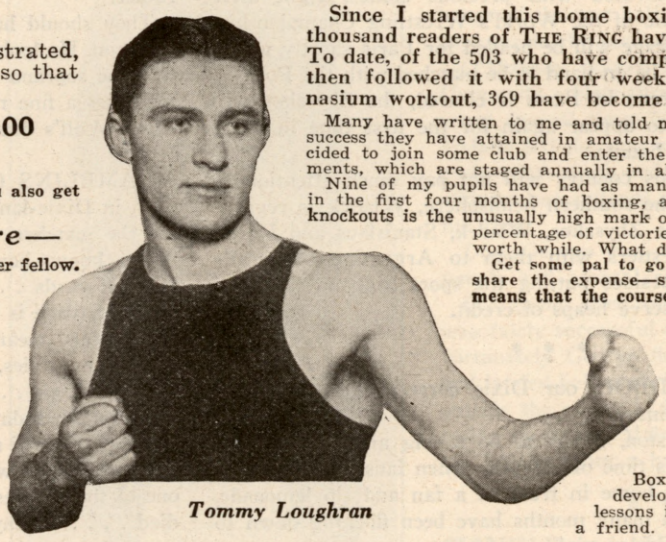
Holder of three championships.

TOMMY LOUGHRAN

The Marvel of Modern Scientific Boxing.

Now you know why this course is, in my opinion, the **Greatest Ever Offered by Mail at Any Time and Anywhere.**

Take advantage of this BIG OPPORTUNITY NOW.



Tommy Loughran

Since I started this home boxing course, almost a thousand readers of THE RING have become my pupils. To date, of the 503 who have completed the course and then followed it with four weeks of intensive gymnasium workout, 369 have become amateur boxers.

Many have written to me and told me that after the great success they have attained in amateur contests, they have decided to join some club and enter the **Golden Gloves** tournaments, which are staged annually in all parts of the country.

Nine of my pupils have had as many as 29 amateur fights in the first four months of boxing, and their percentage of knockouts is the unusually high mark of 81 per cent, and their percentage of victories is 87. That's a record worth while. What do you think?

Get some pal to go into this with you and share the expense—split it two ways. That means that the course costs each of you only $2.50, and only $1.00 extra if your pal wants to get the lessons the same as you are to get.

Study Together and Train Together

Boxing skill can best be developed by working out the lessons in actual exercises with a friend.

Fill out and mail with a Money Order ($5.00 for one set of books or $6.00 for two sets) to

Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course
Madison Square Garden, New York City, New York.

Name .....
(Print)

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Size of Trunks.....(Free) Pal's Size of Trunks.....(Free)

Size of Shirt.....(Free) Pal's Size of Shirt.....(Free)

"Australian Billy" Murphy

(Continued from page 25)

referee announced that he would allow only five more rounds. True to his word, at the close of the thirty-third period, he stopped the mill and declared it no contest.

Then came a furious seven-round bout with Johnny Griffin, whom the Australian had knocked out in three rounds four years previously. But the dope took the proverbial "flop" and Billy was finished in the seventh. The fight took place at the California Athletic Club in San Francisco on February 6, 1893.

Murphy then came East and beat up a few set-ups which were procured for him. In his bout with Jack Grace, who was a fighter of the better class, the police interfered in the third round and stopped the bout.

The following December, Murphy met Ike Weir, whom he had knocked out on his previous visit to this country, in Boston, Mass., and again the tables were turned, for the "Belfast Spider" trimmed the Australian in five rounds. Ike had the fight all the way from the start, getting in blows to Murphy so fast and so frequently that he was bewildered. Billy resorted to rushing tactics in the fourth round and gave the "Spider" one straight left and a right to the body made Weir hesitate.

The fifth and last round was full of rushes and vicious infighting. Near the close, Weir got Murphy going to the ropes, and as the latter ducked and side-stepped he received an awful right-hand uppercut to the jaw that sent him through the ropes to the floor. Billy was out.

George Dixon took his measure on December 15, 1893, at Paterson, N. J., in three rounds, when the police again stopped the party. Although Murphy didn't have much of an opportunity to prove he was second to "Little Chocolate," owing to the brevity of the bout the chances were against him.

On May 7, 1894, he lost the third time to Griffo in eight rounds at Boston, Mass.

Three more years saw the Australian in the rings of America, but he never did anything more of much importance, and finally, near the close of 1897, he quit the ring and opened a tailor shop.

His complete record follows:

"AUSTRALIAN BILLY" MURPHY
(Christened Thomas W. Murphy)
Born in Auckland, N. Z., 1863
Height, 5 ft. 6½ in.

W—Jack O'Meagher, 45m.; K—Frank Burns, 6; W—M. O'Brien, 4; K—J. Guller, 12; W—W. Burt, 3; W—Charles Carter, 3; W—J. Gardner, 3; W—Walter Evans, 3; W—Fuller (twice), 13; W—Sam Stewart, 17; W—B. Johnson, 3; W—F. King, 3; bested by Young Mitchell, 5; W—Charlie Taylor, 12; W—F. Bruce, 7; W—C. Allen, 7; D—Harry Laing, 3; K—J. Fadders, 2; W—Bill Mitchell, 4; Ike Fake, 3; K—Brooks, 1, and Parker, 3, in same night; W—J. Ford, 11; W—Saxon, 4; D—Jack Hall, 8; W—Jerry Marshall, 1; W—Basket, 3; W—Smith, 8; L—Eugene Donovan, 11.

1888	Rds.
Nov. —K by Ben Seth of Eng., Melbourne ..	6
1889	
June 7—Arrived in San Francisco on Zelandia	
July 12—K JOHNNY GRIFFIN (117-120) $1800. Cal. A. C.	3
July 30—D FRANK MURPHY of Eng. (119) Cal. A. C. $1250 each	27
1890	Rds.
Jan. 13—K IKE WEIR (118-124), $2250 C. A. C.	14
March 14—W TOMMY WARREN (116-118) $1800, Occidental Club, San Francisco	4
April 21—Bested Tommy White, Chicago	4
May 29—W Eddie Greaney, Cal. A. C.	4
June 28—Returned to Auckland, N. Z.	
Sept. 3—L GRIFFO, $1500, Sydney ..... Murphy took off gloves D Nipper Peakes, Melbourne	15 19
Nov. 10—W Dummy Mace (117-143), Melbourne	8
Dec. 17—W Pat Carroll (117-146)	4
1891	
Jan. 19—K by Jim Burge, $750, Broken Hill	30
May 4—L Artie Tully, Melbourne	8
July 22—L GRIFFO, $750, Sydney	22
Oct. 19—K Bill Jennings, $125, Sydney	2
Nov. 23—Jim Burge, no contest, Sydney	29
Dec. 26—K Chris Cunningham, Newcastle ...	2
1892	
Jan. 23—Griffo failed to meet him, Melbourne	
Feb. 16—K by Jim Barron (136), Sydney	3
May 31—D JOHNNY MURPHY of Boston $1250, Pacific Club, S. F. Johnny Murphy gave Billy half of purse	40
Dec. 28—D Tommy White, no contest. Pacific A. C., San Fran. White received $200, Murphy nothing	32
1893	
Feb. 6—K by JOHNNY GRIFFIN (122), $3500-$500. C. I. A. C.	7
April 29—Bested by Jerry Barnett, N. Y.	4
May 30—Johnny Van Heest, no decision, Phil.	4
July 17—W Ed Listman, Newark, N. J.	
Sept. 22—W Jack Grace, police, Brooklyn	
Sept. 13—K Jack Collins, Brooklyn	2
Nov. 2—K by IKE WEIR (120) $650-100 Boston	6
Dec. 15—L GEORGE DIXON, Paterson, N. J. (row)	3
Dec. 23—K Jack Woods, Boston	2
1894	
Feb. 19—K Johnny Breslin, Boston	2
May 7—L GRIFFO, gate, Boston ..... Referee, Capt. Bill Daly	8
Nov. 12—W Anthony Lefevre, Cincinnati	2
Nov. 19—D Jerry Barnett, $250, Atlantic A. C. New York	10
Nov. 6—K Jack McCabe, Cincinnati	2
Dec. 8—Bested "Rosebud," Philadelphia	4
1895	
Jan. 3—Frank Machiewski, police, Phil.	4
Feb. 6—K "Kid" McGraw, Cincinnati	4
Feb. 26—L "Kid" Hogan, Cincinnati	10
May 6—D Jack Dougherty, Cincinnati	10
May 30—Bested Jack Dougherty, Cincinnati ..	6
July 11—D Tommy White, Columbus, O.	20
Aug. 6—Bested Harry Sheldon, Louisville	5
Aug. 22—K Harry Sheldon, Louisville	3
Nov. 13—W Jack Doherty, Philadelphia	x
Dec. 23—L Sol Smith, N. O.	14
1896	
Jan. 21—K Mike Crotty, 1; W Harry Dally, 4; W Joe Slink, 4; Cincinnati, O.	
Feb. 11—W Jimmy Devers, Jackson, Miss. ...	10
Mar. 17—W Paddy Smith, Cincinnati, O.	10
April 29—K James Connors, Jackson, Mich. ...	4
Oct. 8—D Johnny Lavack, Lexington, Ky.	20
1897	
Jan. 22—K by George Dixon, Broadway A. C., New York	6
Jan. 30—L Jack Delaney, Polo A. C., New York	15
Feb. 6—D Dave Wall of Ireland, Polo A. C., New York	10
Feb. 8—Bested by Danny McMahan, Phil.	6

Getting Acquainted

(Continued from page 39)

While at Texas University, Hammonds was three times national amateur champion and winner of sixty-two medals and cups. Besides, he was rated as the most versatile athlete of the university, as he also excelled in football, boxing, swimming, track and pole vault, at which he held the Southwestern record.

Roy McLean, wrestling coach at Texas U., kept a record of falls scored by Hammonds, without the loss of a single one, and from April, 1925, until June, 1928, he scored 23,862 falls without losing a single one.

In one of Ripley's "Believe It or Not" cartoons in 1934, Hammonds was featured as having won 20,000 falls during his college career, but McLean's records show him to have scored 23,682.

This record is puzzling to many sport editors and mat fans as they cannot figure out how a youngster like Hammonds could have scored so many falls in such a short time. Here is how it happened.

At the university, there were four wrestling classes of from fifteen to twenty-five in each class. These classes met three times each week and each time that they met, Hammonds defeated them all. Add this to his wins from other school teams and his Olympic tryouts, and wrestling tours, averaging fifteen to twenty matches each day.

In 1930, Hammonds entered the professional ranks. He found the professional side different from the amateur and at the start lost a few matches. Then he decided to learn all about this professional grappling, rough tactics and all. After a year's training and matches with some of the best in the business, Hammonds learned all the tricks. Adding these to his knowledge of ring generalship, speed and physical condition, he started to win, and he boasts a record of consecutive wins without the loss of a single fall, scored during the past three years.

Being slightly over the weight limit of the light-heavyweight division, Hammonds put in a claim for the junior heavyweight division. He met all comers and is gradually getting recognition all over the country as the junior heavyweight champion.

A greater record it would indeed be hard to find.

A Redskin's Revenge

(Continued from page 33)

Chief have a darling little four-year-old son, whom they call "Fifi." Fifi, says the Chief, will not be a wrestler but a prosecuting attorney.

The fans pack the house whenever the Chief is on the mat card down South. And that isn't hard to understand, for this dusky Gypsy is, without the slightest doubt, the greatest showman of the wrestling game.

The fans delight in the way he stalks into the ring, wrapped in a loud-colored Indian blanket, under which reposes heaven knows what implement of torture, giving a grunt of pleasure at what is to come and chewing his mighty cud of gum.

Let it be said in passing that the Chief's gum is his dearest treasure, and should it become separated from him in the course of the match, he hesitates not to call time out and go around the ring searching for it. When the gum is located the Chief pounces on it like it were a long-lost friend, pops it into his mouth and then resumes "rasslin." But should he not be able to find the missing wad of gum, he becomes petulant and goes around stamping his feet and entreating the fans to come to his assistance. There is usually a shower of sticks of gum tossed into the ring by obliging fans and the Chief grabs a handful and stuffs them in his mouth, paper and all!

I suppose if I told you what a really grand fellow the Chief is outside the ring, how good natured and smiling he is all the time, and the many friends he has, it would spoil the story. So I won't tell you.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien

(Continued from page 31)

came rushing savagely. O'Brien met him halfway, and as the Coast man fired a slashing left hook, blocked it, and nailed him with a terrific right uppercut squarely on the chinpoint. The impact of the blow lifted Neil from his feet, he shot backward, into the air, struck the upper rope and toppled over the press box onto the floor, where he lay senseless.

The wild yell that went up from the crowd subsided into silence as Gilmore walked over to the ring-edge and peered down at the unconscious Neil. The situation was one entirely without precedent and we were all wondering what the veteran arbiter would do. He did not hesitate, but calmly began his count, and at "ten," motioned to Neil's seconds to attend to their principal. It was the first time in the recollection of the oldest sport present that a fighter had ever been counted out under such conditions.

As Gilmore left the ring, he halted long enough to shoot a barbed arrow at the occupants of the press stand. "This ought to help educate some of you wise guys who were always barking about O'Brien not being able to hit!" he chortled, and went away grinning sardonically.

O'Brien naturally had designs on the middleweight title held by Tommy Ryan, the acquirement of which would have made him world's king of the class. But it was not until 1904 that he managed to get into a ring with Ryan, and then it was a Philadelphia no-decision bout which went the six-round limit and made no change in the status of either boxer.

Meanwhile, with matches scarce in the middleweight division he kept on fighting big fellows successfully and wound up the year of his appearance against Ryan with twenty new battles added to his record, and not a defeat in the lot. His two most important in 1905 were on the Coast and resulted in a seventeen-round knockout of Al Kaufman, and a thirteen-round knockout of Bob Fitzsimmons. Kaufman was then looked upon by his California admirers as a sure coming champ. He outweighed O'Brien considerably but the latter's skill did the trick, Kaufman being actually blinded by constant jabbing, pounded into helplessness and finally put away.

As regards Fitzsimmons, there is no question but that Bob had aged and slowed down perceptibly when O'Brien whipped him. But he was always dangerous, as Jack well knew, and the latter took no chances with him. In the previous year they had boxed six rounds in the National League Park in Philadelphia. For four rounds O'Brien easily outpointed Fitz. Then, somewhat to the consternation of his friends present, Jack appeared to go weak, and he finished the last two sessions in rather poor shape.

But it was all part of O'Brien's plans for the future. When discussing the affair with the late Tad Dorgan, he said: "I took on the six-rounder with Fitz just to try him out. In the first four rounds I did my best to beat him, but without trying for a knockout. He couldn't go fast enough to hurt me. Then in the last two I let up, so as to let him imagine he was defeating me. I'll get him some time in a twenty-round go, and I believe I can stop him."

Eighteen months elapsed between the date of O'Brien's prediction and its accomplishment, which brought to the winner the light-heavyweight championship title then held by Fitzsimmons. His homecoming was the signal for another demonstration exceeding in wild enthusiasm even the mad reception given him on his return from England. Headed by a brass band seated on a tallyho, thousands of cheering Philadelphians met him at the Broad Street Station, lifted him on their shoulders and carried him to the street, where he was compelled to make a speech before they would release him.

He wore an American boxing crown at last, and not even the fact that an expert night-flyer touched him on the train en route for Philly, and got away with a $250 diamond stud, a $2,500 check and a wallet containing a century, could spoil his satisfaction over such a royal welcome. Yet it was, he remarked, tough to think that he had traveled far and wide without ever becoming a pickpocket's victim, only to be rolled when nearing the old homestead.

Having schemed and fought his way to the light-heavyweight title, it might be imagined that O'Brien would have rested content with his laurels for a while anyway. But a few months saw him back in harness and challenging heavyweights with the same old vim. The fact of the matter was that he never cared much about the light-heavyweight title. The class was originally created by the late Lou Houseman for the benefit of boxers too heavy for the middle grade and handicapped by lack of weight against big fellows like Jeffries.

Jack Root was the first champ of the new division, by virtue of a victory over Kid McCoy. Root was defeated by George Gardner, who in turn lost the title to Fitzsimmons. In those days a good many fight fans refused to consider the light-heavyweight championschip seriously. There was a general feeling that any fellow over the middleweight limit ought to be able to take care of himself against anyone, as fighting men had always done in the past.

Possibly O'Brien sensed the attitude of the patrons, he always had his finger on the public pulse anyway. At all events, he practically allowed the new title to lapse, so far as he was concerned, made no attempt to defend it, and pursued his flight after larger game. Folks for the most part forgot there had ever been a light-heavy champ, until around 1911, when Dan Morgan revived the dormant class in favor of Battling Levinsky, with the result that we have had a synthetic 175-pound mitt-mauler strutting around in royal robes ever since.

On October 16, 1906, O'Brien undertook the knocking out of two men on the one night before a Los Angeles club, and filled the bill by stowing away Fred Cooley in three, and Jim Trimble in nine rounds, a feat the mere suggestion of which would probably send a modern boxer to the sick bay for shock repairs. The Philadelphian had a yen for performing sensational stunts of this kind. On one occasion he took on six men in rapid succession for one round each for the entertainment of the members of a private club in the Quaker City, and bested his opponents with ease, although they were all local boxers of established reputation.

O'Brien's frank admission of the tactics he pursued in his first bout with Fitzsimmons in order to snare the veteran into a lucrative long route battle, was that of a business man who has no compunctions about tricking a competitor. In fact, this was the view he took of boxing as a whole, once he was fairly launched as a professional. He never tried to conceal a practice he utilized of "carrying" an inferior performer for a stipulated number of rounds, nor did he consider it faking, in the true sense of the word.

His contention was that the main object of a fight to which people paid admission was to give them a show they'd appreciate, and furthermore, he came right out in a signed newspaper article and said so, adding that all boxers of class were sometimes compelled to "let up" on opponents in order to create spectacular effect and keep the onlookers guessing.

O'Brien's defense of his methods occurred after a disastrous experience in Los Angeles, when Tommy Burns was awarded a twenty-round decision over him. The battle took place at Los Angeles, May 8, 1907. As Burns, after Jeffries' retirement, had won recognition as world's heavyweight champion, by virtue of defeating Marvin Hart, the title was at stake when he and O'Brien collided for the third time, they having previously engaged in a six-round bout, which the Philadelphian won, and a twenty-round contest, which was declared a draw.

In the second affair the referee created something of a sensation by announcing, just before the bell rang, that all bets were declared off. This action, which was never quite explained to anyone's satisfaction, naturally caused a lot of talk later, and when Burns got the verdict, the rumors of cross and double-cross waxed louder than ever. For O'Brien's part, he had little to say, except that the cards had been stacked against him, and he couldn't possibly have won.

The big prize for which Philadelphia Jack had so long angled, the heavyweight crown, was never again to come within grabbing distance, and probably few boxers could have lived down the scandal of the Burns affair as he did, with the Coast papers, and some of the Eastern journals, making him a target for adverse criticism and sour innuendo. But in the two following years he proved to be as great a box office magnet as ever, and 1909 saw him a participant in a New York battle which passed into pugilistic history as a nerve-shocking thriller par excellence!

That was the Stanley Ketchel-Jack O'Brien contest. Ketchel was at his splendid best then, a two-handed knocker-out

who loved the game and fought with the savagery of an untamed timber wolf. He was the champion middleweight sensation of his day, perhaps the greatest of his class, considered purely as a ferocious slugger. He was piloted by Willus Britt, craftiest of the managerial tribe, who matched him with O'Brien, stipulating that the latter must scale 160 pounds at three o'clock on the afternoon of the battle.

As there were no boxing commissions then to interfere with and generally bedevil glovemen and their mentors, a champion could, and frequently did, juggle the weights for his class a pound or two either way, if by so doing he was enabled to close a satisfactory match.

For example, Fitzsimmons defeated Nonpareil Jack Dempsey for the middleweight title at 154 pounds. That was in 1891 and Fitz did not defend the middleweight championship until September 26, 1894, when he kayoed Dan Creedon. But the Creedon match was made at 158 pounds. In the interval, Fitzsimmons had been fighting and whipping heavyweights, he could no longer reach the mark at which he conquered Dempsey, but solved the problem by raising the class limit four pounds. After the Creedon affair he never fought as a legitimate middleweight.

Ketchel, as middleweight champion, also availed himself of a champion's privilege by bringing O'Brien into the ring at 160, instead of the official 158 pounds. But it was a hard grind for O'Brien to make the weight agreed upon. One hour before scaling time he was two pounds over the stipulated mark. Willus Britt obstinately refused to concede an extra ounce.

Either O'Brien must take off that two pounds, or—there would be no fight! There was nothing to do but submit. Under the eyes of Britt's own training staff, O'Brien worked like a Trojan in the gym until the desired two pounds were sweated off, and then weighed in at 160. That the quick-reducing stunt weakened O'Brien to some degree goes without saying. But, confident in his speed, endurance and ringcraft, he figured that he could stem Ketchel's rushes off for the scheduled ten rounds.

And how close he came to accomplishing his end! No one who was present will ever forget Ketchel's magnificently furious attack, and O'Brien's no less magnificent defense. Not a passive defense, remember that! The gloves used were small, they had been "broken," the padding shoved back so as to leave knuckles covered only by the leather, and the wearer could rip and cut up an opponent with them after a fashion only understood by those "in the know." O'Brien's straight left, thus accoutred, played havoc with the Ketchel features as Stanley rushed, pouring in his famous body-punches, working his terrific shift, but failing to break through his adversary's impregnable guard.

And still Ketchel kept coming! He was battered, bleeding freely from mouth, nose and cut eyebrows, O'Brien's gloves playing a veritable devil's tattoo on his crimsoned body and face. Round after round the grim slaughter went on, the boxing wizard countering, slipping away from the whizzing contact of wickedly-driven punches, and always stabbing, stabbing the wet-red mark before him with that cruel left.

Hugh McIntosh, the Australian promoter, sitting beside me in the press stand, roared hoarsely: "Gawd blimme, we'd stop this in Australia!" as Ketchel, blinded, staggering, but madly determined, plunged forward and onward in his unremitting assaults.

And so into the tenth and final round, when Ketchel, goaded by the subtle taunts of his chief second, James J. Johnston, made one supreme rally, one last terrific effort, smashed through O'Brien's defense and crashed home a right to the jaw that sent Philadelphia Jack head-downward in his corner. There was just nine seconds of the round remaining, the count over the fallen boxer started—clang went the bell, and his seconds dragged O'Brien to his chair.

He recovered swiftly, to learn that luck had gone against him when triumph seemed sure. But at all events, that Ketchel victory did not go into the official records as a knockout. For, you see, boxing was conducted in New York then under the no-decision rule. The round had ended before O'Brien could be counted out, he had therefore lasted the full distance, even if he had slumped at the journey's end.

It would be incorrect to list the Ketchel battle as O'Brien's most important ring engagement, remembering the great men he fought and defeated previously. Yet it is perhaps the most widely known and talked about of any of his encounters, and written about too, for that matter. Boxing scribes have used it as a means of comparison whenever adjectives failed them in describing some unusually strenuous glove contest. Certainly for sheer raw melodrama and an astounding climax that amazing ten-round slaughter-fest is entitled to rank as a modern arena classic.

Last March at the Park Central hotel Jack O'Brien threw a beefsteak party to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his battle with Ketchel. On that occasion he and Jack Archer, his gym assistant, staged a realistic reproduction of the famous fray, with all of the original cast that could be assembled. Tim Hurst, the referee on that fateful night, is dead. So is Ketchel, victim of an assassin's bullet.

But Jack Curley filled the Hurst rôle successfully, and in the "Ketchel" corner, James J. Johnston, now Madison Square's boxing impresario, appeared in person. Walter Schlichter, who covered the real fight for the Philadelphia *Item,* was on deck, as were Frank Rowan and Frank Floyd, who again seconded Philadelphia Jack, even as they did a quarter of a century ago.

Following the Ketchel combat, O'Brien boxed a six round, no decision bout with Jack Johnson in Philadelphia, and participated in about a dozen contests before he hung up the gloves for good, as a professional, in 1912. Having attained his thirty-fifth year he was satisfied that his day as a topnotcher was over, and being well fixed in this world's goods there was no occasion for him to linger in a minor rôle on a stage where he was formerly a star.

In 1918 he married Miss A. Florence Yerger, then a successful practicing member of the Philadelphia bar. The luck that never quite deserted Philadelphia Jack was with him in this exceedingly fortunate marital venture, as all who have met his gracious and fascinating helpmate will agree. As a New York resident of many years standing, he had his ups and downs. The stock market crash put a serious dent in his bank roll, but he took fortune's buffets as gamely as he was wont stand up under punishment in the ring and never complained.

About five years ago an incident occurred which featured him on the front page again, and showed that the O'Brien propensity for taking chances was as much alive as ever. Leaving his gymnasium and strolling forth on Broadway, Jack glanced idly into the open doorway of a neighboring millinery store. Lined up against the wall within were several customers and the two proprietors, held motionless and terror-stricken under the covering gun of a lone bandit conducting a stickup after the most approved fashion of the day.

The average person would probably have run for a policeman. Not so the combative Mr. O'Brien. In two swift strides he was inside the door, in one pantherlike leap he was upon the highwayman's back, his iron grip on the latter's pistol-hand. A savage wrench on the thug's wrist sent the weapon clattering to the floor, a thudding fist against his jaw rendered him quite oblivious to his surroundings, and Philadelphia Jack, dragging the victim into the open-air, presented the limp carcass to the corner traffic cop.

The affair made quite a sensation at the time, but O'Brien thought little and spoke less about it. From his point of view it was a trivial happening. And after all, to a gladiator who has won a place in fistic history as a superman of the ring, a minor triumph over a wretched thug must appear of scant consequence.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 41)

lanky Florida matman, has turned boxer on us . . . . Ernie Dusek, Juan Humberto, Sun Jennings, Hans Steinke, and Sandor Szabo are barnstorming the west coast . . . . Jack Ganson, Frisco promoter, offered Primo Carnera $15,000 to participate in a wrestling match there.

If you see Grace Moore's picture "Love Me Forever," look for Sammy Stein who is one of the "villyun's" muscle-men . . . . you'll note him sitting next to his boss in the scene where Leo Carillo plays an unlucky game of poker . . . . fans down this way have been asking about Whitey Hewitt, rough blonde . . . . when you coming back, Whitey? . . . . Karl Davis has the cutest little boy and girl . . . . doubling back to the movies, you'll see Hans Steinke as "Pretty Boy Plotsky" in "People Will Talk" and doesn't that ring twined with roses slay you? . . . . heard Dan O'Mahony in the news reel but couldn't understand a word he said . . . . say it again Danno . . . . Georges Carpentier, French ex-boxer, has cocktail bar in gay Paree . . . . Chief Chewchki has gotten himself another tourist camp . . . . It's Chewchki's Wigwam and located at Seymour, Indiana . . . . he has a nite-club there, too.

[Owing to lack of space in this issue, a number of items have been held out for the next issue.—Editor's Note.]

Picking the Soft Ones

(Continued from page 10)

fourth rater, but he knocked McCoy out with one punch in the opening round.

* * *

IN the heavyweight division, this is the year of miracles. Who would have dreamt that James J. Braddock would defeat Max Baer? The match was not even sought by any promoter, it was forced on Madison Square Garden, and what happened is now ring history. Yet Braddock got the opportunity and the crown by two victories—those over Steve Hamas and Art Lasky.

Then came Joe Louis. Only one year out of the amateurs, he has turned the heavyweight situation topsy-turvy. Before Louis' rise, Lasky was considered the best of all the heavyweights, and now he has been supplanted by several newcomers. He was knocked clean out of the picture by Ford Smith, and whether he ever gets the title chance, depends wholly now on what he accomplishes between now and next summer.

Ford Smith has been compared to the great Tom Sharkey whom he closely resembles. Like the famous sailor, he, too, was in the Navy where he held the All-Navy and the All-Marine championship, 1932. Turning professional, he indulged in 35 fights, winning every one of them until he was matched with Art Lasky in San Francisco. Despite a fair record and ability to punch, the match was regarded a one-sided affair, with Lasky a sure winner. One-sided it certainly was, but Lasky was on the wrong end of the decision. How far is Ford Smith going? That is a question everyone is asking. The Kalispell, Montana, lad took all but one round in his bout with Lasky.

In the case of Joe Louis, for instance, everyone wants to know if he can "take it." But in the case of Ford Smith, he has been tested, he has taken it and has come through with flying colors. He has weathered all kinds of ring storms. He can hit and he can take it.

* * *

FORD Smith, Kalispell, Montana, cowboy, was born in Missoula, Montana, June 5th, 1912. He is twenty-three years of age, weighs 205-210 pounds and is six feet, one inch tall. His nationality is Irish-American.

In 1932 Smith won the All-Navy and All-Marine heavyweight titles. He is considered the best heavyweight fighter the Navy has turned out in years. He has been boxing professionally for two and one half years and has had close to thirty-five professional fights.

Here are Ford Smith's most important fights:

Won on a decision from Bear-Cat Baker, 10 rds.
Won on a decision from Frank Van Hee, 10 rds.
Won on a decision from Bert Paxton, 10 rds.
Won on a decision from Bear-Cat Baker, 10 rds.
Won on a decision from K. O. Christner, 10 rds.
Won on a decision from Bear-Cat Baker, 10 rds.
Won on a decision from Frank Wallullis, 10 rds.
Won on a knockout from Bear-Cat Baker, 2 rds.
Won on a decision from Bert Paxton, 10 rds.
Drew with Frank Connelly, 10 rds.
Won on a decision from Frank Connelly, 10 rds.
Won on a knockout from Bert Paxton, 3 rds.
Won on a knockout from Dave Montgomery, 1 rd.
Won on a knockout from Del Wolf, 4 rds.
Won on a knockout from Art Maxwell, 5 rds.
Won on a decision from Frank Wallullis, 10 rds.
Won on a decision from Pickle Heintz, 10 rds.
Won on a decision from Tony Souza, 10 rds.
Won on a knockout from Tony Sousa, 5 rds.
Lost decision to Hank Hankinson, 10 rds.
Lost decision to Maxie Rosenbloom, 10 rds.
Won on knockout from Art Lasky (tech.), 6 rds.

They Call It "Sumo"

(Continued from page 37)

standing on one foot and lifting a leg straight out to the side until the foot raised is higher than their heads! If a champion is limbering up, he takes this opportunity to bring his foot down with a solid bang that shakes the arena. You can hear a very deep "Ah!" of satisfaction from the fans, who admire this display of power.

An official clicks two blocks of wood together, which means the same as ringing the bell for silence, and then the referee announces the names in a special sing-song voice. The ring is swept. As it is a raised platform of earth, bounded by a circle of rice-straw, there is benefit in the sweeping.

The wrestlers come into the ring and stretch once more, then sit on their haunches. The referee, clad in beautiful silks and bearing a shining metal fan that looks like a meat axe, bends over and places the fan between the wrestlers as they face each other on all fours, something like opposing guards in a game of football.

* * *

NOW they are ready to go. They tell by looking at each other when they are going to start. Usually one isn't quite ready, and both men stand up. They stalk off to seize a handful of ceremonial salt from a pan in their corners. It is a religious custom, which perhaps serves to relieve nervous tension, to scatter salt in the ring after a balk. Maybe they will take a swallow of water. Then they come back into the ring and crouch.

When they start, they go for each other without any word or sign from the referee. At most, they may only delay for ten minutes, and only a popular favorite would dare delay that long. Once two wrestlers faced each other thirty-two times before they started; but they can't do it any more.

Japanese wrestlers get too slow to be any good at about thirty-five. They retire, or teach wrestling. The club or its patrons furnishes homes and means of livelihood for retired wrestlers, as they can scarcely become wealthy on their salaries.

The minimum requirements for entering wrestling are: 5 feet 5 inches in height, 150 pounds weight. There are no weight classes.

Japanese regard Americans as being weak in the legs. The custom of sitting on the floor has made Orientals very powerful in the hips. Try to rise from the floor without touching your hands to it and you will get the idea.

As an American-born Japanese wrestler expressed it to me: "Gee, when I first wrestled with these guys, all they did was to kick my feet out from under me!"

Grapplers work for their advancement, trying to get into upper flights. There is no crooked work, no loafing, and there are no managers.

I wonder if there's a connection in that?

Flat Footed Fighters

(Continued from page 13)

wasn't particularly flat-footed, but when he set himself to punch he was about as flat-footed a proposition as man ever saw.

Bob could "set" as quick as a flash, and when he set for a punch his feet came down pigeon-toed on the floor and his knees dropped together with the legs slightly bent. When he let the punch go, he braced his knees together and lifted the whole strength of his legs into the wallop, rising to the balls of his feet as the glove landed. He got the whole "lift" of his body behind the blow, especially if it was a short arm punch.

* * *

"KID" McCOY was another mighty dangerous hitter and he copied that knock-kneed style of lifting his punch from Fritz, and used it many a time with effect.

Nobody could call Joe Gans a flat-footed fighter and get away with it, for Joe was about as shifty a proposition as can well be imagined, yet when he wanted to hit, Joe was flat on the floor with his feet braced. And so was Benny Leonard. They don't come any cleverer than these two, yet both struck their most damaging blows from a firm position on the canvas.

Battling Nelson was flat-footed. Worse than that, he was prop-footed. When Bat was fighting his best, he would drag his right leg way behind him and never advanced it beyond his left, which he always shuffled along in front of him. That was when he was advancing. When the other fellow stood still to slug, Bat would bring up his right foot in close proximity to his left and stand perfectly flat-footed.

If it is a pugilistic crime for a fighter to stand flat-footed, then a lot of our greatest gladiators should have gone to jail.

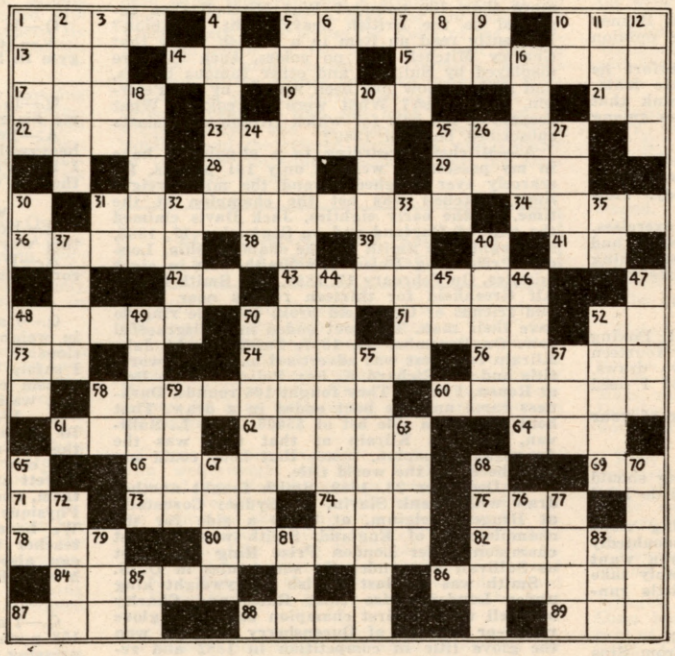
Philadelphia Jack O'Brien was a toe-dancer, but could land a deadly kayo punch by "setting" himself for delivery. Jem Driscoll was another of the Corbett-Loughran school. He was as clever as the best of 'em, but he couldn't wallop. That's something which Louis does possess, even though he lacks flashy style. Of course the pretty boxer uses the toes, but the old boy with the slam is planted there on the floor with both his feet and when he slams, he slams. Look at the records of Sam Langford, Joe Walcott and Jack Dempsey if you have any doubts!

How often have you heard the seconds shout frantically to their charge: "Don't let him get set!" Yes sirree, when the fellow with the sock like Louis has proved he carries with him into the ring, gets set, it's just too bad for the fellow standing in front of him. Primo Carnera can testify to that when he discusses his fight with Max Baer. When the fellow with the kick gets set, he's likely to knock the other chap right into the crowd.

To my way of thinking, and I have observed the best fighters of the last thirty-two years—the flat-footed scrapper is the real bear-cat. He does his fighting with his head, not his feet, and he's always set for the SLAM.

CROSS WORDS

CAN YOU SOLVE THEM?



HORIZONTAL

1. Great Punjab wrestler.
5. Capital of Montana.
10. Wrestling lock.
13. Hubbub.
14. Fighter known as "Romeo."
15. The "Nonpareil."
17. Bantamweight champion in 1903.
19. Felines.
21. Of (Fr.).
22. Active.
23. Six foot, Italian heavyweight fighter going fair in 1930.
25. The "Connecticut Yankee" was found a derelict in a ..... in Ind.
28. A poem.
29. Molding shaped like letter S.
30. "Dynamite Gus."
34. An animal.
36. The "Wild bull of the Pampas."
38. A poem.
39. All out.
41. New Ringmen (Abbr.).
42. Exclamation of surprise.
43. Wrestler who is the master of the head scissors.
48. To hit with the open glove.
50. Electrical unit of resistance.
51. His last name was Caddock.
52. Exclamation of joy.
53. The (Fr.).
54. Descriptive of Wolgast's size.
56. Likeness.
58. One who frequents the rich.
60. To climb down.
61. A couch. 62. Perfect.
64. Call letters of Oakland Cal. station.
66. Wrestlers usually get one when missing a flying tackle.
69. Ring challenger (Abbr.).
71. Like.
73. Give in exchange for money.
74. Ring's New Arena (Abbr.).
75. Objective of she.
78. To hit.
80. Active principle of gastric juice.
82. University of Maine is located there.
84. Colored fighter who for the past fifteen years fasted one whole month.
86. He dethroned.
87. Anglo-saxon slave.
88. Jackie Kid .....
89. Streets (Abbr.).

VERTICAL

1. Fighter known as the "Old Master."
2. Well skilled, as a boxer.
3. Boxer popularly called the "Gunner."
4. Birthplace of Phil Scott.
5. "The Russian Lion."
6. Man's name.
7. Belonging to Edward.
8. Point of the compass.
9. Morning.
10. Like.
11. Color.
12. The "Streator Cyclone."
16. Flyweight who was born in Tunis, Algeria.
18. Symbol.
20. A fine cord.
24. Welter champ of Germany.
25. Quagmire.
26. Assistant-General (Abbr.).
27. Kind of gas.
30. Preposition.
31. Senior (Abbr.).
32. A corner.
33. Fighter who was known as the "Boer."
35. Either.
37. Small island.
40. Dempsey fought Carpentier at Boyle's Thirty .....
44. Not professionals.
45. Old Academies (Abbr.).
46. He is still very much in the Lightweight picture.
47. Barney Ross has a good left .....
48. Wolgast is champ at this weight.
49. Banters.
50. Small bone.
52. Respect.
55. Acquiring knowledge.
57. Small barrel.
58. River in Carnera's homeland.
59. Hard to get.
63. Not fat.
65. To spoil.
67. Mountains in Switzerland.
68. Sandbank.
70. Old N. Y. Lightweight, now a dentist.
72. Cutting tool with toothed edge (Pl.).
76. Water (Lat.).
77. His real name is Rosofsky.
79. To gain a fall.
81. Before (prefix).
83. Short for Nathaniel.
85. The (Fr.).

Answers on page 62

From Milo to Londos

(Continued from page 36)

fering by comparison. Again and again Browning tried to claim his foe as a victim of the famed body scissors. Five times the hold was hardly applied before Londos slipped free. But on three distinct occasions Browning got encircled in Londos's body with his powerful legs and on these occasions the Greek suffered.

It was out of the last of these scissors holds, and the third of the really effective ones, that Londos took the offensive and almost in the wink of an eye, became the champion with what has been known heretofore as his airplane spin and body hold.

Londos shook off every hold at the command of Browning in surviving. He was pressed in headlocks, creased in body scissors holds, pressed in head scissors grips, twisted with wrist and arm locks and punished with leg spreads and once with a hammer lock.

Countering this variety of holds, Londos placed his reliance mainly in the toe hold. Twice he applied the Japanese arm lock, but at no time until the crowded moments approaching the finish could it be said that he really had Browning in danger.

BEFORE discussing Londos' new reign as the title-holder, we will give our readers a review of the deposed champion's career. Jim Browning was christened James Orvan Browning. He scales two hundred and twenty pounds, stands six feet two inches, and like most of the stars of the present era, he was a good football player. Gentleman Jim, as the muscle tamers call him, comes from Verona, Missouri, made his wrestling start through Ohio, where, with the aid of his famous body scissors, or airplane spin as some call it, he tossed all his opponents and attracted the attention of Paul Bowser, the New England promoter. Paul was so thrilled by Browning's spectacular hold that he urged Jim to go to Boston to perform for him, and it was that turn that finally enabled Jim to land on the top rung of the ladder. He is a powerfully built fellow whose legs are his chief asset in trade.

Browning's airplane spin is a devilish grip. His legs, working like writhing anacondas, wrap themselves around the victim's frame, and as if the body scissors isn't enough, Jim churns the air with his captive in a pinwheel way that is both captivating and exciting. The poundage in pressure when the body is squeezed is terrific. The victim can scarcely breathe. According to Browning, it is equivalent to twenty-three hundred pounds. It has been measured with steel springs.

The hold is so thrilling that folks go away disappointed if Jim happens to throw anyone in any way but through the whirl of that propeller flip.

That he could take Lewis's perspiring body between his thighs and legs and whirl him through space, as he did recently, is astonishing. It is a spectacular test of strength.

Jim perfected the hold by filling wine casks with water and using the barrels as an opponent. Many hours a week he has practiced whirling the barrel around in the grip of his thighs and legs, above his own body, without allowing the barrel to escape.

Browning was born in Verona, Missouri, twenty-eight years ago. He has been a professional for about eight years. He went to Verona High School, and there he took up the sport. Jim was captain of the high school team for two years, but never thought about entering the pro ranks until three years later. It was while at Drury, where he was taking up a special physical training course, that he got the idea. He saw others wrestle and figured he could do as well.

One day he watched Joe Stecher, the body scissors king, in training and saw him squeeze a sack of wheat between his legs. He inquired the "whys and wherefores" and, upon being told, he decided he would go Stecher one better, and that's how he took up his training with a barrel.

The next chapter will deal with Londos' life story.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Artie Simmons, Liberty, N. Y.

Q.—Is Davey Day as good a fighter as Barney Ross, his stable mate? What is your opinion about Wesley Ramey?

A.—No. Davey has much to learn before he attains the same prestige as his stable mate, though Davey is a good fighter. I think that Ramey is one of the outstanding fighters among the lightweights.

Ester Kronin, St. Paul, Minn.

Q.—I have an over-developed neck but otherwise have a perfectly developed body. How can I get rid of the surplus fat?

A.—That's very simple. Take neck exercises. Turn neck forward, backward, sideways and downward—with a snap. Do neck stretching movements. In Heights Increase Exercises you'll find many simple movements.

Mark Hector, Boston, Mass.

Q.—I have finished your Universal Boxing Course and have won eleven out of fourteen battles, with only one defeat and two draws. Is it o.k. for me now to become a pro? I need the money and wish your advice.

A.—Yes. You are ready. Glad to hear of your success.

Albernay Cudahy, Canada

Q.—How many miles of road running should I do, if I work at a logging camp and do hard manual labor all day?

A.—You may not need any. Logging work gives you plenty of exercises, and undoubtedly aids your endurance which is what you want to help when on the road. I would simply take walks unless you feel like doing a little running. Not much needed for you.

Thomas Roland, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—Is Sins of New York different from Sins of America. Are there any of these books to be had out my way?

A.—Different—one deals only with New York in the old Police Gazette days and the other with National crime, boxing, burlesque etc. in the same period. I don't know. We bought up all the remainder stock and are selling the two while they last at 2 for $7.00. Every sportsman should have these in his library.

B. D. Tavener, Monticello, Illinois

Q.—Has Primo Carnera arranged any more fights for this country? Is he going to stay here? How old is he? How old is Louis? Will a woman ever be appointed a member of a boxing commission?

A.—Carnera is 29. Louis is 21. Joe is six feet 2 inches. Carnera is back home in Sequal, Italy. I doubt that a woman will be appointed a member of a boxing commission, yet you never can tell. Bigger surprises have been seen.

Arthur Sandrelli, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—Are the exercises in your Heights Increase book good for a boxer who doesn't need to gain any height?

A.—I think so. In fact, McLarnin, Canzoneri, Loughran, Baer and Escobar practice most of the exercises in my book, and they say the exercises are the best they ever used. Canzoneri uses all the back and stretching exercises from the Height Increase book in his gymnasium workout and keeps three copies of the book in his private gym.

Carl Hansbach, Hamburg, Germany.

Q.—For a number of years I have bought The Ring from a local dealer and found the magazine the most interesting of its kind ever published. There are a number of boxing magazines in Europe, the best being the Boxsport, and Boxing, of Berlin and England respectively. They do not compare with your magazine. In fact, many of your articles are taken by our German publications and your best pictures are reproduced without any credit. There is still only one magazine on boxing and wrestling, and that is yours.

Now please tell me why your book can no longer be bought here? My dealer tells me he cannot obtain it. Enclosed find an international coupon for your answer.

A.—Well Carl, although ordinarily I wouldn't publish this letter and query on this page, I feel that our readers are entitled to know that The Ring has been banned in Germany because of our attack on the Hitler government for its utter lack of sportsmanship, in banning Jewish fighters and forcing them to return the trophies they had won. We stand for clean sport, and clean tactics in sports. The ban doesn't hurt us.

Perhaps if we cut out our entire German subscription, the German Boxsport and other publications that steal our stories and pictures, would be forced out of existence. I'm glad you called my attention to the steal, Carl. It is well worth considering in view of the attacks of the Nazis on Jewish and Catholic boxers and wrestlers.

Hiram Stone, Birmingham, Eng.

Q.—When Charley Mitchell fought his famous battle with John L. Sullivan, did Mitchell scale more than 180 pounds? Was Mitchell then regarded as the British heavyweight champion? I recently read an item in a British paper that Charley Mitchell had no colors, such as were displayed by Sullivan and other famous boxers, and such as now has been revived by Pa Peterson. Is that so? What were his colors? What became of his belt for which British enthusiasts subscribed back in 1889?

A.—Mitchell, according to a clipping I have in my possession, weighed only 161 pounds. He scarcely ever weighed beyond the middleweight limit. Mitchell was not the champion at the time. In the early eighties, Jack Davis claimed the title of England and on September 17, 1885, he fought Jem Smith for the championship, London Prize Ring Rules, and Smith won in eight minutes. On February 17, 1886, Jem Smith fought Alf Greenfield for thirteen rounds near Paris, and friends of Greenfield broke into the ring to save their man. The bout ended in a disgraceful row. On December 19, 1887, Smith fought Jake Kilrain for what was advertised as for the world title and the Richard K. Fox Police Gazette Belt at Rouen, France. They fought 106 rounds. Darkness came and the bout ended in a draw. That bout was for a side bet of $5000. John L. Sullivan, and not Kilrain at that time was the American champion, hence that bout could not have been for the world title.

On December 23, 1889, Smith fought another draw with Frank Slavin, the Sydney Cornstalk, at Bruges, Belgium, at $2000 a side for the championship of England. Smith was the last champion under London Prize Ring rules just as Sullivan was under the same rules in U. S.

Smith was the last British heavyweight king under London Prize Ring Rules and Charley Mitchell was the first champion under the glove rules—or Marquis of Queensberry code. He won the glove title in competition in 1882 and retained it until he retired in 1894.

Thus you will see, that when Sullivan and Mitchell fought, Mitchell didn't hold any title.

Art Winman, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—I am 26 years old and have had about three months of fighting experience. Is it too late for me to start as a pro, and can I get started without first spending time in the amateur ranks?

A.—Yes. You're still o.k. if you have any ability.

Q.—I have a poorly developed back and shoulders. Would exercises with a 200 pound barbell do me any good?

A.—I wouldn't use so heavy a bell. Bar-bell exercises will help develop your back and shoulders but in your case, I would suggest starting with a 20 and gradually increase same. You'll get better results.

May Whiting, Toronto, Canada

Q.—What exercises can I use to reduce my hips and bust?

A.—Bending exercises are good. Bending forward and sideways and backwards and then try the circular movements in twisting exercises. They will all help. And rolling along floor, and swimming are very good. You will be helped by the exercises I have listed in my book, "Height Increase Exercises." There are many good stretching exercises in that book for reducing bust and hips. Try them.

Jim Truesdale, New Haven, Conn.

Q.—What books would you suggest for a college boy who wants to try out for a college boxing team? I had a little experience in my Military Academy but nothing to brag about.

A.—I would suggest that you get either my Universal Boxing Course or the two books, "Training for Boxers" and "How to Box." These books are being used by many colleges throughout the country and my course is being used by teachers of physical education in many institutions.

Harvey Alshuhe, Birmingham, Ala.

Q.—Is Joe Knight on the retired list?

A.—No, Harvey, far from it. He is making a great comeback and I wouldn't be surprised to see him land on top before the year is out, if he can get a crack at Bob Olin. Knight is fighting better now than at any time in his career. His long rest did him a world of good and his mentor, Mr. Griffith, is to be congratulated on Knight's fine comeback.

Silvey Tichborne, Oakland, Cal.

Q.—Is the Eddie Borden who is out here on the Coast, the same Borden who writes for The Ring?

A.—Yes. He is in California with Charley Massera and several other boys. He hopes to convince Californians that he has some good talent.

Martin Burke, St. Paul, Minn.

Q.—How can I increase the size of my neck, and also strengthen it for wrestling?

A.—By weight lifting. Use heavy bar-bells if you are a wrestler.

Get Super-Physique, Body Building and Bar Bell Course by Siegmund Klein. The Ring Book Shop has this book. It contains many exercises.

Harry Finkelstein, New York City

Q.—Is Harry Stone still alive?

A.—Yes. He is managing fighters, and has a gym in Sydney, Australia.

Ed Wasserman, Bridgeport, Conn.

Q.—Is Al Boros a good fighter? Can you give me his record?

A.—Yes, he is o.k. He is a Bridgeport, Conn. heavyweight who is coming along pretty well. I haven't his complete record but you can get that by writing to your sports editor.

William Marion, East Lansing, Mich.

Q.—How can I obtain a good manager out this way?

A.—Write to Mickey McIntire, our Detroit correspondent.

Ray Pritchett, Jr., Monterey, Cal.

Q.—I am 16 years old and am much interested in weight lifting and wrestling as future vocations. I want to develop a super-physique. Can I safely begin training with the Saxon Bar Bell system or had I better develop my body first and wait a little longer?

A.—Would prefer to see you wait two years. In meantime, you can develop your body with the use of the five and ten pound dumbbells if you can stand the strain. Why not take up the Jowett and Atlas courses first, if you can afford them, and then follow that with a study of Super-Physique and Body Building by Siegmund Klein. We have the book and I know of no better teacher in body development than Klein. You can also get much out of Earle Liederman's Muscle Building.

Prisely Grove, Elsbury, Mo.

Q.—I am 18 years old, 5 feet 11 inches, weigh 153 pounds and work in a glove factory. Job is pressing gloves. This work is done with what is called the "hot hand." This requires quick movement of hands and arms. I work eight hours a day at this. Can you outline for me a training course. My working hours start from 7.30 a.m. Can you show me how to regulate my training?

A.—I would suggest that your work be done in the evening, after you have had two hours rest after dinner. Road work twice a week—about four miles all told. Do plenty of walking. Your arms and hands, I presume, are strong from what you tell me hence what you should do is develop your wind and by doing that, your chest. My best suggestion is for you to follow the programme listed in my special Universal Boxing Course. That would be ideal for you.

K. M., La Lima, Honduras

Q.—What is Joe Louis' address?

A.—I don't know. Mail your letter to him to Detroit, Michigan, and he'll get it.

Harold Thompson, Presidio, of Monterey, Calif.

Q.—About how many punches would ordinarily be required to knock out a man?

A.—That depends on where you hit him. One good solid blow to the chin will settle further arguments. A powerful blow under the heart or a powerful blow to the solar plexus will also tell the tale.

Martin Drury, Seattle, Wash.

Q.—I am an amateur boxer who finds it very difficult to deliver a straight left. Is there any particular exercise that I might use as a guide.

A.—Yes, if you read my book on "How to Box," you will find a number of exercises on the straight left—the best of which is to stand before a mirror and deliver the punch with yourself as an opponent in the mirror, and get your fist to a point almost touching the mirror. Keep on doing this until you gauge your distance properly. Then in your gymnasium work out, try exactly the same thing with the big bag. Chalk off a point on the bag which would indicate the point of contact which you want to reach on your opponent's body. For a start, I would say, make it the chin. Now stand off a distance from the heavy bag equal to the length of your arm fully extended so that when you are standing in a perfect position for a jab as illustrated in my "How to Box," you will not be falling all over yourself. Now practice the jab on the bag.

Martin Cavanaugh, Calcutta, India

Q.—I stand 6 ft. 2½ inches and weigh 167 pounds. I am 24 years old, and am anxious to box as a heavyweight. Do you think I will ever reach that stage.

A.—There is no reason why you cannot take on weight because for your height and age, you should be at least 15 pounds heavier. I would advise that you go on a special diet for a while to build up.

Arthur Gugliemo, New Bedford, Mass.

Q.—Is it better to use a punching bag that is fastened to the ceiling and hangs loose or one that is fastened to the ceiling and the floor?

A.—I prefer to have the bag fastened to a regular bag punching stand and hang loose from the stand.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

WICHITA, KANS.—The fistic game loses a great friend in the passing of Johnny Husong, the biggest promoter in the Middle West. For years, Husong has been connected with the fight game in one capacity or another. He staged some of the largest fistic attractions of the Mid-West area.

Franklin, Kans.—Emil Nanny is now camping in Highwood, Ill., and is managing Billy Ferns, a youngster whom he is developing rapidly. Ferns just recently graduated from the amateur ranks. He is making fast strides in and around Chicago. In his first bout at Chicago he beat Joey Pycik in six rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Willie Davies beat Orville Drouillard in ten fast, hard-fought rounds. Young Simington knocked out Bennie Domingues in four. Jack Rymer beat Roy (Cannonball) Donohue in six. Alex Bundren beat Frankie Lee in six. Jimmy Johnston knocked out Midget Mike Dundee in the first round.

Kansas City, Mo.—Amateur boxing results: Abe Nichelson knocked out Homer Davenport in two. Marvin Ross beat Joey Nichols in four. Bobby O'Malley beat Ernie Ratliff in four. Vern Gregory knocked out Jimmie Davenport in two. Pete Campas knocked out Virgil Fisher in three. Pat Petrovic beat Frank Blessington. Jackie Maines knocked out Duke Niles in one. Dale McColl knocked out Bobby Woods in two. Emorie Newland beat Ernie Warnken.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Junior Munsell, who has been a sensation in amateur fight circles and the leader of the light-heavies, has fought in two national amateur tournaments, has turned professional and celebrated his initial start by knocking out John Casey in the first round of a scheduled ten-round main event.

Kansas City, Mo.—Amateur boxing results: Marvin Ross beat Mike O'Rourke. Pat Doherty beat Herbie Crump. Ernie Ratliff knocked out Johnny Bidwell in four. Johnny Green beat Harold Wynn. Virgil Fisher beat Jack Maines. Lester Ross knocked out Johnny Garcia in one. Jack Gingery beat Ray Burnell. Pete Campos knocked out Billy Carson in two rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Amateur boxing results: Amos Tiger beat Dick Nevins. John Howey knocked out Delbert Tripplett in two. Gordon Smythe beat Tuffy Parker. Ralph Ketchum beat Jack Sykes. Oral Hackney beat Paul Osborne. Earl Cotton beat Al Coleman. Wayne Johns beat Ed Edmonds. Kenneth Chandler beat Danny Truax.

Salina, Kans.—Johnny Apt, boxing promoter of this city, will open this month with some attractive fight shows. Any good boxers en route from East to West Coast, or from West to East Coast, book in at Salina. This spot drew well last fall, and Mr. Apt predicts this will be a banner year. Get in touch with Mr. Apt at once if you care to show in this section.

Tulsa, Okla.—Amateur boxing results: Fred Hays knocked out Don Ramey in one. Johnny Smart knocked out Tommy Knight in two. Billy Carter beat Fred Holt. Jack Sykes knocked out Cleo Jarvis in one. Paul Osborn beat Lee Leeds. Dan Foley beat J. C. Carter. Chester Burnett beat Jim Crain. Glen Thomas beat Jimmie Willis.

Galena, Kans.—Sandy Robinson, welter scrapper, has just returned from the West Coast after two years of battling around California and Washington. Robinson is ready to meet any welters or middles in the Middle West.

SEATTLE, WASH., NEWS

THE Steele-Dundee fight, held in the Civic Arena, Seattle, and staged by the Druxman Athletic Club under the supervision of Nate Druxman, the Seattle promoter of fistic affairs, was the month's feature. The bout was a thriller. While the preliminaries were nothing to rave over, with the exception of the Cecil Payne-Perfecto Lopez scrap, with Payne winning, the main event was a honey.

Dundee was knocked down for a count of nine about fifteen seconds after the opening bell had rung. The punch which Steele delivered was a left hook that caught the former champion on the jaw and it looked for a moment as though the fight would end in record time as Dundee was very unsteady when he regained his feet. Steele stepped in to administer the coup-de-grace, but Dundee's remarkable defense prevented the Tacoma boy from landing on a vital point.

But some idea of the viciousness of Steele's attack may be gathered when it is understood that in this battered condition, Dundee was sent crashing to the floor four times in succession in the first round and four more times in the second stanza.

Dundee's seconds worked over their man feverishly between the first and second rounds and again in the interval between the second and third but Steele was not to be denied. He ripped into the Italian fighter after the opening of the third round and finally landed a sizzling left hook to Dundee's jaw that floored the Baltimore fighter for the ninth time. But Dundee, game to the core, arose and jabbed his left at the Tacoma fighter's head twice then ran into a straight right to the mouth. The blow was so hard that you could hear Vince's teeth crack across the width of the arena. He went down for the tenth time and Referee Tommy McCarthy called to Dundee's seconds to throw up the sponge and save their man from serious and perhaps permanent injury, as it was agreed previously that the fight should not be stopped, there was no response from Vince's handlers and the referee stopped it with Dundee on the floor forty-three seconds after the start of the third round.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

NEGRO weekly boxing shows are again drawing at fever pitch with Herman "Kid" Collins, sensational punching junior welterweight, being the current favorite. During the month, Collins soundly punched away at Harvey Massey of Cincinnati, Ohio, for ten rounds only to have his hard work turned into a draw through bad judging.

George Salvadore's bubble burst. After the veteran welterweight of New England was skyrocketed into fourth position among the world's best in his class two months ago, since then he has failed to show anything warranting his retaining that spot. Up in Memphis, Tenn., Salvadore was trounced by Eddie Kid Wolfe, it being a return match and an entire reversal of form, and in New Orleans, the Portuguese was decisioned by Ervin Berlier, a fighter who has seen his best days years ago.

Promoter Schlesinger has about thrown in the towel as far as staging boxing shows are concerned and will hereafter stick to his wrestling pachyderms. In his last try, the Salvadore-Berlier setto, only approximately $500 was enticed into spacious Heinemann Ball Park.

For twelve rounds, Battling Burroughs, Pascagoula, Miss., middleweight, pounded away at a target in Paul Ladd of Fayetteville, Ark., only to drop from exhaustion in the fourteenth of a fifteen-round go. It was the first bout at that distance in several years.

Because he attempted to add some wrestling circus stunts to a boxing bout, Jumbo Rovira, New Orleans welterweight, was set down for thirty days and received a fine to boot. It happened in the first of a ten-round bout when Rovira's opponent, Bobby Murray of Houma, La., was floored by a stiff right hand. While Murray was prone on the canvas Rovira rushed over and aimed a kick at his head. However, the referee counted over the Irishman and the affair went to Rovira on a knockout.

Other activities of scrappers in this territory during the month follows: Johnny Blalak kayoed Big Boy Gulledge; Elmer Freas stopped Pat O'Day of Chicago, Ill.; Bobby Ray outpointed Tommy Murphy, all middleweights. John Donnellan decisioned Charlie Rambeau but was stopped by Jimmy Hall; Roy Calamari drew with Jesse Green; Bobby Murray outfought Branding Iron Linn, all welterweights. George Clausen decisioned Johnnie Cook; Nick Peters beat Adam Cook; Colin Aubert decisioned Oliver Shedden, all lightweights. Sidney Duncan trounced Vincent Bono, featherweights Santos Hugo downed Al Pellegrini; Douglas Berlier defeated Joe Sabathier; Sammy Mura beat Joe Engie, all bantamweights.

Some excellent gates, averaging around $1,000 a show, welcome the colored gentry fighting on the weekly all-Negro cards in New Orleans, after a couple of months lassitude due primarily to lack of good material. Herman "Kid" Collins, Wesley Farrell, Harvey Massey and K. O. White, all junior welterweights, are doing the trick.

Results of these colored shows follow: Stonewall Jackson, Cincinnati, Ohio, beat Carlos Phillips and Josh Willis; Jimmy Brown, also of Cincinnati, defeated Levi Young; Al Pradd kayoed Moise Howard; Lee Page, Miami, Fla., also won over Levi Young, all middleweights. Wesley Farrell stopped Tiger Flowers of Ohio, but was shaded by Harvey Massey; Gene Thomas, Atlanta, Ga., beat Kid Willie, all welterweights. Israel Robinson beat Kid Amos and Roland Brown, lightweights. Carl Coste drew and won over Jimmy Brooks; Lucien Fleet beat Prince Irving, all featherweights.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

BATTLING Leo Salvas, won two successive fights in two successive weeks, at North Adams, Mass. In the first, he K.O.'ed Young Terry of Holyoke, Mass. in 4 rounds and then he won over Joe Rodquiez, the South American Middleweight Champion, in 8, Tom Grady, a free-swinging lightweight of Springfield, Mass. scored a victory over the sterling Lou Boschetti in a six rounder. Carlo Dapondi, another lightweight, also of Springfield, Mass. is a good boy, These boys Leo Salvas, Tom Grady, Carlo Dapondi, and Jimmy Salvas, 130 lbs, can be reached through the writer at 538 Broadway, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Unknown Winston lost to Eddie Hogan at Waterbury, Conn. The decision was unpopular with the fans. Winston is now located in Holyoke, Mass.

North Adams, Mass.—Willie Pal of Albany, N. Y. won decisively over Louis Diez of Brooklyn, N. Y. in eight rounds. Leo Salvas of Chicopee Falls, Mass. won over Joe Rodquiez of South America, in another eight and Dave Grande of Troy, N. Y. K.O.'ed Pala Villa of Cuba, in the second.

Tom Grady of Springfield, Mass. beat Lou Boschetti of No. Adams, Mass. in a six-rounder and Young Flynn of No. Adams, Mass. won a close decision over George White of Pittsfield, Mass. in the opener.

Holyoke—Willie Pal of Albany, N. Y. won over Charlie Gomer of Baltimore, Md. in ten rounds. Frankie Cinque won over Freddie Raymond, and Romeo Ducharme of Easthampton, Mass. won over Ed Fortier of Williamatic, Conn. Douglas Murchie, also known as Young Flynn, won over Tom Grady of Springfield in a six.

Ruby Bradley, Holyoke Bantam, is training regularly at the Bijou Gym along with Ray Trueheart, the lion-hearted fighter of Mede Goulets' stable which also includes Roland Lecuyer the rugged French featherweight.

Thompsonville, Conn.—The American Legion put on several bangup amateur cards.

North Adams, Mass.—Cocoa Kid, New Haven, Conn. beat Dave Grande of Troy, N. Y. in a main bout of ten rounds in the feature bout at Meadowbrook Arena, Tony Lorazzo of Albany, N. Y. K.O.'ed Jackie Bradley of Syracuse, N. Y. in the second round. Schoolboy Oppidi, K.O.'ed Eddie Michaels of Westfield, Mass. in the third round. Frankie Costello, Hudson, N. Y. won over Young Carnera of No. Adams, Mass. Newsboy Muruco, No. Adams, won over Nick Fusco, Albany, N. Y.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By ARCHIE PIROLLO

TONY MORGANO has been sidestepped by the local lightweights since his return to Philly from Hollywood. As soon as his name is mentioned by any local promoter, the managers go on vacation to sooth their nerves. Tony argues that Jimmy Christy is being groomed as a contender.

"In my first fight with Christy in Hollywood," says Tony, "I was suffering with ptomaine poison and until the afternoon of the weighing in, with the house practically sold out, I wasn't sure whether I would be able to step in the ring that night. Christy got the decision. In our second fight, he was awarded a draw, though I thought I had won." Tony, back East on a visit, will return to Hollywood after a few tune-up bouts.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Al Quail outpointed Jimmy Belmont, Marty Simmons outpointed Eddie Saxon and Ralph Wong, Tait Littman defeated Anson Greene, Fritzie Zivic won from Jackie McFarland.

Lancaster, Pa.—Frankie Wallace lost to Benny Bass in an eight-round final, Harry Serody defeated Billy Purnell, Jack Gribel stopped Joe Ettore, Mickey Duca defeated Steve Nitchie and Norman Rahn knocked out Tony Tripas.

Manayunk, Pa.—Benny Bass defeated Johnny Craven, Joe Duca won over Joe Mandarino, Sol Burdo outpointed Fritz McBride, Lew Fortuna outclassed Bobby Firth and Tony Manos defeated Al Hughes. In the next show, Harry Serody won over Joey Allen, Frankie Garis outclassed Joe Duca, Dol Burdo outfought Frankie Conway, Eddie Pine won over Cowboy Earle (foul), Johnny Moffitt knocked out Frankie Farmer.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Johnny Jadick defeated George Gibbs, Young Terry stopped Carl Mays, Billy Ketchell stopped Wade Lumpkin, Baby Kid Chocolate stopped Patsy Mandell. In the second show there, LeRoy Haynes stopped Donald (Red) Barry, Dan Hassett won over Al Zappolo, Jimmy Smith outpointed Al Trainor, Johnny Oatman stopped Joe Meta.

Hazelton, Pa.—Eddie McGeever defeated Johnny Canzoneri. This is McGeever's second straight win there in final bouts.

WHAT LOCAL BOYS HAVE DONE IN THE PAST MONTH—Johnny Jadick defeated Joe Vignali, lost to Teddy Loder and surprised by easily defeating Georgie Gibbs . . . . Joe Foglietta lost to Joe Rivers . . . . Tony Falco defeated Mike Barto and Wildcat O'Connor under his new pilot, Jack Puggy.

From Hollywood *to* New York

By EDDIE BORDEN

VINCE DUNDEE came to the Coast with the expectation of picking up considerable money and adding to his laurels by taking the measure of the Pacific Coast's leading middleweights, and thus to force Teddy Yarosz into a titular fight for the American championship. But Vince didn't figure on Freddie Steele, who was scheduled as his first opponent. The surprise shocks that have been meted out to the fistic public these past three months continued when Freddie not only handed Vince an awful shellacking, but also sent him to the hospital with a broken jaw.

Freddy is not a beginner in the realm of fisticuffs. He has been knocking around for several years. He has never been East and most of his efforts have been confined to the Northwest. Most of the critics in these parts aver that Steele is one of the most dangerous fighters in his division and would have made further progress had he faced the better class of middleweights.

Knocking Dundee down four times in the first round, three in the second and four in the third for a total of eleven knockdowns before the referee stopped the fight. He fractured Dundee's jaw in three places and thus Steele proves his right to topnotch ranking among the middleweights. The gate receipts attested to Freddy's popularity in his bailiwick. He attracted approximately seventeen thousand dollars at the box office, an almost unheard-of figure for these times out here.

It virtually spells the finish for Dundee as a headliner and will probably result in his retirement. Vince has been campaigning along for over ten years and boxing holds no more thrills for him. He is a happily married man and has saved enough money to enjoy all the comforts of life.

Steele will probably be in demand in the East, where his newly won fame has preceded him. On the strength of his achievement, he could step into the feature spot at Madison Square Garden during the fall and could entice plenty of fans. Opponents like Lou Brouillard, Paul Pirrone and Babe Risko would be capable of showing just how good Freddy Steele is. Several days before the Steele-Dundee bout took place, Bing Crosby, who it is rumored, is interested financially in Steele's management, in the presence of Johnny Indrisano, Mack Gray and Moe Morton, made the prediction that Steele would positively flatten Dundee in four rounds, so it appears that Mr. Crosby knows his fistic lessons thoroughly.

Maxey Rosenbloom tried to hurdle two tough obstacles in three days and found the task too much for him. After whipping John Henry Lewis at Oakland in ten rounds on Wednesday he tried to overcome Hank Hankinson, but found it beyond him. In beating Lewis, Maxey proved his rights to be heralded as the outstanding light-heavyweight challenger to Bob Olin's title. Hankinson weighed 215 against 181 for Maxey and proved too rough and strong. He dropped Maxey to his knees in the first round and cut loose with a furious rally in the ninth and tenth rounds which removed any doubt as to Hankinson's supremacy that night. It was the biggest house that the Hollywood American Legion housed in over a year and paid off on forty-seven hundred dollars. Thousands of people were turned away and every nuck and corner of the arena was crammed with humanity.

It does not appear that there is anything on the surface that can possibly curb the rise of Joe Louis. This colorful youngster has taken the game out of the dumps and has instilled new life into it. His latest victory—that one-round triumph over King Levinsky, removed any vestige of doubt that Louis is the last word in fistic science. He tumbled Levinsky to the canvas on three occasions before the referee halted the debacle. Louis wasn't hit a solid punch during the fight.

Now that Louis has eliminated Levinsky from the heavyweight picture, there is nothing in view for him outside of Max Baer and Jimmy Braddock. Louis and Braddock have a good chance of hitting the million-dollar mark. Oscar Rankins, Pacific Coast middleweight, made his Chicago debut by whipping Young Joe Gans from Detroit. Tony Cancela disposed of Corn Griffin in one round.

Nick Scalba, Chicago scrapper, endeared himself to the Legion fans with three straight victories and the chances are that he will be put into the feature spot with Pablo Dano or Young Tommy in the very near future. The fans like the smaller fellows in action on the Coast and this is the favored place for bantams. Salica and Escobar would unquestionably have drawn more on the Coast than in their Dyckman Oval bout. Their scrap is for the American bantamweight championship and if the manager of the newly crowned champion, Balcasar Sanchelli, is wise, he will take a trip to this country and settle the question of who is the world's bantamweight champion.

Controversy as to the actual champion always leaves that particular class in confusion and interest is generally transferred to other classes. The bantams provided one of the greatest crops of scrappers in fistic history and it would be a pity to see the class deteriorate. Do you recall when Pete Herman, Joe Lynch, Carl Tremaine, Joe Burman, Johnny Buff, Abe Attell Goldstein, Jack Sharkey, Pal Moore, Jack Kid Wolfe, Pete Sarmiento, Bud Taylor, Harold Smith, Midget Smith were in the limelight?

Al Lippe has returned to New York from his trip to Australia and England. Vernon Cormier did exceedingly well in the featherweight class, while Phil Zwick, elongated puncher, handled the lightweights in good fashion. Lippe has covered the entire globe four times and despite his age, he seems to thrive on such trips. One must marvel at his vibrant energy and bubbling enthusiasm. He expects to return to Australia shortly with Cormier, Zwick and a few other new importations.

One rule on the State Athletic Commission of California's books should be eliminated. It seems that in case of one contestant being butted, the referee has the power to stop the fight and call the bout a draw. A recent case between Young Tommy and Pablo Dano at Sacramento illustrates the point. Dano was butted in the second round but Referee Jack Kennedy allowed the fight to continue until one minute of the last round. Tommy was a clear winner as far as the bout had progressed and when, the blood spurting from the wound, handicapped Dano's vision, the referee stopped the fight and called it a draw. It was a ridiculous verdict and should have gone in the books as a technical knockout for Tommy.

Young Casanova proved too rugged and strong for Speedy Dado at the Olympic and walked off with the decision—Peppy Sanchez was given the verdict over Johnny Ladao in the semi-final, which did not favor Ladao any—It could have been a draw—Jackie Treadway, a corking good bantam prospect, stopped Bobby Perez in the last round of their four-round go.

Tony Canzoneri must have had one of his off nights when he allowed Bobby Pacho to hold him close in their Chicago bout, and then to have Pacho put him on the floor was something else—It was one of the few times that Tony has hit the canvas, but his spurt in the last few rounds removed any question as to his right to the bout—Lew Feldman, on his way to New York, stopped off and handed Little Pal a neat trimming—Feldman could not get any action on the Coast, because he was in a bad division—There are no 130-pounders of any consequence here and the activity lies between the bantams and welterweights—Ray Actis failed to register a kayo against Young Stuhley in San Francisco but scored a knockdown in the third round—Stuhley came back strong in the latter rounds and earned a draw for his efforts.

Al Roth, plucky little Bronx lightweight, is making a sensational recovery. Being laid up with bad hands for many months did not help him any and his first fight after the layoff was against the formidable Leonard Del Genio. Roth surprised all hands by winning a clean-cut verdict and then followed up with a smashing victory over Davey Day, Chicago's representative for lightweight honors. The only claim that Davey justly holds is that he is a stable-companion of Barney Ross. Ross has been getting the youngster plenty of publicity and through Barney's efforts hoisted into a good spot in the lightweight group. Unfortunately, Davey could not live up to expectations, but is only a youngster and may come through. Sometimes too much publicity hurts more than it helps and in this instance it retarded Day's progress because the fans expected too much because of Ross' boosting. This victory of Roth's put him right into the running for lightweight honors around New York.

Sid Silas, formerly of New York, is now athletic director of the Metropolitan Police Boys' Club in Washington, D. C., where Sid is now residing. He fights occasionally, and is doing good work there—It is time that Mickey Walker was halted from ring activity. He is too game for his own good, and there is no sense in bringing the shell of a once former great into the ring with fellows who could not shine his shoes in his halcyon days. He was beaten by John Anderson, a Swedish light-heavyweight, who was recently kayoed by Al McCoy, who seems to be the best bet for titular honors in his division.

This McCoy is the real goods, and it's time that he was brought into New York—Leroy Haynes, since leaving the Coast, has been doing some good work around Philadelphia and is working his way into a fight with Joe Louis. Haynes has plenty of boosters on the Coast who think he is the best heavyweight in the country.

Midget Wolgast, like old wine, seems to get better and better with age. Against Young Casanova, he turned in the supreme effort of his life and could have whipped lightweights that evening. He was the last word in speed, skill and science and his amazing feat was all the more remarkable, being stacked up against a strong, rugged, two-fisted fighter who forced the fighting until the last minute. Casanova had beaten Wolgast, Baby Arizmendi and Juan Zurita in Mexico City and was on a winning rampage, but could do nothing against the craftsmanship of the dynamic Midget. Wolgast weighed 124 pounds for the scrap and still believes that he can make 112 pounds, which might be very easy for him with a lead pencil—The Midget is wasting his time with those notions and could do much better with the bantams and featherweights. Another sellout was recorded at the Legion.

Young Peter Jackson, who failed to register in New York, turned in a brilliant exhibition against Gege Gravante, local youngster, at the Olympic and Referee Kennedy stopped the uneven fight in the seventh round to save Gravante from needless punishment. The fight should have been stopped in the fifth as it was evident at that time that Gravante could not win in his physical condition and it only meant absorbing punishment for two more rounds. Gravante showed the courage of a Viking and his stab for victory occurred in the second round when he hurt Jackson with a left hook and a right hand, but the canniness of Jackson prevented any further damage and Gege was damaged much more than Jackson when the second round ended. Gravante made himself with his courageous exhibition while Jackson clearly proved that he is a topnotcher and one to be reckoned with.

It was Dick Donald's last show at the Olympic. Prices scaled from twenty-five cents to two dollars and nearly seven thousand people flocked for this card. It proved that the Olympic can be made to pay, providing the right matches are put in and at the proper price. Lou Daro, the wrestling impresario, has the lease on the Olympic and does not give much encouragement to the boxing end of it. Only one door was opened for the cheaper seats and only one box office sold tickets. Many people walked away disgusted because of the inefficient service rendered and it's a pity that someone cannot take hold of this arena and run boxing systematically. Daro has done everything to discourage boxing there, which automatically paves the way for his huge wrestling turnouts. The Olympic was built primarily for boxing and this spacious arena is too good to go to waste. The Olympic can be made to draw three-thousand-dollar houses regularly and a good-sized profit left for the promoter.

A new star crashed the fistic horizon when Bobby Leyvas, a young Mexican, just out of the preliminary ranks, handed Speedy Dado a good beating in their ten-round bout. It was Leyvas' first bout over that route and he handled the assignment like a seasoned veteran. Dado was unable to cope with the southpaw stance of the youngster and Leyvas came through with colors flying before another capacity crowd which paid nearly forty-five hundred dollars to see them in action—Wally Hally disposed of Whitey Neal in the second round of the semi-final when Whitey suffered cuts over the eye prompting Referee Charley Randolph to stop the fight—Nick Scalba scored handily over Little Dempsey in the special event, this bout winning the bonus. Scalba has won two bonus prizes out of three starts at the Legion. Jack Dempsey and his wife were introduced and Mrs. Dempsey was given a basket of flowers by the Legionnaires as a token of their esteem. Joe E. Brown came into the ring and went through his usual clownish gyrations which went over big with the crowd. Mae West and Lupe Velez also took a bow.

Johnny Pena, after an extended layoff of nearly a year, defeated Young Gildo at San Francisco—Pena is a rough, two-fisted fighter and should get plenty of action here—If Jerry Pelton can only curb his enthusiasm he is going to have a big money-maker in Wally Hally. This kid is being handled in the best possible fashion in meeting opponents of his own calibre but Jerry's impetuosity gets the best of him and he gets the fever to challenge nothing but good fighters. This time, Canzoneri is Wally's target, although Wally is a 128-pounder, but nothing stops Jerry once he is started—Jerry has another kid still in the amateurs who bears promise of another ring great. His name is Emilio Magana and he is barely over seventeen and cannot get a license to turn professional, which should be a good breaks for the kid. Magana handles

(Continued on page 52)

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

THE boxing game in Texas is once more on the boom. Prospects for the return of better times are bright, due to the untiring efforts of various promoters, the efficiency of the present Commission and last but not least, to the boys who take them on the chin. Pat Wright, matchmaker for Jimmie Guest at Houston and Dick Griffin at Dallas are rapidly building the sport at those places. John Galiano, state inspector, the most popular and efficient man ever in that job, deserves lots of credit for his great work.

Development of local talent, long a sadly lacking factor in boxing in this section, is coming in for a lot of attention. Before the year is over there should be several outstanding attractions in most of the larger cities. Included in this group are two of the most promising young heavyweights we have seen in a long time. Pat McDuff of Houston who has had something like a dozen fights to date and has flattened every man he has faced. Tommy Burns, former world's heavyweight champion is working with McDuff and has high hopes of developing a first class heavy of the Irish lad.

The other youngster is James Bradley, Ft. Worth, also a descendant of old Erin. Bradley has had thirty fights, winning 26 by the kayo route and has never been defeated. He is 19 years old and along with his punching ability has been well schooled by his veteran manager, Tom Shanahan. Incidentally we wish to make a correction we carried a couple of months ago, stating that Bradley was beaten by Charley Montgomery. Montgomery was stopped in three rounds.

In our fifteen years or so of knocking around the fight game, we have seen some stiff punchers, but as yet we have never seen anyone, pound for pound, who smacks them as hard as Roy Elliott, young Houston middleweight. Roy rocks 'em with either hand and is one of those "natural" fighters. Watch this kid, he's sure to go up!

"Bay Boy" Harper, Louisville, Kentucky, lightweight is one of the most pleasing performers it has ever been our pleasure to watch in action. A good puncher and a willing mixer, he's a cinch to steal any show he is on. Harper fell from the ring in his initial start in Texas, injuring his back and throwing him off stride for awhile, but is now fully recovered and looks great. In flattening tough Benny Lindsey, he did something no other fighter has ever been able to do. And Benny has fought some good ones.

Those who think a fighter is old at 27, should see the pace Duke Tramel, veteran Ft. Worth welterweight is setting. The Duke, holder of the world's record of 223 knockouts, has won eight in a row since starting his comeback. Tramel, who never really retired, was forced to the sidelines for several months with illness. He looks better than at any time in his brilliant career.

Art Wakefield, Denison middleweight returned from a trip to New Mexico where he went over big, winning five fights in great style. Houston fight fans, remembering his great match with Paul Ladd last year, would like to see the Denison puncher in action again.

Jimmy Finley, formerly of Louisville, Ky., has taken over the reins in San Antonio. Finley knows the game thoroughly and we believe he will again make San Antonio one of the best boxing towns of the South. The old place saw some great mills back in the days when popular Jack Sheldon was the impressario there.

George Salvadore ran into some tough luck over in Memphis when he met Eddie (Kid) Wolfe in a return go. Wolfe received what newspapers stated was a "hometown" decision. Anyway it was a great fight. Salvadore had previously beaten Wolfe at New Orleans.

Chief Parris boosted his stock sky high by decisively beating Lew Massey of Philadelphia at Dallas. Parris won seven rounds, only one going to Massey when he dropped Chief for a short count in the 8th. Massey's defeat came as a complete surprise to the writer, who has been on his bandwagon ever since we saw him fight the PERFECT fight against Tony Herrera in Ft. Worth a couple of years ago.

The state is full of good lightweights and they have been having a tough time trying to prove who is the best of the lot. Baby Manuel and Roy Stice drew; Manuel beat Howard Scott; Scott beat Stice; Stice won over Cullen Williams and stopped Johnny Lacaille; Williams Ko'ed Lou Beard; Beard defeated Dave Shapiro and Shapiro in turn won from Stice. Figure it out for yourself!

Dave Shapiro figured in two of the best fights of the month, dropping a close one to Lou Beard and winning a close one from Roy Stice. Shapiro is a great crowd pleaser and would be a great little fighter if he kept more active. He is a student at Texas University Medical school and doesn't have the time to devote to his boxing. Incidentally, this Roy Stice is one of the sweetest pieces of fighting machinery we have seen in a long, long time.

Texas University, has in the past turned out some real battlers, and now has another lad who bids fair to bring fistic fame to the school up at the capitol, namely Dick Ruble. Ruble has won 31 fights as a pro and has never lost a fight. This young welter is smart and should go far. At Abilene he flattened tough Bobby Clark and Neal Milam.

Other results over the state: Roy Elliott knocked out Leslie Corn; Bill McDowell beat Mickey O'Shea and drew with Dick McCawley; O'Shea was also beaten by Chief Parris; Patty McDuff flattened Lee Broussard, Tony Rocco and Joe Collins, neither of the trio lasting a round; Jack Burns K.O.'ed Bill Mendoza.

Duke Tramel took an easy decision over Paul Ladd and kayoed Jack Burns and Billy Parks; Wilson Dunn stopped Tommy Collins and drew with him in a return go; Dunn also beat Dick O'Connor; O'Connor won over Tommy Monroe; Hugh Glass, another promising young heavy stiffened Lee Broussard and Tony Rocco.

Tommy Freeman, former welter champ, is beating everything around Arkansas and Oklahoma in his comeback. Frank Hall was the latest victim, going out in a couple of heats. Babe Hunt beat Ed Dunaway at Beaumont; Dunaway K.O.'ed Dutch Laudenslager; Johnny Lacaille won over Santos Delgado; Luther Smith beat Choc Stewart; Frankie Graham decisioned Mickey Genaro.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

BUDDY BAER, gigantic young brother of the ex-champ, Max, played havoc with Al Delaney in their scheduled four-rounder, which was the main event of the Queensberry Club's boxing show at the Offermann Stadium on July 18.

After practically knocking out Delaney in the first round, missing only because Referee Luke Carr failed to count in unison with Timer "Ike" Klipfel, Baer dealt out unmerciful punishment and several more knockdowns up until the beginning of the fourth round, when he put over the knockout punch.

Delaney was game and tried hard. Against a smaller heavyweight he might have had a better chance, but the terrific blows and unusual strength of the young Californian was a combination most difficult to overcome.

Baer rocked Big Boy Brackey to sleep in less than a round in his initial appearance here. Delaney did far better than Brackey and while he was badly outclassed Al never faltered and tried to make it a fight.

The net gate was $6500, which showed a handsome profit for Promoter Charlie Murray. The Baer-Brackey bout grossed $9400. Heavyweights are favorite people with the boxing fans nowadays.

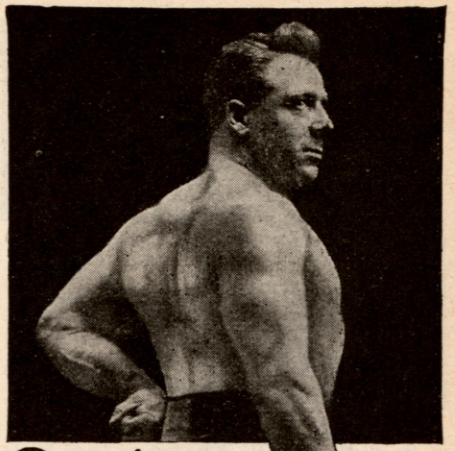
"Itchkie" Robbins was down from Syracuse with his likely-looking featherweight, Joey Brown. "Itchkie" is a hustler and the boxing depression has not dimmed his enthusiasm.

It looks like curtains for wrestling here. It is generally predicted that the promoters will never get the fans coming again. The new "champion," O'Mahony, only attracted a handful of fans for his last appearance here.

The fight game will be back in good shape this fall. Buffalo is one of the ace boxing centers when things are normal.

Young heavyweight boxers with some experience will do well to write to Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

JUST GOSSIP—Bobby Clary, formerly a bantam ring star, is working for the city parks department . . . . Joe Matty will send his son, Ray Matty, into the wrestling wars this winter . . . . Young Ray will soon be a heavyweight . . . . Red Carr has signed young Blase Montana to a two-year contract . . . . This city will need weekly boxing shows to "make" enough new fighters to put the game back on its feet . . . . a new club here is a sure thing in the fall . . . . Jack Barry, hustling Erie promoter, who gave up staging shows to manage fighters, will shortly get back in the game as a promoter . . . . Barry is going after big fistic shows for Erie . . . . Playfair Brown, of Toronto, is back in the saddle as matchmaker at the Maple Leaf Gardens, Toronto's huge auditorium for sports . . . . Brown is the best boxing impresario in Canada, and a live wire . . . . One fighter that I know of who lost a battle with the law is going to forget his troubles as one of the stepsons of France with the French Foreign Legion . . . . He is soldiering in Algeria . . . . Big Boy Brackey, who was smashed up in an auto accident following his defeat at the hands of Buddy Baer, is nursing his wounds in Lackawanna, near here, and intends to return to the ring in the Fall . . . . Brackey may still get in the money if he watches his step.



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A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

EVERYTHING points to boxing on the upward trend and the figures that have been pouring in from all parts of the country will attest to that statement. Boxing is picking up in localities which have remained dormant for years and there are several causes, chiefly, the sensational rise of Joe Louis, colorful negro heavyweight, who kept up his work by flattening King Levinsky in the first round. He scored three knockdowns before the referee halted the match. Freddy Steele put Vince Dundee out of further running in the middleweight ladder by ending his career in the third round. Tony Canzoneri was given plenty of trouble by Bobby Pacho in an overweight match. John Henry Lewis was beaten by Maxey Rosenbloom and Abie Feldman. These were the best fights of the month.

There was plenty of action in the heavyweight ranks last month. Louis' kayo over Levinsky was the outstanding achievement. Tommy Loughran trimmed Eddie Simms while Eddie scored over Al Ettore. Hank Hankinson returned to the heavyweight picture through his win over Maxey Rosenbloom. Abie Feldman whipped John Henry Lewis. Buck Everett disposed of Chick Raines in four rounds. Leroy Haynes kayoed Red Barry in six and Tony Cancela in three. Cancela disposed of Corn Griffin in the first. Hans Birkie whipped Isadoro Gastanaga. Roy Lazer flattened Tom Patrick in two rounds. Larry Gains won over Obie Walker. Tony Galento whipped Gene Mickens. Adolph Wiater drew with Roscoe Toles. Steve Dudas and Leo Williams fought on even terms. Bob Tow whipped Terry Mitchell. Eddie Hogan scored over Unknown Winston.

Maxey Rosenbloom gained supremacy in the light-heavyweight ranks through his victory over Lewis. Lewis disposed of Lew Poster in six rounds. Al McCoy kayoed Sammy Slaughter and Doc Conrad in three rounds each and Charley Eagle in ten. Joe Knight whipped Dutch Weimer, Buck Everett, Red Barry and kayoed Corn Griffin in four rounds. Ray Actis drew with Young Stuhley. Al Gainer disposed of Bill Nichy in three rounds. John Anderson scored over Mickey Walker. Leroy Brown kayoed Mannie Davis in six rounds. Tait Littman won from Anson Green.

Marcel Thil, middleweight leader, scored over Kid Tunero in an overweight bout. Freddy Steele crashed the headlines with his three-round kayo over Vince Dundee. Paul Pirrone defeated Babe Risko. Teddy Yarosz kayoed Freddy Salus in three sessions. Jack Gibbons scored over Frank Battaglia while Frank disposed of Lou Halper in five rounds. Oscar Rankins whipped Young Joe Gans. Fred Henneberry kayoed Al Schaaf in the fifth round. Joe Smallwood drew with Mickey Bottone. Al Diamond won over Jackie Aldare. Al Quaill won from Jimmy Belmont and Ralph Chong. Jimmy Smith defeated Tommy Rios. Tommy Freeman kayoed Johnny Hall in two, Eddie Gree and Sid Scarlet in three each and Jimmy Carter in six. Young Terry disposed of Carl Mays in seven. Fred Apostoli finished Eddie Schneider in one and Dick Foster in six. Solly Krieger kayoed Al Rossi in four rounds. Gene Stanley kayoed Kid Leonard in seven rounds.

Bep Van Klaveren, one of the ranking welterweights, drew with Al Manfredo. Harry Dublinsky disposed of Bobby Wilson in one round. Eddie Kid Wolfe scored over George Salvatore. Ceferino Garcia kayoed Baby Joe Gans in three rounds. Izzy Jannazzo whipped Babe Marino while Babe scored over Danny Lyons. Young Peter Jackson disposed of Gege Gravante in seven rounds. Joe Rossi won from Mickey Serrian. Tony Falco scored over Wildcat O'Connor. Teddy Loder bested Johnny Jadick and Johnny licked George Gibbs. Frankie Hughes whipped Joey Speigal and Tommy Romano. Jimmy Leto won from Benny Bass. Al Casimini defeated Paul Canamere and kayoed Pedro Nieves in one session.

Fritzie Zivic defeated Jackie McFarland and Mike Barto. Chuck Woods won from Maxie Strub. Sid Silas scored over Tony Rock. Frankie Blair whipped Phil Furr. Sammy O'Dell defeated Johnny Martinez.

Among the lightweights, Tony Canzoneri won an overweight fight from Bobby Pacho. Cleto Locatelli scored over Harry Dublinsky and Steve Haliako. Wesley Ramey disposed of Tiger Kid Walker in ten rounds, defeated Bucky Keyes and Joey Costa while Costa won from Eddie Zivic. Davey Day was beaten by Al Roth and drew with Joe Ghnouly, who won from Bus Breese. Lew Massey kayoed Pete Mascia in two rounds, won over Willie Davis and lost to Chief Paris. Benny Bass whipped Johnny Craven and Frankie Wallace. Leonard Del Genio outpointed Joey Greb. Harry Serody scored oved Billy Purnell, Dominic Mancini and Joey Allen. Lew Feldman scored over Little Pal. Cecil Payne whipped Perfecto Lopez. Seaman Watson kayoed Frankie Brown in four rounds. Phil Zwick scored over Boyo Rees. Jimmy Christy won from Jackie Sharkey. Joey Ferrando scored over Fritzie Zivic and drew with Joe Zodda. Zodda whipped Lou Lombardi but lost to Louis Camps. Abe Wasserman scored over John Costanza and Roger Bernard while Roger drew with George Levy.

Freddy Miller, leader of the featherweights, kayoed Seaman Watson in two and Stan Jehu in four rounds. Young Casanova defeated Speedy Dado. Fillo Echeverria stepped into the featherweight picture by trouncing Baby Arizmendi in Cuba. Joe Rivers surprised by stopping Mike Belloise in eight rounds. Pete De Grasse drew with Young Gildo and lost to Al Citrino. Gildo was beaten by Johnny Pena. Jackie Wilson whipped Sammy Angott and Sammy Crocetti. Joe Temes whipped Roger Bernard. Frankie Wolfram whipped Cliff Boykin, Henry Hook and lost to Young Rightmire. Paul Lee scored over Ross Fields while Fields won from Tony Fernandez. Tony Chavez kayoed Gene Mantel in the third. Julie Katz drew with Joe Doherty. Joe Velasco whipped George Hansford.

Sixto Escobar gained ranking bantamweight position with his victory over Pete Sanstol. Louis Salica drew with Jerry Mazza. Midget Wolgast trimmed Young Casanova. Pablo Dano disposed of Joe Tei Ken in five rounds and drew with Young Tommy. Tommy won from Tony Marino. Bobby Leyvas stepped into the bantam picture with a victory over Speedy Dado. Indian Quintana scored over Al Gillette. Nick Scalba defeated Little Dempsey and Sal Hernandez. Tony Marino defeated General Padilla.

Among the flyweights, Jackie Brown defeated Ernst Weiss and kayoed George Marsden in six rounds. Small Montana won from Antol Kocsis.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Ken Barrett, England.
Bantamweight—Frankie Castillo, Los Angeles, Calif.
Featherweight—Joe Green, Baltimore, Md.
Lightweight—Frankie Catalina, Oakland, Calif.
Welterweight—Dave McCleave, England.
Middleweight—Jackie Flowers, Clinton, N. Y.
Light-Heavyweight—Harry Balsamo, N. Y. C.
Heavyweight—Zachy Nicholas, England.

From Hollywood to New York

(Continued from page 50)

himself like a veteran and will be making plenty of money if they watch him carefully.

Tony Marino scored a knockdown over Young Tommy in the first round but failed to hold the lead and, after getting his eye cut, lost all chances of victory. Tommy finished a clear winner at the finish—"California" Joe Rivers, who stepped into the picture with an eight-round knockout over Mike Belloise in Washington, is unknown in these parts—Jack Gibbons seems to be headed for the ring fame that once was the lot of his sire, Mike Gibbons. Jack recently stepped into the picture with a clean-cut victory over Frank Battaglia—Baby Arizmendi, losing to Young Casanova and Fillo Echeverria in succession, seems to be eliminated from any further consideration in the featherweight ranks. Echeverria weighs only 122 pounds and is headed for the Pacific Coast, where there is plenty of opposition in his class.

Paramount Studios is coming through with another version of "Is Zat So?" one of the most successful stage plays ever made concerning the fight element. It was made several years ago with George O'Brien in the role of the pugilist but this time the dialogue and cast have been entirely changed. Roscoe Karns plays the part of the fighter that Robert Armstrong played on the stage and Lee Tracey plays the manager once portrayed by James Gleason. It is a swell comedy line-up and Johnny Indrisano, once a leading welterweight from Boston, is also prominently cast. Eddie Moran, who was associated with Bill Duffy for many years around New York, revised the dialogue in its present version.

George Goodman, formerly of Chicago, has now definitely retired from the boxing game and is working for Dave Epstein, who ranks as one of the premier publicity and business agents of Hollywood. Goodman was a classy bantamweight, and while fighting in the amateur ranks, engaged Nick Scalba in combat on eighteen occasions, and they still remain the best of friends. Persistency remains rewarded in the long run. Joey Costa was twice kayoed by Eddie Zivic, once in the ninth round and the other in the tenth when Costa was leading on both occasions. In their third meeting,

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST

Here are my ratings for the month ending August 7:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Jimmy Braddock	World's Champion Bob Olin	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Max Baer	Maxey Rosenbloom	Lou Brouillard	Jimmy McLarnin
2—Joe Louis	Al McCoy	Freddy Steele	Bep Van Klaveren
3—Max Schmeling	John Henry Lewis	Paul Pirrone	Kid Azteca
4—Steve Hamas	Tony Shucco	Young Corbett	Jack Carroll
5—Ford Smith	Ambrose Palmer	Babe Risko	Eddie Kid Wolfe
6—Walter Neusel	Joe Knight	Teddy Yarosz	Harry Dublinsky
7—Tommy Loughran	Adolf Heuser	Jack Gibbons	Ceferino Garcia
8—Hank Hankinson	Jock McAvoy	Frank Battaglia	George Salvatore
9—Art Lasky	Ray Actis	Oscar Rankins	Al Manfredo
10—King Levinsky	Frank Rowsey	Fred Henneberry	Izzy Jannazzo

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Freddy Miller	World's Champion Balcasar Sanchelli	Title Vacant
1—Lou Ambers	Maurice Holtzer	Sixto Escobar	Benny Lynch
2—Cleto Locatelli	Henry Armstrong	Louis Salica	Jackie Brown
3—Frankie Klick	Young Casanova	Midget Wolgast	Small Montana
4—Wesley Ramey	Vernon Cormier	Young Tommy	Joe Mendiola
5—Tiger Humery	Fillo Echeverria	Pablo Dano	Maurice Huguenin
6—Charley Burns	Mexican Joe Rivers	Bobby Leyvas	Valentin Anglemann
7—Jack Kid Berg	Baby Arizmendi	Indian Quintana	Tommy Pardoe
8—Al Roth	Mike Belloise	Speedy Dado	Bobby Magee
9—Joe Ghnouly	Petey Sarron	Little Pancho	Joe Hardy
10—Eddie Cool	Frankie Covelli	Star Frisco	Maurice Filhol

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SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

NATE DAX, Riverview Park boxing promoter announced that Tommy O'Loughlin, popular middlewest boxing promoter, and manager of Young Rightmire had been named matchmaker for his club, for the balance of the season. The RING magazine extends the usual good wishes.

Nearly 3,000 fight fans turned out for the opening of the new Uptown Arena, and an excellent card was presented. In the eight round main Dick Demeray, Tappen, N. D. welter scored over Henry Rothier, of Chicago. Ernie Heatherington, of Winnipeg beat Mickey O'Shea, Chicago welter in six. Mickey Slater, local featherweight won over Billy Locks, of Chicago. Buddy McCrea, St. Louis lightweight defeated Speedy Clayton, Sioux City in a fast four. Battling Stearns, knocked out Johnny Lambert.

In a furious bout at the Riverview Park Arena, Young Rightmire won over Paul Lee of Indianapolis in eight rounds before 3,000 fans. Mel Rice, local welterweight won over Eddie Spencer of Coon Rapids by a kayo in three rounds. Eddie Long, Centerville, So. Dak., welter scored over Kid Jobe, of Sioux City in six. Jack Harding, defeated Jackie James. Mickey Slater won over Billy Clancy. Young Newsboy Brown went to a draw with Young Kid Mann.

Waterloo, Ia.—Ronnie Malcolm, Jesup, Ia. welter and Dixie Taylor, of Waterloo, Ia. fought six fast rounds to draw. Donny Schneck and Eddie Rivers went to a draw. Howdie Dawson punched out a win over Jack Derifield; Sonny Bass won by a T.K.O. over Bab Harter in two rounds.

Fort Dodge, Ia.—Some dandy cards have been staged here under the promotion of Roy Gillman during the past month. The results for his shows are as follows: Young Mickey Walker, Pratt, Kans., featherweight won over Cappy Wooten. In the semi-windup Bobby O'Dowd knocked out Hymie Siegel in four rounds. Jimmy Wooten and Goldie O'Hara went to a draw; Hal Molenhoff stopped Jack Gardner in one round; Sammy Musco won over Bobby O'Dowd in eight rounds; Young Mickey Walker shaded Jay Conlan. Jess Ackerman won over Jack Preston; Buss Busher beat Marline Smith. Goldie O'Hara drew with Henry Jones. Young Mickey Walker won over Sammy Musco; Jess Ackerman shaded Jay Conlan; Henry Jones beat George Dickinson. Goldie O'Hare drew with George Fritz.

Waterloo, Ia.—A new attendance recorded was established here, when 7,100 fans turned out to watch Jimmy Legrone, belt out Bert Visconi of East Moline, Ill., in three rounds. Dixie Taylor of Waterloo, Ia. knocked out Carl Brady of Muscatine, Ia. in one round; Howdy Dawson and Billy Carpenter went to a draw; Tommy Maroon knocked out Jimmy Reintz. Young Mickey Walker shaded Jimmy Legrone, Henry Jones defeated Billy Thompson; Sailor Mille quit to George Fritz; Tommy Maroon and Ed River battled to a draw.

Des Moines, Ia.—Albert Manriquez, Atlantic, Ia. featherweight won over Jess Ackerman, in eight rounds; Norman Hughes drew with Nick Fazio in 4; Hobbie Booker won over Joe Richmond; Jimmy Constant shaded LeRoy Selover; Don Emery knocked out Benny Salvatore. Pinkie George has stage some fine shows here this month, and drawing fairly well.

Waterloo, Ia.—Jimmy Legrone, Des Moines lightweight and Dixie Taylor battled to a fast six round draw; Donnie Schneck shaded Jack Wellington; Howdie Dawson scored a kayo over Tommy Probert; Jess Ackerman won by a kayo over Paul Derifield.

Decorah, Ia.—R. O. Jagerson is the boxing promoter here. Mr. Jagerson intends to hold a number of outdoor shows this season.

Emmetsburg, Ia.—Joe Goeders shaded Verne Trickel, Albert Lee, Minn. heavyweight in eight rounds. Barney Hazzell won over Wild Bill Gerdes.

Boxers and managers don't forget to have your notes in my hands by the first of every month, and mail same to 2206 N. Lafayette Pl. Sioux City, Iowa.

Riverview Park Arena, Sioux City, Ia.—Henry Hook, Indianapolis featherweight knocked out Jack Presti of Omaha in five rounds; Johnny Stanton, Minneapolis welter was ordered from the ring, and his bout with Gene Higgins, of Chicago called a "no contest." Harold Seigal, of St. Paul, and Freddy Penn, of Omaha went to a draw; Kid Jobe, won a hair line decision over Artie Donovan of Chicago. Jimmy Salvatore, Fort Dodge feather edged in a draw with Harvey Woods, of St. Paul; Terry Griffiths punched out a win over Eddie Reynolds.

Upton Arena, Sioux City, Ia.—Jay Conlon, Omaha lightweight won over Wesley Martin, of Akron, O. in eight rounds. Lloyd Pine, of Akron, O., and Sammy Musco went to a draw; Irish McKenna, Sioux City welter knocked out Battling Stearns; Tommy Sacco and Billy Clancy went to a draw. K. O. Ketley defeated Battling Nelson in a fast sixer.

Riverview Park Arena, Sioux City, Ia.—Frankie Wolfram popular Winnipeg featherweight gained a decision over Henry Hook, of Indianapolis in eight rounds. Andy "Kid" Miller won over Tuffy Dial; Eddie Long defeated Jack Harding; Kid Newman won over Cappy Wooten; Jackie James beat Tommy Ryan.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Frankie Wolfram, featherweight ace hailing from the Jimmy Brady boxing stable of Detroit, is a big card here, along with Henry Hook, and Young Rightmire. . . . Ty Dillon boxing promoter at the Uptown Arena, is just getting started but is doing real well . . . . Tommy O'Loughlin, matchmaker at the Riverview Park Arena, is also going good . . . . Boxers and managers would be wise to get in touch with these men. Al Pahl, local welterweight comer belted out a win over Freddy Chynoweth of Milwaukee at Chicago . . . . The writer has taken over the management of the local gym, and close to 35 fighters are working out daily . . . . Sailor Burke, local manager, sold out, and has moved his headquarters to Omaha . . . . Good luck Sailor . . . . Two coppers are the third men here, Ted Zanfes at Riverview and Harry Gibbons at the Uptown. Both are former fighters . . . . Robert Capocy, Jeff. D. Jamerson, and Mike Mosco have formed a partnership in Chicago, and have the following boys under their care . . . . Neal Grubbs, lightweight, Bob Ferrell, Roy Donahue welterweight, and Bobby La Monte . . . . Promoters can reach Capocy at 227 W. Madison Street, Chicago, Ill. . . . The writer wants this understood, that this column is not going to play any politics for any one, regardless of friendship, creed, or color . . . . I have been the correspondent for the Ring for a number of years, and an even break for every one will always be my policy as in the past . . . . It is not the policy of the Ring, and fellows always keep this in mind . . . . See you later.

MINNESOTA FLASHES
By CLYDE SMITH

ST. PAUL fight fans are proclaiming a new fistic here in Jack Gibbons, all because of his great victory over Frankie Battaglia, Winnipeg, middleweight. Young Gibbons fought a brilliant battle, surprised his most ardent admirers. On the same card, Everett Rightmire, Sioux City comer won a decision over Frankie Wolfram, Winnipeg featherweight. Paul Lee, Indianapolis featherweight went to a draw with Jackie Sharkey. Henry Schaft scored over Artie Donovan. Emmett Weller won over Kid Taunch. All in all it was a great fight card, and drew a record gate.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—Jack Reddy, one time matchmaker for the St. Paul boxing club, is now selling cars, and after the Battaglia fight he sold young Gibbons one . . . . Clyde Hull defeated Johnny O'Brien, at Milbank, So. Dak. and a day later defeated Pete McGinnis, of Sioux City at Madison, So. Dak. back in 1925 . . . . Mike Gibbons ended a great career with a K.O. over Denny Fagen back in 1922 . . . . The first boxing show in St. Paul was held at the Auditorium under the direction of the Capital City Athletic club. The bout was between Billy Miske and Tommy Gibbons twenty years ago.

Here is some proof that the boxing game is coming back around this section. Take a peak at some of the big gates down in Minnesota ring history, and note the one on August 23, 1935.

Tut-Petrolle, St. Paul, February 2, 1931, $38,546-10,249.

Gibbons-O'Dowd, St. Paul, November 21, 1919, $37,461-6,579.

Gibbons-Ahearn, St. Paul, January 18, 1916, $23,618-6,357.

Dempsey-Lasky, St. Paul, December 11, 1931, $21,852-10,360.

Von Porat-Stribling, Minneapolis, July 12, 1927, $19,105-7,686.

Okun-Daniels, Minneapolis, April 25, 1930, $18,864-8,673.

Gibbons-Smith, St. Paul, March 17, 1916, $17,160-5,204.

Mandell-Petrolle, Minneapolis, January 13, 1928, $16,971-7,274.

Carnera-Montgomery, Minneapolis, March 11, 1930, $16,863-8,398.

J. Gibbons-Battaglia, St. Paul, August 3, 1935, $16,500-11,000.

The above dope will give you an idea on how the game stands here. Interest and confidence is high, and it looks like it will be a banner season.

LAST MINUTE FLASHES—Readers don't forget to send in your news, and have same in my hands by the first of every month . . . . Harvey Woods, that fine little prospect from the Tommy O'Loughlin stable is in Sioux City where he is making things pretty tough for the featherweights in that section . . . . Frankie Wolfram, Winnipeg featherweight is under the management of Jimmy Brady, popular Detroit manager . . . . Don't forget my address is 746 So. Smith Ave., St. Paul, Minn. . . . Will see you next month.

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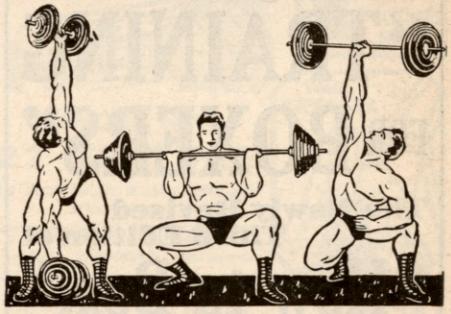

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MAINE NOTES
By RAN WEATHERBEE

THE fistic situation of the past few weeks in Maine has been livened by the appearance of three good prospects, Vincent Troianno and Rudy Valisk of Portland, and Irish Jimmy O'Boyne of Bangor and the return to the wars of the veteran Ted Kid Drew of Biddeford. Valisk, a rough, crowd-pleasing welter, was beaten by Ginger Beck in Portland but still remains Portland's favorite of the moment. Troianno, former amateur middleweight champion of Italy, made a creditable debut here and proved himself a real crowd pleaser, too, in his even contests with Rocky Stone and Dom Labbe. Drew, a bit older, a little heavier, but seeming to punch a little stiffer, signaled his return by stopping Jim Nolan of Boston in 7 rounds at Biddeford.

The veteran Drew, still only 27 years old, had a sparkling career. He first leaped into the limelight in Bangor as a kid of 16 when he substituted willingly for Tommy Fleureant, then state featherweight champion. Drew got off the floor to stop Ryan in one of the greatest upsets ever seen in Bangor. His career apparently closed soon after he was beaten by Sammy Fuller and Louie Nemis some three years ago, but he means to have another try at it and he looks good, too.

Walter Johnston of Bangor is telling the world that at last he has a middleweight who is due to scale the heights that Walter has had his keen eye fixed on for the past dozen years. Once the Utah Kid looked as though he might have done the trick had Walter got hold of him earlier in his career. Then Jerry Duprey appeared to have everything, but he faltered at the wrong moment.

Two years ago Walter whipped Eddie Dreher into one of the best looking middleweights in New England only to have Jaundice and kidney trouble spoil his chances. Now Irish Jimmy O'Boyne, formerly of Fredricton, New Brunswick, and considered the welterweight champion of the Maritime Provinces, but born in Bangor, appears to be as fine a prospect ever seen in the state of Maine. He is 21 years old, has had 24 ring battles to date, winning 18 of them by knockouts, and until Rocky Stone of Biddeford managed to stay on his feet for 6 rounds no man he had ever fought had stayed off the floor.

The following are his last eight fights. K.O.'ed Al Traino of Rochester, N. Y., 5 rounds; K.O.'ed Connie Morris of Syracuse, N. Y., 5 rounds; K.O.'ed Serg. Stanley Knowlton of Belfast, Maine, 1 round, K.O.'ed Chet Littlefield of Belfast, Maine, 4 rounds, K.O.'ed Frankie Herlihy of Lynn, Mass., 5 rounds, lost on foul to Cecil Grant of Walterville, Maine in 4 rounds by an accidental low blow after giving Grant a terrific beating; beat Rocky Stone of Biddeford badly in 6 rounds; K.O.'ed Killer Brown of Bangor, 1 round.

During the past weeks Al McCoy, formerly of Winslow, Maine and ranked number 4 light-heavy by the Ring Magazine for September, made one Maine appearance, easily stopping Charlie Eagle in 3 rounds at Waterville. Loyal Maine fans have had very little opportunity to see McCoy in action against a really first class opponent, but it might be well to mention a match which would pack any arena in Bangor to the doors if it could be made—McCoy vs John Anderson.

Maine fans were pleased to note that in the August number of The Ring, Eddie Borden selected Dave Castilloux of Waterville, Maine, as the best welterweight prospect of the month. Dave, however, although he has been forced to fight lightweights and welters at times, is a legitimate featherweight.

Three years ago he won the Bangor Daily News amateur tournament in the 126 pound division. His latest start was in Montreal where he beat Frankie Martin, outstanding Montreal featherweight. Dave is now being handled by Fox and Brennan in Boston, along with his cousin Al McCoy. In the same issue of The Ring, Eddie Borden picked Al Traino of Rochester, N. Y. as the best lightweight prospect of the month, and Maine fans remembered that this was the same Traino who was stopped by Irish Jimmy O'Boyne in Toronto last winter.

Maine featherweights had a busy month. Buster Carroll, Portland, butted heads with Lee Galarno of Waterville in the fourth and was forced to quit for the evening with a badly cut eye. Both Frankie Merril of Augusta and Henry Legasse of Old Town got edges over Pancho Junior of Waterville. A return match between Legasse and Junior was rained out but doubtless will be made soon again.

In other bouts of interest, Rocky Stone stopped Fred Caroni of Boston in 1 round at Biddeford; Cecil Grant beat Pancho Villa and K. O. Dennis in Waterville: Young Querion of Waterville stopped Kid Buldoc of Winslow in 4 at Skowhegan; Al Welch of Millinocket beat Fred Lowe of Bangor in Lincoln; Percy McDougal of Millinocket beat Johnny Ward of East Millinocket in Millinocket; Stringbean Jovin of Bangor beat Tony Sacco of Belfast at Belfast and again at Millinocket; Henry Legasse Old Town stopped Rookie Wright of Belfast at Millinocket; Blondy Connelly of Patten stopped George Dolly of Lincoln in 2 at Patten.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

CLEVELAND'S last fistic show, put on by Tommy McGinty and Johnny McGarvey of Pittsburgh, with Lew Raymond acting as matchmaker, proved to be one of the best sets of fights seen here in years. Punching Paul Pirrone, Eddie Meade's middleweight title contender, and Babe Risko, the Syracuse Pole, were featured and Pirrone won the decision.

The Syracuse lad fought Paul every round, but Pirrone's punching and all-around ring work entitled him to the victory.

Eddie Simms, Cleveland, won a good fight with Al Ettore. They fought a sparkling scrap. Frank Battaglia knocked out Halper of Jersey in the seventh round in another good slambang fight.

Stewart Bell and Franklin Lewis, after being rained out with their big benefit show, the Parade of Champions, for the Milk Fund for the kiddies of Cleveland, finally put the affair over and drew a nice crowd. It was one of the best amateur shows ever held here, with the cream of all the American and Canadian champions and Golden Glovers from Coast to Coast competing.

Charley O'Connell is still running amateur shows.

Jack Pallatt was married recently. He will join the Cleveland police force.

Tommy Freeman has won six in a row down south in his comeback.

Gorilla Jones is still on the Pacific Coast, working in the studios.

Suey Welch's heavyweight sensation, Hank Hankinson, who beat Maxie Rosenbloom, gave Mae West a chance to win a thousand dollars on him. Mae is a great fight fan and a hot rooter for Welch's fighters.

ADDITIONAL AUSTRALIAN NOTES

After protracted negotiations, Charlie Lucas has at last been granted a permit to promote boxing contests at the Sydney Sports Ground. At least, the permit officially belongs to the Sports Ground Trustees, which has commissioned Charlie to arrange a string of international boxing contests for the summer season, with the first match to take place in November.

The major portion of the "gate" receipts will go to charity, the Royal Hospital for Women (Paddington) and the Eastern Suburbs Hospital being the two institutions to benefit. According to a published report, the following committee will supervise and control expenditure: Mr. E. B. Harkness (Under-Secretary), Mr. W. J. Mackay (Commissioner of Police), Mr. Foster, M. L. A. (president of the Eastern Suburbs Hospital), Mr. W. J. Roper (Sports Ground), and Mr. J. P. Osborne (representing the Royal Hospital for Women and the Sports Ground Trust).

The delay in granting the permit has made it impossible for Lucas to trip overseas, but the cables are likely to run hot with proposals and counter-proposals between the promoter and fight managers.

Jack Laurence, the likeable young fellow who arrived here in charge of Tommy King, Tommy Jones and Harry Devine, is returning to America by the boat carrying this mail. After only a stay in Australia of three weeks, he has been commissioned by the National Boxing Club to hurry home and collect a team of scrappers and bring them to Australia. A nice little job, and as Jack, during his short sojourn here, has moved around a good bit and made himself mighty popular, he knows what is wanted and should be in a position to tackle his job with confidence. King, Jones and Devine will remain, as they have dates ahead of them.

Jones is to mix with Jack Carroll next week, with King going in again with Fred Henneberry two weeks later. Devine failed to cope with the vigorous ways of Jack Portney and was stopped in ten rounds. Both "fork-handers," the fight was somewhat of a novelty, but decidedly one-sided. Devine appeared to be all "at sea" with the unorthodox stance in front of him, but Portney was never worried and showed that he could hit just as well with his right, as the renowned "left" which has made its presence felt among the opposition met to date.

All Devine did was to walk up and take it. And did he take it! After being spilled for "nine" in the tenth stanza, he staggered up only to be upset again. Referee Wallis then called a halt. Devine was deeply disappointed at the way things went, but he has a chance to atone later in the month when he will meet Jimmy Purcell, a promising youth and a very dangerous one.

NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.

By BABE ORLANDO

JACK DOYLE, the Irish heavy stopped Bob Norton, in the second round of a card in Elizabeth, Joey Ferrara, beat Tony Orrico, (6); Carmine Presti, won over Nat Barnes, (4); Nick Cocozza, drew Sam Cohn, (4); Angelo Fracasso, beat Eddie Copana, (4); Ken Peterson, drew Johnny Sasso, (6).

With a capacity house of seven thousand fight fans looking on from the inside and with several thousand more on the roof tops of all the houses surrounding the Braddock Bowl, Jimmy Braddock, the heavyweight Champion, returned to his home county and boxed three rounds with three different opponents here.

With thousands of his neighbors cheering him on, the title holder, clad in white silk trunks, met, in succession, Jules Veigh, of Brooklyn; George Nicholson, of Yonkers, and Tom Patrick, of Los Angeles, Calif., in exhibitions that were pleasing.

In other feature encounters, Joey Ferrando, and Joe Zodda, boxed on even terms for eight rounds. Indian Quintana, and Al Gilette, met in a six-rounder, that was a thriller all the way, with the Indian copping the duke. The opening bout of the evening saw Bootblack Louigi, dropping a close one to Mario Carbone, Jack Sharkey, Jr. defeated Lou Pisano, in a four-rounder. Billy "Tarzan" Cheslock lost by a T.K.O. to his Bergen county rival, Emil Calcagni, in the fourth round of a scheduled sixer. Cheslock suffered a cut eye in the third round, and his able second Allie Ridgeway, refused to send his charge out for the fifth round when the blood refused to stop flowing from the gash.

Tony Grobowski, slugged it out all the way with Mickey Makar, only to lose the decision at the end of six furious rounds.

Roy Lazer, kayoed Tom Patrick, in two rounds of the feature go at Patterson. Freddie Bustard, outpointed Benny Berman, (8); Phil McQuillan, beat Bob Lancaster, (8); Wally Cotton, decisioned Eddie Reed, (4); George Carlo, belted out Eddie Capana, (2).

Jack Doyle, of Ireland, stopped Jack Redmond, in the fourth round of the main event at the Meadowbrook Oval, Newark, Harry Cooper, finished John Rodgers, 2:30 of the first round, Mooch Murphy, knocked out Jimmy Falco, in 1:03 of the first.

Leo one-punch Williams, scored a big surprise in holding Steve Dudas to a ten-round draw at the West New York Stadium. This fight being highly underated, by the closest of fight followers, didn't even draw expenses and put Jack Jenning, the promoter in the red aplenty. But, by the showing Williams made, the next time he appears in West New York, he should pack them in. Rockie Thurer, gained a well earned decision over Vince Funk in six rounds. Johnny Scibelli won the decision over Eddie Zimmerman who was seconded by my old pal, Joe Braddock, Jay Jays brother. Joe Micelli and Billy Kennedy battled on even terms in a sixer. The only K.O. on the bill was scored by King Francis, over Jimmy Williams, in the second round of a four, while Willie Scott, of Jersey City, and George Clark, of Newark battled even Stephen in the opener.

In answer to sport queries, write to Emil Calcagni, P. O. Box 41, Cresskil, N. J. In answer to the query of William Thomas, Sussex England, address James J. Braddock Guttenberg, N. J. Trader Horn, in care of Allie Ridgeway, 351 Palisade Ave., Union City, N. J. Phil Johnson and Paulio Sykes, c/o Joe Jennette, 27th St. and Summit Ave., Union City, N. J.

Buckey Jones, Morristown sensational welterweight, decisioned Johnny Jadick, of Philadelphia in the main event of 8 rounds at Plainfield, Tony Orrico, won over Johnny Grant, (6); Ralph Vona, beat Andy Tellymondi, (6); Pete Pantillo, outpointed Elmer Robinson, (6).

Gene Mickens, former Weehawken High School student, surprised local boxing fraternity, in the surprising fight he put up against Tony Galento, of Orange. Young Mickens was dropped 3 times for long counts by Tony's paralizing left hooks but surprised the multitude, in winning 4 of the 10 rounds of the feature contest at the Meadowbrook Oval, in Newark. Gene, spotted Galento, 45 pounds weighing 177 to 222 for Galento.

Mootch Murphy, boxed on even terms with Willie Skitmore, in a six-rounder, Charlie Mantz, won by a T.K.O. over Andy Wallace, (2); Jess Townsend; trailed Lew Greenberg, (5); Harry Cooper, edged out Jerry Fernandez, (4); Al Fenn, technicaled Jimmy Dana, (4).

Joey Ferrando outslugged Fritzie Zivic in ten furious rounds before a large gathering of fight fans at the Braddock Bowl in Jersey City. Little Chief Hurtado knocked out Johnny Clark in the fifth round of an eight-round semi-final; Jack Sharkey, Jr., stopped Danny Paparazzo (4); Joey Tagg edged out Elmer Robinson (6); Frankie Williams decisioned Larry Rena (6); Phil Franco stopped Andy Peters (3).

Jack Doyle, the Irish heavy, put Jack Jennings, promoter for the West New York Stadium, in an awful hole by not going through with his proposed match with One-Punch Leo Williams. Jennings put the show off twice on Doyle's account, only to have it cancelled altogether when Doyle refused to have anything to do with the colored slugger.

Any good boy from out of town will draw good around here with either Joey Ferrando, Joey Costa or Lou Lombardi, who are the best all-around fighters and attractions around Hudson County.

All you fight fans, managers and boxers—if you want to get the lowdown on the fistic doings of the month, read Nat Fleischer's column in The Ring magazine every month.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

THE writer, in conjunction with John J. Fogarty, prominent cotton broker, sponsored the fourth of a series of combats which are to follow when Joe Knight, who is in the midst of a successful comeback teased Donald "Reds" Barry for ten rounds with right jabs and left hooks to cop the referee's decision at the spacious arena at Savannah, which incidently was packed to the rafters. The largest crowd in seasons turned out. Carl Knowles and the walloping Berry Baggett filled out the card in one of the two main bouts.

Boxing is on the uptrend in the South and this can be verified by the fact that new matchmakers are springing up in every nook and corner below the Mason and Dixon line.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE DAY:—Henry Weber continues to bring the best of wrestlers to Atlanta . . . . truly peer in his environment . . . . Dr. E. L. Duclos of Chattanooga who handles boys of class is a leading optometrist . . . . Hugh Martin, winter impressario at West Palm Beach, is now in the show business at Valdosta . . . . Pinky May, ex-Southern bantamweight champion, is now fighting fires. Fireman May in his heyday held the spotlight along with the late Young Stribling . . . . M. C. Martin is now promoting at Rome, Ga. . . . "Pa" Stribling is in the lumber business . . . . Battling Bozo is making a successful comeback . . . . Joe Knight is 25 . . . . Pat Flaherty's ambition, that of being a policeman, has been fulfilled . . . . Alex Laris, old time fighter is running the Boston Hatters at Athens . . . . LeRoy Brown who recently disposed of Bob Godwin is on the West Coast . . . . Johnny Dean of North Carolina shows signs of a coming champion . . . . My old friend Sammy Mandell is tutoring Billy Celebron, who held the world's Amateur welterweight championship in 1933 and likewise copped the National A.A.U. title at Boston and the Inter-National Golden Gloves title at Chicago . . . . Jess Willard, on his tour of the country as the third man, is now stationed at Denver, Colo. . . . Norment Quarles, ex-Southern Conference featherweight champion in 1933 and Southern conference lightweight champion in 1934, is still the "tops" and clicking in all arenas where he shows his wares . . . . Pat Heeney, imminent Eastern manager came South with Al Levinsky as did Joe Chap who has a stable of good boys in the East . . . . Dennis Flynn, father of Eddie, is editor of the American Leader which is published at New Orleans . . . . A. D., Capehart is singing the praises of a young heavyweight that he will soon spring forth. At 21 years of age the dwarf stands into the ozone at 6 ft. 5 in. He hails from Oxford, N. C. . . . Young Eddie Williams, also of the Tar Heel State who has stopped the majority of his foes, has gone to Texas . . . . A colored bantamweight can make from $100 upward to $250 if he has a good record for Lucius Fleet is a drawing card at New Orleans. Contacts can be made by writing to Paul Gray, 1638 N. Prieur St. at New Orleans . . . . Your scribe is managing Jack Denning, light-heavyweight champion of the Carolinas and one of the Souths leading fighters in his division . . . . Chino Alvarez, Cuban lightweight is the hardest punching "lighty" barring none, for he has stopped Battling Gizzy, Charlie Gomer, Jimmy Watts, Jimmy Reed, Lou Jallos, Erwin Berlier, Johnny Cook, Gene Tillman and many others.

THEY TOOK PLACE LAST MONTH:—Carl Knowles stopped Charles "Kid" Baisden at Savannah . . . . Joe Knight T.K.O.'ed Corn Griffin at Jacksonville . . . . Battling Bozo and Carl Knowles fought to a draw at Chattanooga . . . . Joe Knight trimmed Dutch Weimer at Miami . . . . Patsy Haley decisioned Jimmy Stutts and disposed of Bulldog Mathis at Savannah . . . . At Baltimore, Young Raspi outpointed Billy Teems . . . . Sid Silas decisioned Tony Rock at Washington . . . . Ed. Ray former sports editor of the Tampa Daily Times has been appointed managing editor. Ray was sports editor of the Macon Telegraph before joining the Time's staff.

In conclusion your scribe wishes to hear from pugs who are not tied up and in first letters please send clippings, photos, etc. The address is 1911 Waters Avenue and until next month . . . . Adios.

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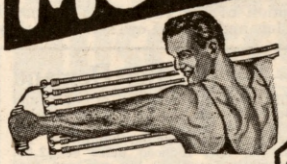

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Owing to limited space, the full page photo of Tommy Loughran advertised for this issue, will appear in the next number.

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

FIFTEEN boxing shows held in Chicago in July attracted approximately 20,858, a survey reveals. Gross receipts are estimated at $24,423.

With the exception of the two shows promoted by James C. Mullen and Nate Lewis at Comiskey park and Mills stadium the cards were more or less of minor league character. Even so several of these clubs are believed to have shown a financial profit for the month.

White City, of which Howard Carr is matchmaker, offered only one show, headed by an eight round bout between Clinton Bridges of Detroit, 1935 international Golden Gloves light-heavyweight champion, and Bill Treest of Batavia, Ill., 1934 Chicago Golden Gloves middleweight king. The match, which was won by Treest, drew 1,144. Receipts were $1,505.

Then there was the fight between Jimmy Christy, Catholic Youth organization lightweight, and Jackie Sharkey, former Minneapolis, Minn., boxer, contested at Marigold Gardens under the auspices of Co-Promoters Jack Begun and Irving Schoenwald. A crowd of 1,200 saw Christy win the ten-round decision. Receipts were $1,150.

The program at Comiskey park featured a 15-round encounter between Holman Williams, Detroit, and Baby Tiger Flowers, Omaha, Neb., for the colored lightweight championship. Williams scored a technical knockout in the eighth round, a round which proved to be one of the most exciting ever witnessed by the 6,261 who grossed $7,475 through the turnstiles.

A ten-round battle involving Bobby Pacho, El Centro, Cal., and Frank Sagilo, Cicero, Ill., which was won by Pacho, and an appearance by Joe Louis, last year's Chicago Golden Gloves title-holder, helped swell the gate.

The only other show of major league proportions held here during the month brought together Tony Canzoneri, lightweight monarch, and Pacho at Mills stadium. A gathering numbering 4,475 paid $8,074 to watch Canzoneri survive a third round knockdown and go to win. The result, attendance and the receipts at the various clubs in July follow:

At Comiskey park—Holman Williams, stopped Baby Tiger Flowers, (8) before 6,261; receipts, $7,475.

At Western Stadium—Petey Mike, Palm Beach, Fla., beat Puggy Weinert, Chicago, (10) before 700; receipts, $480. Gene Stanley, Detroit, stopped Kid Leonard, (7), before 1,100; receipts, $700. Billy Celebron, Rockford, Ill., beat Petey Mike, (10) before 1,100; receipts, $869. Mickey Patrick, East Chicago, Ind., knocked out Mickey Balaban, Buffalo, N. Y., (3) before 500; receipts, $469. Dave Clark, Detroit, beat Don Conn, Los Angeles, Cal., (8), before 450; receipts, $449. Totals—Five shows drew 3,850; receipts, $2,967.

At Kerwin's arena—Nestor Bruggman, Catholic Youth organization, and Al Pahl, Sioux Falls, S. D., drew, (6) before 100; receipts, $90.

At Marigold Gardens—Billy Celebron beat Billy Miller, Milwaukee, Wis., (10), before 800; receipts, $590. Jimmy Christy beat Jackie Sharkey, (10), before 1,200; receipts, $1,150. Patsy Severo, Meadville, Pa., beat Johnny Erickson, New York, (10), before 1,000; receipts, $817. Adolph Wiater, Green Bay, Wis., and Roscoe Toles, Toledo, O., drew, (8), before 850; receipts, $816. Petey Mike beat Patrick Henry, and Thurston McKinney, Detroit, beat Puggy Weinert, each ten rounds, before 800; receipts, $723. Totals—Five shows drew 4,650; receipts, $4,096.

At White City—Bill Treest beat Clinton Bridges, (8), before 1,144; receipts, $1,505.

At Mills Stadium—Tony Canzoneri beat Bobby Pacho, (10), before 4,475; receipts, $8,074.

At Northwest Stadium—George Engel, Plymouth, Ind., beat Puggy Weinert, (6), before 378; receipts, $216.

The greatest member of the colored race since the late Booker Taliafero Washington, American educator of a quarter of a century ago. That's what the colored folk are saying of Joe Louis, following the 1934 Chicago Golden Gloves champion's knockout conquest of King Levinsky at Comiskey park before 40,00. Gross receipts were $214,000. The victory was Joe's twenty-fourth in as many professional encounters. It was his twentieth knockout triumph.

Though some boxing experts are inclined toward Max Baer in the latter's impending contest with Louis, the majority pick Louis to win . . . . Those who favor the colored heavyweight contender point out that everybody knows Louis will be in fighting condition whereas it is uncertain whether or not Baer will train diligently . . . . Louis receives 4 cents for every magazine sold containing his life story signed by himself . . . . Ford Smith of Kalispell, Mont., newest of the heavyweight challengers, is 23 years old . . . . Smith, who has two daughters, one at 3 years of age and the other 1, has been boxing professionally since 1932 . . . . In that tme he had about 41 matches, winning all except a few . . . . He was paid his highest purses in bouts with Hank Hankinson and Art Lasky . . . . Ford received $1,400 for a fight with Hankinson and $1,000 for his upset triumph over Lasky.

TEN YEARS AGO IN THE RING—Billy De Foe, trainer of Primo Carnera, beat Frankie Garcia in six rounds at Vernon, Cal. . . . Jack Dempsey engaged in eight "unimportant" exhibition bouts . . . . The referee of the Tiger Flowers-Ted Moore encounter at Cleveland, O., called the fight "no contest" when Moore was unable to continue in the sixth round because of lack of condition . . . . Tommy Freeman, now attempting a comeback, was a leading challenger for the welterweight crown.

Miss Joan Fleischer, young daughter of Nat Fleischer, editor of The Ring, world's foremost boxing and wrestling magazine, is quite a swimmer and excels in other sports also. She can hit the bullseyes with a .22 like a veteran. In addition, Miss Fleischer is a budding writer of fiction and reads copy for her father. Nat was in town for the Louis-Levinsky bout.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

AL HAMILTON'S flailing fists took another set footing in the lightweight stock when he defeated Johnny Alba, tough New York City Filipino, in ten rounds at the Parkway Arena under the direction of Herman and Maxwell Katz.

Hamilton's victory over Alba, who has a sensational bout to his credit with the once great Kid Chocolate, should place him in line for a shot at Freddie Miller, featherweight champion, when the latter returns to his home town. Miller is scheduled to take on Roger Bernard in his first local encounter.

While Hamilton continued on his merry way, Tiger Walker, the Negro from whom Al won the state 135-pound title, stepped back into the running as a contender for the state title when he knocked out Jess Calhoun of Cincinnati in the ninth round. On the same card, Danny Millilo, sensational Italian welterweight, stepped a notch higher in his division by beating Lee Cox, the popular Cincinnatian, in ten rounds.

Speaking of Millilo, the former amateur star, I received a short letter from Bill Powers, his manager, and I consider certain paragraphs of this letter so neat along the lines of advice that I am hereby quoting Bill:

"At this time I haven't a photo of Danny Millilo and to be frank, I don't want any taken. Sounds strange for a manager and publicity man to crack that way, but in Danny's case, I don't want him to have any publicity as yet, because the public will expect too much from him. Too many good boys are ruined by taking them along too fast. Danny has had but fourteen fights professionally. He won eleven of them in two, three and four-round knockouts, which means that his entire professional career consists of about sixty two-minute rounds of fighting."

I agree with Bill thoroughly.

Billy Saffin, veteran Mount Washington promoter, is staging some real fight cards each Friday night at his Beechnut Arena. On one of his latest cards, Saffin had Luis Carpentero, the Toledo Filipino, pound out an eight-round verdict at the expense of Joe Dragan, veteran Cincinnati bantamweight.

About the best prospect Saffin has showing this summer is Babe Hudson, an American Negro from out that way. Hudson has finished all of his opponents in jig time. He looks to have the goods and should go far under the right management.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Jack W. Davis, former New York City welterweight, who is now a manager and promoter, is touting a heavyweight find, Daniel Boone . . . . Jack believes his Kentucky heavy is headed for the top and he will release him for his first once-over to the critics on one of Mickey Kilcher's shows in Covington . . . . Lee Cox and Johnny Kayo Stevens may make a belated trip to Texas, if plans don't go awry . . . both should make a big hit down in the Lone Star State . . . . Paul Gray, New Orleans promoter, bulletins that he is in quest of good colored bantamweights . . . . 118-pound Negro battlers who can fight should get in touch with the writer at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O., if you want this connection . . . . this goes also for all good fighters without any strings attached to them . . . . Harry Hodges, New York manager of Lou Camps, clever Eastern lightweight, writes he is coming out this way after the best 135-pounders . . . . Camps would make a good scrap with either Al Hamilton or Tiger Walker . . . . Matty Mario, former Staten Island welterweight, recently turned manager and is now touting Tony Gurra, a rough and ready heavyweight . . . . Matty believes he has struck pay dirt in Guerra, who he claims knocked out his last four opponents.

At Canton, O., Chet O'Kelly, Akron lightweight, boxed a ten-round draw with Harry Weekly of Alliance, O.

In two of the Parkway prelim bouts, Lou Blossom stopped Ralph Haubner in three rounds; George Ashman beat Eddie Annavetter in four, and Johnny Joiner won from Young Tiger Flowers in four heats.

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HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

BY MICKEY McINTIRE

IN the outstanding fight of the month in Michigan, Chuck Woods, Detroit's lightweight contender took a ten-round decision over Maxie Strub, Erie, Pa., at the Arena Gardens Bowl in Detroit. This was a very close fight, with Strub making a whirlwind finish which took the crowd's eye, but failed to take the eye of the referee, Clarence Rosen.

In his first start in Detroit since going under the management of Archie Sillman, Sammy Chivas, Greek lightweight defeated Matty Bagnato of New York. Chivas showed plenty of class and looks to be headed for big time.

Roger Bernard, veteran campaigner from Flint, is going great guns in the East. Roger has been cleaning up all the 130 pounders around Washington, D. C., and Philadelphia, Pa. Bernard is boxing Freddy Miller soon.

Bobby "Red" Wood, Flint 120 pounder is another Michigan boy going good in the East. Red lost his last start to Joe Teams, a big strong featherweight, but that is nothing to be disgraced about as Teams has fought all the good boys, while Red has been boxing pro less than a year. Gene Barrett has won all of his starts in the East also.

Lee Sheppard, Cleveland colored lightweight barely outscored Billy McNeil of Flint in a six round headliner at one of Bob Brace's weekly shows at Dearborn. A knockdown in the fifth round earned Sheppard an edge.

Sammy Chivas knocked out Wad Sidorski in a headliner at the Arena bowl. Lefty Gwynne, Jimmy Brady's ace bantamweight knocked out Lester Qillen of Grand Rapids in the semi-final. Gwynne is a very good puncher and he keeps in good shape.

Roger Bernard, Bobby "Red" Wood, and Gene Barrett are being taken care of by George Sheppard while they are in the East. Sheppard is the man responsible for their good fortune.

Pee Wee Jarrell, veteran jumping jack from Mishawauke, Indiana is now making his headquarters in Detroit. Pee Wee defeated Jimmy Cholak twice, and outscored Ward Snider, who is a promising boy himself.

Speedy Johnson and Orville Drouillard fought a draw at Mt. Clemens. Speedy is a nice boxer, while Drouillard is a good club fighter. They put up a swell battle.

The amateurs are still going strong, much stronger than the professionals. Some of the results follow: Stan Evans lost to Joe Bauer. Al Nettlow beat Pat Kelly. Walter Cieslik beat Choppey Pulaski. Bob O'Connell beat Eddie Bonavia twice, Warren Williams, Freddy Robison, and dropped one to Bob McIntire. McIntire whipped Corky McCorquodale. Stanley Cieslik beat Danny Sanchez and lost to Tommy Morris. Sanchez lost to Jimmy Gabble and Freddy Aquisto. Morris beat Tommy Crowe, Bill Basil, Joe Mullane, and lost to Joe Sworek. Joe Mullane beat Tommy Crowe Johnny Barcchi, twice, Patrick Thomas. Basil beat Thomas who lost to Jerry Sullivan and Ralph Milligan. Thomas knocked out Duncan McFarland. Sullivan lost to Pat Martin and Ralph Milligan. Eddie Kozale beat Babe Spieles and Ed Smith. Emmett Smith lost to Joe Muollane. Jimmy Maloney lost to Don Stevenson. Stevenson beat Jimmy Dougherty and lost to Ed Smigel, but was stopped by Dave Egan. Egan stopped Gerald Coon, beat Ed Smigel, and lost to Sam Amico. Amico beat Smigel twice, and also beat Bobby Leash. Ted Simmons lost to William Joyce. Howell King beat Ed Emigel. Eugene Nevers split decisions with Andy Pezak and kayoed Jimmy Lagana. Lagana beat Ralph Palmer. Andrew Bailey stopped Red O'Brien, O'Brien beat Ray Barch and lost to Ed Saluski. Barch kayoed Louie Pulaski. Louie Chamberlain beat Saluski. Andy Pitrowski beat Steve Marrone. Vito Reyman beat Harold Cockrill. Paul Polkow beat Cockrill. Randolph Conway beat Wesley Davis and Zig Papulski. Davis beat Art Rubin. Richard Kauch lost to Joe Diskin twice, beat Diskin and then stopped him. Charley Camps beat Allan Patterson, and Willie Allen. Bill Bommer and Howell King kayoed opponents from Gary, Ind., and Lon Wright outpointed a Gary boy.

Here is a rating of the leading amateur boxers who have boxed since May 1. Flyweights: Patsy Urso, Jimmy Urso, Gus DiMaria, Bobby McIntire, and Corky McCorquodale. Bantams: Ed Kozale, Stanley Cieslik, Jimmy Gamble, Sid Jacobs, and Danny Sanchez. Feathers: Al Nettlow, Edgar Waling, Joe Sworek, Tommy Morris, and Joe Mullane. Lights: Paul Noeske, Randolph Conway, Howell King, Lonnie Wright, and Wesley Davis. Welters: Al Strong, Percy Jones, Jack Myers, Jim Porter, and Louie Chamberlain. Middles: Bill Bommer, Richard Kauch, Joe Diskin. Light-heavies: Stan Evans, Paul Polkow. Heavies: Carley Champs.

Jimmy Brady is still the biggest fight manager around. He is handling the middleweight Misko brothers, as well as Lefty Gwynne, the coming bantam champ.

Frank Kapanowski, one of the leading middleweights in Detroit, keeps busy. Frank fights at all the small towns in Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio.

The West Side A.C. is the best gym for professional boxers in Detroit. Lefty Gwynne, Pee Wee Jarrell, Mickey Misko, Frankie Misko, Stevie Takas, Jimmy Adamick, and Billy Burke are only a few of the good fighters training there. Julius Gonzalez is acting as trainer for Jimmy Brady's boys and they are always in fine shape, as they train at his club all the time, day in and day out.

BOXING THE ROUNDS IN MISSOURI

With MURL BROWN

SPRINGFIELD, Mo.—Promoter B. C. (Fat) Dent opened his first show here to a packed house. Fat couldn't have asked for better support. Young Simenton stopped Jimmie Johnson of Topeka in the second heat. Ray Keech, a popular local boy, finished Cowboy Gray in three while K.O. Christian knocked out Ralph Medley another local in the third of their go.

Kansas City, Mo.—Joe Ghnouly boxed a 10-round draw with Davy Day of Chicago. K. C. fans really supported this card and the fight was a *WOW*.

Poplar Bluff, Mo.—Young Simenton knocked out K. O. Christian in five rounds. K. O. McMullen beat Gene Shinault in the 6. Guy McKinney decisively defeated Louis Grobe in the sixth.

St. Louis, Mo.—Sollie Kesseler opened his Twentieth Century Sporting Club here in a blaze of glory.

Springfield, Mo.—At B. C. (Fat) Dent's second show here, Young Simenton K. O.'ed Jack Rymer. It was a hot fight. This Simenton has fought his way into the hearts of Springfield fans. Ray Keech, popular local boy, stopped Don Davidson in the first round of a scheduled eight rounder. Keech weighs, 138. K. O. Christian stopped Spider Lewis in four.

Poplar Bluff, Mo.—Merl Thompson and K. O. Christian boxed an eight round draw in the main event. K. O. McMullen beat George Dozier and Dobbie Collins beat Gene Schinault.

Springfield boxing headquarters is Joe Lyons' place on Boonville Avenue. Joe knows all the leading fighters in the country personally, and has an autographed picture of each one of them on the walls of his establishment. Fighters, managers, promoters, and rail birds all hang out at Joe's.

Boxers who haven't a manager and wish to show in Missouri, should get in touch with the writer at Poplar Bluff, Mo.

Special! Best show of the month Joe Ghnouly vs. Davey Day in Kansas City. Best boys this month—Young Simenton lightweight; Ray Keech, welterweight.

Missouri's leading promoter B. C. (Fat) Dent. Address City Street Department, Springfield, Missouri.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES

By SAM PORCELLI

TOMMY CURREY, well-known boxing promoter at Endicott, N. Y., ran a benefit show for the Flood Relief. Tommy put on a great card in showing a team from Ottawa. The Canadians won four out of the five bouts.

At Endicott, N. Y., Eddie Waple defeated Benny Baxter, Joe Ketchum defeated Bob Crack, Larry Gainlick defeated Steve Kukol, Paul Riffo defeated George Ruffo, Cliff Collins defeated Bob Ruffo; all five-round bouts.

Kodak Park ran its monthly amateur boxing show and the local boys defeated the Auburn team easily. The following local boys showed on the card: Joe Di Carlo, Tony Palizzo, Stanley Ketchell, Benny Baxter, Joe Siconfie, Jake Hagaman, Jim Flood, and a few others.

Al Traino, Rochester's Toy Bulldog, is fighting often at Toronto, Erie and around the country. Traino is a good club fighter and, lose or win, he gives the fans plenty of action.

Tiger LeRoy Smith, a good middleweight, is back in Rochester and in fine shape. Tiger would like to hear from anybody who can get him any work. Write the Tiger, in care of the writer, 238 Lyndhurst St., Rochester, N. Y. The writer will answer all mail if you send a stamped envelope.

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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

MONTREAL is apparently due for a boxing boom such as has not been experienced in the Canuck Metropolis for several years, the action being supplied in the battling bantam brigade and the larruping light-heavy line-up, with the Forum and the Baseball Stadium serving as the battlefronts. The game built up slowly during the spring and early summer months until finally the long awaited Sixto Escobar-Pete Sanstol "natural" attracted a turnout of more than eleven thousand fans, who clicked the Forum turnstiles to the tune of more than ten thousand dollars gross, the net receipts being a few hundred less than that figure.

Armand Vincent, the matchmaking maestro behind the Forum presentations, though officially recognized as "advisor and assistant matchmaker," celebrated his birthday in fitting fashion on August 7th, when his Escobar-Sanstol match signalized his re-entry into boxing promotions. Practically every fight on the card was a humdinger, providing plenty of action, climaxed by the main bout which was a sensational thriller sparkling with brilliant boxing, furious slugfests and an amazing display by Sanstol of raw courage, fighting heart, durability and determination that provided rare ring drama. Wotta fite!

Escobar was a 3-1 favorite with many figuring him to flatten the Blond Bullet from Norway. In the early part of the fight, a twelve-rounder, Sanstol held his own with his brilliant defensive skill and ever-popping left hand. Escobar started to get the range in the sixth, a slashing left hook opening a cut under Pete's right eye, but it was the seventh stanza that proved the fateful turning point of the fight. Shortly after the bell Escobar connected with a crackling right to the chin and Sanstol wobbled unsteadily, badly shaken, but stumbled into a clinch before Escobar could follow up. Sanstol was shaky until the last half minute of the round, when he surged in with a desperate attack.

The eighth was Sanstol's best round, though weakened from Escobar's onslaughts in the seventh. Pete waded right in and the sheer fury of his attack kept Escobar from doing much damage, while the crowd roared. Sanstol kept on trying, his face a bloody mask, until the end, and Escobar, a true sportsman, knowing that a knockout was impossible with this iron-jawed, lion-hearted Norseman, refrained from possibly inflicting serious injuries to Sanstol's swollen, bleeding eyes, concentrating on the body. In the last round, the blinded Sanstol plunged in recklessly, holding his own in a thrilling finish. Escobar got the decision, of course, but Sanstol got the applause.

The semi-final ten-rounder was an earnest set-to between Frankie Martin, Canuck bantam king, and Baby Quintana, with Martin proving too strong and aggressive for Quintana.

Joe Marsh and Rene Loubier, junior welters, battled in another scheduled ten-rounder, but hostilities ceased abruptly in the fourth, Referee Georges Girardin awarding a technical knockout to Loubier when Marsh refused to resume hostilities after being floored with a low blow, only to have it reversed by the Commission when their physician's examination revealed that Marsh had been struck a low blow by the heavy-slugging Sherbrooke battler.

Eddie Carroll, Ottawa's flashy welterweight, clinched his status as leading contender for the Canadian title held by Gordon Wallace, Vancouver, with his brilliant win over Joe Dunn, Sam Gibbs' protege, in a spicy six-rounder. Carroll had previously beaten Frankie Genovese, conqueror of Tommy Bland, and Sonny Jones, Vancouver's dusky ace, in Toronto, and is likely to hook up with Wallace for the title soon. The lad has class plus!

Maxie Berger, promising local Jewish featherweight, didn't take long to take Rene Petit's measure, flattening the Verdunite for the count.

Jules Racicot also deserves credit for helping to build up the game. Against all sorts of handicaps, he has kept on putting on show after show and is due to get his desserts through the medium of his newly acquired ace light-heavy drawing card, Al McCoy. McCoy gave a fine display on Racicot's card at the Baseball Stadium, warming up for a few rounds before sending Doc Conrad, Newark, to the cleaners. McCoy is a colorful performer. His future engagements here should be eye-fillers as Racicot is lining up fighters like Joe Knight, Billy Jones, Maxey Rosenbloom, etc., to meet him.

The semi-final revealed a new favorite-to-be in Dave Castilloux, who is reported to be a full cousin of McCoy. He showed more than ordinary ability to beat Frankie Martin in the semi-final. Like McCoy, being a French-Canadian, Castilloux may become a card here.

Harry Gerson stole the show in the preliminaries with his two-round knockout of Eddie Heathfield in a scheduled six-rounder.

The other preliminaries provided fairly good action though slightly one-sided. Rene Petit clouted Angel Perez, Puerto Rico, steadily to win easily in the opener, and Roland Lauziere, rugged local 130-pounder, pasted Phil Latouf in the other.

Julius Goldberg, Eddie Carroll's youthful manager, announces that a series of shows will be staged in Ottawa during the fall . . . . Jules Racicot's light-heavy tourney should get good support . . . . Toronto had good card with Tommy Loughran beating Eddie Simms in feature . . . . support weak, however, and promoters went in red . . . . seems like old times with crowds flocking to fights . . . . here's hoping it keeps up.

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ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS
By G. A. M. TUTTY

WRESTLING still attracts fair crowds in the Ontario metropolis—Toronto—but it is by no means as popular as of yore, and boxing, on the other hand, is returning as a major sports attraction. The Jubilee A. C. has some very attractive bouts in the offing. Playfair Brown is doing himself proud these days by lining up main bouts headlined by stars.

A Canadian or a local lad gradually brought to the fore should help the gate receipts, too—boys such as Sammy Jones, Eddie Carroll, Bobby Orr, Frankie Genovese, or George Platt, if encouraged, will get large local followings, and the days of Frenchy Belanger, Steve Racco, will be with us once more. Toronto has never been keen on the "heavy" boys. Anything from fly to welter seems to please better here.

Eddie Wenstrob, Canadian Pole from the West, who has done so well in England, wishes to fight Charlie Belanger, Canadian light-heavy champion, for his title. Wenstrob is in our midst with his manager, "Kap" Kaplansky, the man who has developed this boy.

Bobby Orr, fresh from two victories in the East, came to town to be under the writer's care for the next few years. He has two victories over Bobby Allen, something no other boy has up to the present time, and his style appeals to the crowd. He has never been off his feet to date, and proves to be a boon as an attraction. He can take and give and is a ready fighter who is willing to listen to advice, something that means a whole lot in this old game. Maritime promoters are angling for Orr to meet Allen again down East, something we'll do any time and place.

In answer to Bowey Shortt, former Toronto boy now resident in Scotland, T. Spencer's address is 58 Charles St. W., Toronto. When next coming to Canada, write me first, please.

All correspondence will be answered if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed. Address to the writer, 126 Walmer Road, Toronto. Note change of address.

Don't forget to get your RING at all newsstands in Ontario. It's the greatest mag on your favorite sports in the world. Ask for it by name, THE RING.

Tommy Laughran, veteran ex-light-heavy champion of the world, appeared in Toronto against Eddie Simms of Cleveland. A crowd of 3500 saw Tommy Loughran outpoint Simms by a slim margin. Loughran is still a clever man, although an old man as boxing goes. Eddie Haughton won the semi-final by halting Al Gatchell, who fractured his arm in the fifth. Len. Wodsworth, Hamilton, K.O.'d Mickey Regan in the fourth round. Sammy Jones of Vancouver lost to Eddie Carroll, Ottawa, easily outpointed all the way, and George Platts, Toronto, decisioned Al Traino of Rochester in the prelims.

BILLINGS, MONT., BOXING BITS
By C. E. "DOC." MITCHELL

KALLISPELL—Ford Smith, Kallispell, and Tom Lynch, of Deer Lodge, fought an exhibition here, Hansman, 165, Kallispell, drew in 6 with Young Hoxwood, 165, of Charlo.

Cody Wyo.—Al Webster, Billings, "The Old Iron Man," K.O.'ed Benny Yunalive, Denver, in the sixth. Rudy Groshal of Billings, K.O.'ed Henry Klein, of Loveland, Colo.

Livingston—Hubert Dennis, "The Bozeman Wild Cat" of Bozeman, K.O.'ed Lester Marston, San Francisco, in the third. Ray Cote, Butte, beat Tommy Corbett, Omaha, in ten. Eddy Hammer, Billings, stopped Sonny Cluckston, Livingston, in two. Paul Stewart, of Pittsburgh, decisioned Jack Hermon, San Francisco, in six. Kinny Boyce, Billings, drew in a six rounder with Charley Roper, Pittsburgh.

Red Lodge—Spider McCullum, Bozeman, beat Maurice "K. O." Hendrix, Fromberg, in eight. Huck Finn, Red Lodge, got a T.K.O. over Tommy Chaves, Lovel, Wyo., in five. Billy Neaubar, Billings, took a decision from Babe Ellis, Billings, in four. Bob Petty beat Geo. Warfel, in 4.

Glendive—Jimmy Kirwan, Miles City, drew with Bat Nelson, Bismark, N. D. in eight.

Bell Fourche, S. D.—Mel "Blacky" Bursheim, Bell Fourche, Lightweight Champ of S. D. added another win when he took Joe Duran, Scottsbluff, Neb. in ten hard rounds. Billy Cavin, Bell Fourche, took a severe trimming from Sol Luna, Denver, in eight. Ted Garcia, Denver, won in six over Kid Reed, Faith, Lloyd Harmon, "Golden Glove Champ. of Bell Fourche, scored the only K.O. of the evening's show by stopping Whitey Lerseth, of Hill City, in two rounds . . . . Get your Ring dope in early, Address 119 N. 28th St.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

AS this column goes to press, a new athletic corporation is being formed here with the idea of staging several big boxing shows in this city during the fall and winter months. While no official announcements have yet been made, those in the new organization are reported to be "money men" and, to our way of thinking, it will take someone with a real bankroll to put over the sport here, but it can be done. Syracuse is one of the best boxing cities in the state, and if the fans are given real attractions, they will turn out in droves.

The last three promoters here had little actual cash to work with and as a result their efforts to put over the sport with very ordinary cards were anything but successful. Syracuse ringworms want nothing but high class shows and are willing to pay for them. If the new outfit gets off on the right foot with a top-notch show, we look for another golden era for boxing in this vicinity!

Red Herring, veteran Utica promoter, is due to get under way this month, and over in Binghamton our friend, Johnny McIntyre, is busy lining up fistic programs for his fall and winter season.

Syracuse has some real good ringmen and we have often wondered why out-of-town promoters don't wise up and give some of these lads a break. Here is a list and weights of some mighty formidable fighting men: Johnny Nelson, 175; Eugene (Bad Boy) Emanuel, 145; Bud Fisher, 135; Al Salbano, 160; Lou Alpert, 133; Eddie Dempsey, 140; Bob Moody, 200; Billy Munico, 160; Jackie Flowers, 160; Sherman Rosen, 145; Babe Amos, 160; and Joey Kushner, 130 pounds.

Alfy Williams, local Negro middleweight, is still around with his right arm in a plaster cast, the result of his fight at Elmira a month or so ago with Mellio Bettina of Beacon, N. Y. Alfy hit Bettina so hard in the second round he broke a bone in his own right arm!

Freddie Sallus, local middleweight, was used as build-up fodder by Teddy Yarosz, middleweight champion, in the title-holder's initial comeback effort. Yarosz hung a slumber punch on Freddie's chin in the second round of a scheduled ten-rounder at Steubenville, O.

Joey Brown motored to Buffalo and made a fine showing before Bison City fans when he slugged through six vicious rounds to a draw with Joey Gerace on the Buddy Baer-Al Delaney card. Baer kayoed Delaney in the fourth after flooring him five times, but Al succeeded in dropping the younger Baer in the opening stanza! The show drew seventy-five hundred dollars.

Eddie Saxon, Jack McCann's good colored middleweight, made his bow at Pittsburgh, but lost a close ten-round decision to Marty Simmons of McKeesport, Pa.

Paul Pirrone avenged a recent defeat at the hands of Eddie (Babe) Risko by taking the local middleweight contender into camp in Cleveland. The consensus of opinion was that Risko enjoyed a slight edge.

Joe Feldy donned his promotorial robes and staged a big amateur boxing show at Oswego for the American Legion Rifle Corps. The wind-up, a middleweight shindig between Pat Cunningham of Johnson City and Mickey Greenly, chunky LaPorte, Pa., slugger, provided a crowd of thirty-eight hundred fans with five rounds of furious slugging. Cunningham was awarded a popular decision by dint of a whirlwind finish after dropping the first two heats to his aggressive opponent.

Tommy Curry of Endicott, former pro lightweight boxer, is now matchmaker for the Endicott-Johnson A. A. and is putting on highly successful amateur cards twice a month at Johnson Field. Some of Tommy's shows draw crowds ranging from six thousand to seven thousand fans. There is plenty of action, very little science and often lots of laughs. Tommy's brother Red, who was a sweet welterweight a couple of years back, is helping him line up the cards.

Jackie Coogan, juvenile screen star, was a visitor in Syracuse for several days . . . . Jackie was born here and his grandparents and most of his relatives live in this city . . . . The Syracuse Arena is reported to be seeking the services of James J. Braddock, world's heavyweight champion, for an exhibition bout . . . . Jimmy has never shown in this section and would pull a tremendous crowd . . . . Art Sykes, the Elmira heavyweight, was offered a bout at Savannah, Ga., with Joe Knight, the Southern champ, but was forced to turn it down as he is in line for a crack at John Henry Lewis in Chicago . . . . Maxie Strub, the Erie welter, is going good again and Duke Denning informs us Maxie was "robbed" of the decision in a battle at Detroit with Chuck Woods . . . . The Duke sent newspaper statements around the country, all of which were one hundred per cent for Strub . . . . Bob Buck, famous young aviator of Elmira, is touring the state with Bob Allen, publisher of the Elmira *News*, in the new *News* plane, taking up passengers gratis . . . . It is sort of a good will tour and has been very successful.

Clair Kelly of the Chicago *American* writes some great boxing articles . . . . He has a brilliant mind and his stuff has the punch . . . . Harold Steinman, manager of Kingfish Levinsky, and Izzy Klein, who used to be trainer for Barney Ross, were in Elmira with Adolph Wiater . . . . Eddie Long and Clair Kelly were also there en route to New York for the memorable Carnera-Louis tussle . . . . A surprising number of Syracuse boxers are on the relief rolls due to the current boxing depression hereabouts . . . . There are all kinds of fighters in this section . . . . Al Wertheimer, former intercollegiate featherweight champion, is commissioner for the Niagara District A. A. U. in charge of amateur boxing in this sector . . . . Lester Ryder, Schenectady boxer who used to be one of the big cards in the bootleg boxing era, has turned pro and is seeking ring work . . . . Lester recently returned from Beaumont, Texas, where he engaged in several contests, winning them all . . . . Babe Risko has been training at Stillman's gym in New York under the watchful eye of Ray Arcel.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

WEEKLY outdoor professional boxing shows are being staged at the Walnut Beach Stadium, Milford, Conn., under the promotorial auspices of Al Caroly and Lew Anger, associate, and are displaying interesting bouts. In the club's first show, Louis "Kid" Cocoa, holder of the New England welterweight title, decisively defeated Paul Canermore of Long Island, New York, in an eight-round contest.

Buddy Mignault, a willing fighter, who is a fistic product of Brockton, Mass., won his semi-final bout by punching out a decisive victory over Fanis Tzanatonpolis in an eight-rounder.

Phil Baker, Norwalk lightweight glove wielder, boxed his way to an eight-round decision over Phil Salvatore of Newark, N. J.

Red Woods of Flint, Mich., defeated Pinky Morris in a four-round bout. Stantely Morris won a four-round decision over Frankie Smith.

Approximately four thousand fight fans marched through the turnstile to the White City Stadium, West New Haven, to witness Nathan Mann, sensational light-heavyweight, handed out his ring foe, Eddie Carr, colored battler, a sound thrashing throughout the contest by displaying his customary mauling attack, punched him at will all over the ring to gain a technical knockout victory in the feature eight-round tussle for his third consecutive triumph under the new management of Max Waxman. Carr was knocked down in every round.

In the eight-round semi-final, Johnny Bellus, New Haven lightweight boxer, turned in a splendid triumph over Jackie Davis.

Phil Baker, Norwalk lightie, who is going good, gained a six-round technical knockout over Harry Alexanian of Worcester, Mass.

Charley Eagle, middleweight leather tosser of Waterbury, and Tiger Jack Renault of New Haven staged a slugging affair that pleased the customers, with the verdict going to Eagle at the end of the six-round bout.

Jack Sharkey, Waterbury fighter, punched out a four-round win over Rocco Mullo of New Haven.

Promoter Dick Gray united with Ike Weimer in promotion of fisticuffs sponsored the good boxing show.

Jimmy Leto, Hartford, welterweight leather tosser, outpunched Benny Bass of Philadelphia in a ten-round star attraction at the South Park Arena, staged by the promoter, Hy Malley.

In the ten-round semi-windup, Steve Carr outpointed his opponent, Fanis Tzanatonpolis, to win a popular decision.

Red Guggino took a six-round decision over Pinky Morris. Jerry Meloni of Springfield pounded out a victory over Eddie Forte of Willimantic in a six-rounder.

Eddie Mays, Hartford battler, scored a three-round technical knockout over Al Dowd of Manchester.

Buddy Mignault and Buck Tracy exchanged blows in a lively fashion for eight rounds, and the referee ruled it a draw, in a star bout at Walnut Beach Stadium.

Werther Arcelli, welterweight of Italy, dealt his rival, Jimmy Knight of Syracuse, New York, a neat lacing to score a technical knockout in the fifth session of a billed eight-round bout.

Pete Perman pounded out a clean-cut win on points over Joe Palooka of New Haven in a four-rounder. Frankie Smith defeated Stanley Morris in four. Eddie Michaels, light-heavyweight of Springfield, scored a three-round knockout over Eddie Burch.

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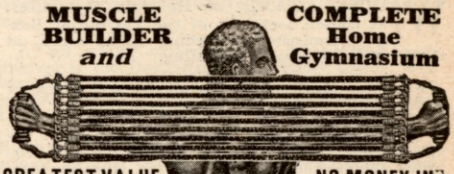

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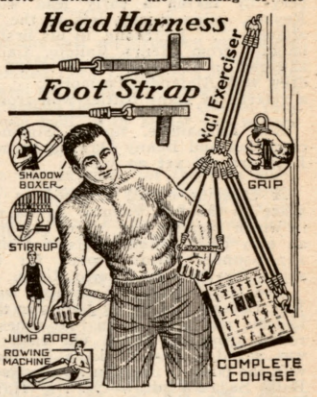

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IN HAWAII
By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

WALTER ADAMS, of Honolulu Advertiser, was chosen secretary of the Territorial Boxing Commission succeeding Eddie Hoch, at the new Commissioners meeting.

Promoter Mark Choo, the most active promoter is financially backed by Marcus Nonsarrat.

Three fighters from the Mainland under the management of George Blake, ran away with victories against the local boys at the Honolulu Stadium, despite drizzling rain. A fair sized crowd witnessed the bouts.

The card was headed by Walter Strappel and Rush Basco and went the limit of six rounds with Stroppel the victor. "Sonny" Valdez, the most talked of fighter here, kept his string of victories intact when he won a technical kayo over "Ball Bearing" Pagan, of Maui in the fourth. A right to the chin floored Pagan for a eight count in the third and again he was floored for a nine count in the fourth. He came up gamely but once more he hit the deck before Referee Doran stopped the slaughter. Watch for this boy Valdez. Joey Rosenbery by taking a early lead won from Little Reynes, using mostly left to the head and body attack . . . Joe Stone, in his first pro start, won handily from Henry Callejo. Callejo was badly battered in the last round . . . . K.O. Kuratsu drew with Alejandro Pasmore . . . . Battling Bolo, a veteran of many battles won from Eddie Haas.

Abe Konaaihele, former Simon-pure flyweight champion and Benny Dawson turned professional. Both are not yet 20 years.

A capacity crowd jammed in every available space on the last Volcano Arena monthly smoker in which Popular Kid Moro, at 136¼ pounds won an easy eight rounds decision from Ramon Dias, 137 pounder. Moro proved far too clever and shifty for the local Puerto Rican.

The best bout of the evening was furnished by Joey Ledsma and Sabas Jamito in the semi-windup. Ledsma put Sabas down four times, once in every round from the third. On each occasion Sabas was saved a possible kayo by the bell. Ledsma won the popular decision . . . . K. O. Dafang and Bull Seda a draw . . . . Harry Katsumoto T.K.O.'d Ignacio Rayray in three heats . . . . August Rodrigues beat Bulldog Emilio . . . . Young Howard T.K.O.'d Kid Orine in one.

Honolulu Stadium—Charley Miller is not the same fighter who showed here two years ago. He lost his second fight this time to Joe Velasco. Velasco floored Miller for a count of nine in the fourth round. George Blake was the third man.

Using his left to great advantage, Alejandro Pasmore copped the decision from Larry Santana of Maui in a six-round event . . . . Joe Stone lost to Young Tony in one of the best fights of the evening. Both took turns on the canvas . . . . Joey Rosenberg, another Blake's boy, earned a lucky draw with Kayo Duratsu . . . . Benny Dawson drew with Kid Waialua . . . . Packo Pass beat Ed Sharkey . . . . and Abe Konaaihele won from Bobby Kakutani.

Staging a comeback with lack of training, Young Bolo lost to Emilio "Kayo" Pagan before a small crowd at the Civic Auditorium. Bolo held his own with Pagan during the early part of the bout but due to lack of training, he failed to keep up the game fight.

"Giant" Comstock, six feet four inches and who weighed 200 pounds, was knocked out by Young Aguinaldo, only Filipino heavyweight on the Island, in the first round. A left swing to the chin knocked the Mainland boy dizzy. Aguinaldo tipped the scales at 188 pounds . . . . Sonny Valdez won a technical knockout over Hermo Villa in two minutes 54 seconds of fighting in the fifth round. Referee Andy Biddle stopped the fight . . . . Joe Stone left jabbed his way to an easy decision over Freddie Buck . . . . Glen Taylor beat Tony Drone . . . . Packo Pass flattened Jimmy Bowser in the second round.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NOTES
By HERB McHUGH

TOMMY King did all right for himself in his first Australian appearance by holding Fred Henneberry, Australia's middleweight champion, to a draw. The decision was accepted by the majority of fans with great furore. Probably if one was compelled to split straws, I would have handed the pat to the home boxer, but considering that King had arrived only nine days previously and was tied down to make 160 lbs. at 2 o'clock, which he failed to do by one pound, by the way, costing him 200 dollars, being the amount of forfeit, the crowd's appreciation went his way.

There was no doubt that King was ahead with half the journey over, but he began to tire under the relentless attack of the Australian champion and for a number of rounds took a lacing. However, he took a new lease of life from the 11th and stoically kept with his man to stage a magnificent finish, absolutely running away with the points in the 14th and 15th rounds. During these sessions Henneberry was forced to nurse his right eye which was spitting blood through an accidental collision of heads in the 13th stanza.

All the fans are talking about now, is when the pair will meet again. The battle drew an approximate "gate" of 3,500.

Durable "fork-hander," Jack Portney of the U.S.A. confounded the critics by sharing the decision with Jack Carroll. In fact, a few of the scribes were emphatic that he was entitled to the winnings. However, Portney had himself to blame in many ways by continual claiming. Referee Joe Wallis is very hostile on the fighter who grabs his opponent when not needed and doesn't forget to deduct points from the offender's score sheet, which is at it should be. It was in view of Portney's penchant for going into a clinch that I personally favored Carroll. Still, the Canadian caused a flutter among those who live by laying the odds.

For the first six rounds Portney had things much his own way. He let punches come in from any angle, kept on top of his man and proved the truth of the advice that the only way to beat Carroll is to bustle and keep on bustling. With one eye completely closed and the other slightly cut, Carroll cut a sorry picture. The fact that the referee asked him at the end of eight rounds whether he was O.K. shows what a success Portney was making of the job. From then on there was a different story. Carroll grew audacious and finding plenty of room in which to work definitely turned the tide. Towards the finish, Portney attended to adopt his former role, but Carroll wouldn't let him with the result that the local got up in time to break even when the points were given out.

Colored light-heavyweight, Roy De Gans, who, with Gaston Le Cadre, came here under contract to Leichhardt Stadium, made a poor showing in his debut against Ambrose Palmer. After being on the receiving end for seven rounds, the contest was stopped with the Australian champion the winner on a T.K.O.

Gans was never in the picture. Maybe the occasion was too big for him. Fighting Palmer is a big job for any fighter and especially with Ambrose in the vicious mood he was in against De Gans. The whole affair must have been disappointing to the Leichhardt people, as the stadium was packed to the rafters, there being over 3,000 dollars worth of fans present. This is big money for a building with a capacity of only 4,500. Le Cadre had yet to be placed. It is to be hoped that he has a more successful opening. De Gans will be given another chance two weeks hence when he will meet a fast rising heavyweight in Young Campbell.

Jack Laurence is well installed here now. With the cares of Harry Devine, Tommy King, Tommy Jones (colored) and Johnny Forster on his shoulders, he will be kept busy with the promoters.

The latest arrivals here are Tommy King, Harry Devine, Johnny Foster and Tommy Jones, all under contract to the National Boxing Club. The Leichhardt promoter has Joe Gans and Gaston Le Cadre.

Fred Henneberry defeated Al Schaaf, who is now a member of the crew of one of the mail boats plying between here and Frisco. For some reason, Henneberry has postponed his trip to Europe. Some say it is owing to a hitch in the contract, but, personally, I am inclined to think that Al Lippe had some hand in it. Lippe tried hard to sign up three or four of the local champs and the crack racehorse, "Peter Pan."

Palmer is still here and fighting for comparatively small money. There has been some talk of John Henry Lewis coming this way for a bout with Palmer, which, if it does eventuate, will probably be an open-air affair. Four syndicates are bidding for this bout.

(More Australian Notes on page 54)

PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!
By CONRADO MATA

LITTLE PANCHO, bantamweight champion of the Orient, and B. de Guzman, 119 pounds, featherweight titlist, fought to a draw for twelve rounds in the Rizal Tennis Stadium. The correspondent believes that Pancho had a slight edge and should have won the bout. Paquito Limgenco promoted the show.

Joe Eagle, junior featherweight title-holder, the Filipino Toy Bulldog, hammered out a decision over his arch foe, Baby Johnson, lightweight champion, in a ten-rounder to win the junior lightweight crown. The fight was characterized by a toe-to-toe struggle.

Paquito Limgenco, "boy promoter," showed his friends that he can handle major cards with ease, the Pancho-De Guzman scrap being his example. Previously, he operated at the Osmena Boxing Park, which is now under the management of Jess Sto. Tomas Cortes.

Jess Cortes switched the scene of his activities from the Rizal Tennis Stadium to the Osmena Boxing Park. His first show in the ball park proved to be a complete "wash out." Cris Pineda and Jose Villanueva, headliners in his premiere card, failed to click with the fans.

By the time this report will have gone to press, the Zorilla Theater, former opera house, will have opened as a boxing club.

Paquito Limgenco, Captain Crispulo Onubia, and Dr. Augusto J. D. Cortes are the prominent officials of the Manila Boxing Club, which owns the Zorilla Theater.

Lee Shind Fond, Chinese flyweight from Malaya, is here under contract with the M. B. C. for a series of engagements. He may fight Young Santos, outstanding flyweight hereabouts, in his initial appearance. Tiny Tommy Murota and Don Stewart, two other M. B. C. importations, failed in their debut here a month ago. Of the last two fighters, Murota seems to possess the goods.

Tiny Tommy Murota, Japanese fighter, lost a heart-breaking decision to Young Santos in a ten-round bout held at the Osmena Boxing Park before a fair-sized crowd. Murota deserved a draw.

Don Stewart, lightweight, though losing on points to B. de Guzman, fast-moving featherweight champion, made a good bout out of it. He was liked, too, by the fans. He may be matched with Baby Johnson, lightweight champion.

Little Dado, 115 pounds, knocked on Little Pancho's doors louder when he outboxed and outfoxed Augie Curtis, of Seattle, Washington, in a ten. Curtis was able only to win a round, the rest went to the Filipino by big margins. Previously, Curtis lost to Star Frisco in their second engagement in the Philippines.

Bantamweights, featherweights and lightweights are in great demand here. The fight game is literally booming in these parts.

Piston Horiguchi, Japanese featherweight champion, who is now on his way to Singapore, may tackle Joe Eagle there. Whatever may be the result of the fight, they will be rematched in Manila under the auspices of the Manila Boxing Club. An Eagle-Horiguchi scrap here will draw more than ten thousand fans. There are more than two thousand Japanese fans in Manila, and as Horiguchi is their fistic idol, it will not be surprising to see them squeeze through the turnstiles to watch their man in action.

Fujita and S. Otshu, the latter being the Japanese bantamweight champion, are here to fight under the colors of Jess. Cortes.

Young Dumaguilas was held to a draw by a promising youngster in the person of Joe Peralta. It was a good fight while it lasted. Peralta had the edge.

Cris Pineda eked out a decision over Jose Villanueva in a ten-round scrap at the Osmena Park.

FISTIC TID-BITS—Paquito Limgenco is now the outstanding promoter in the Islands . . . . Formerly Jess Cortes held it . . . . Bayan Rivera is busy with his "cue artists" and in his own words, "I have no more time for boxing." (What a man!) . . . . In the Manila Boxing Club, Paquito Limgenco plays the role of the optimist, while Captain Onrubia does his part of the "pessimist" with success.

Ralph Hawkins, sports editor of the *Bulletin*, never fails to escort the missus to the fights. He was formerly the amateur lightweight champion of the University of the Philippines . . . . Pete Villanueva says that he is all right at the *Herald* . . . . Doc P. Anido, it seems, is a beauty as well as a fistic expert. A trip with the doctor at the Star Theater convinced the writer that Anido has such talents . . . . Mac Tiomico gave them the passes, however . . . . Arsenic Lacson, for the first time, rated Little Pancho the underdog against an opponent, in the Pancho-De Guzman bout. This goes to show De Guzman has the stuff.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.
By JACK SAUNDERS

SMILING KID, heavyweight champion, lost the title to Jack Hawthorne in a ten-round bout.

Syd Brown gained the decision over Buzz Barton in a rather uninteresting bout of ten rounds.

Young Williams, claimant to the lightweight crown, stepped out of his class and lost to Lefty Flynn on a T.K.O. in six rounds.

Young Chocolate, bantam king by virtue of a five-round K. O. over Pal Silver, won the featherweight championship.

Frisco Roy won the flyweight championship by a well-earned decision over Kid Hartley in ten rounds.

Boxing here is about to take a new lease on life, as we are practically sure of seeing ranking boxers from America plying their wares with the cream of our local boys. American stars to be seen here soon are: Buck Everett, Joe Banovic, Pete Sarron and Paul Marques.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

A CROWD of forty thousand, battered by torrential rain, gathered at Wembley Stadium to witness the return contest between Jack Petersen, the British and Empire heavyweight champion, and Walter Neusel, Germany. It was one of the best and fiercest contests seen here for many a day, and when Pa Petersen skied the towel at the end of the tenth, he saw all his son's chances slip away for a contest with J. J. Braddock for the world's heavyweight championship.

Neusel proved the stronger of the two, but after the sixth round, Petersen seemed to gather new life, and at times had the German on the retreat. At the end of the ninth, Petersen seemed to have the contest in hand. He handed out severe punishment and Neusel, at the end of the ninth, staggered to his corner all in. It seemed that he did not want to continue, but his manager, Paul Damski, begged him to sit on the stool, and when he came up for the tenth, he tore into Petersen with a do-or-die expression, and dealt out severe punishment to him. At the end of the round Pa Petersen threw in the towel as a token of defeat.

In the chief supporting bout, over fifteen rounds, between Eddie Wenstob of Canada and Eddie Phillips, cruiserweight champion of Great Britain, Phillips won when Wenstob was ruled out for striking after the bell.

I quite agree that the blow was a fraction after the bell, but seeing that the blow was on its way when the gong sounded, and the blow was not enough to do any damage, although to outward appearances it did, I think a caution would have been sufficient.

Wenstob was ahead on points at the end of the ninth when this unfortunate incident happened, and was considered by fans as very unlucky to lose.

"Gunner" Barlund, Finland, made his debut in England against Ben Foord, South Africa, in six rounds and the Finn showed good class in defeating the tough South African on points.

Watch out for Barlund. His style is pleasing and reminds one of Dempsey with his bobbing and weaving tactics.

Freddie Miller, world's featherweight champion, put up one of his best performances at Anfield football ground, Liverpool, when he gave away seven pounds in weight to Seaman Tommy Watson of Newcastle and won on points in ten rounds. The bout was fought at great speed and packed in a thrill every minute.

Miller was sent down for four in the second round, but in the next round, Miller made amends by putting the Seaman down twice with wicked lefts to the body. Watson took counts of nine and six and finished a plucky loser.

Ernie Roderick, Liverpool, received the referee's decision over Dave McCleave, Battersea, after a great bout of twelve rounds at the Stanley greyhound track, Liverpool.

In the supporting bout of ten rounds, Pat Palmer, Battersea, an ex-amateur flyweight champion, scored a three-round T.K.O. when the referee stopped his bout with Paddy King, Liverpool, who rose after taking three knockdowns and was in a bad way when the third man intervened.

Ronnie James, young Swansea featherweight with a bright future, gave a boxing lesson to Harry Daly, St. Georges, in twelve rounds at Swansea.

Roy Graham, Plymouth, ex-cruiserweight champion of the British Navy, gave a great display of gameness when he met the hard-hitting Bethnal Green middleweight, Archie Sexton, at the Bethnal Green Drill Hall, in a scheduled ten-round bout. The bout lasted till the sixth, when the seconds of Graham skied the towel, after the latter had been put down for two counts. Rarely have I seen a man take Sexton's hardest blows and stand up as the game ex-sailor did.

Jim Brady, Dundee, upset the dope at the Devonshire Club when he easily outpointed Dave Finn, Stepney, on points after ten rounds.

Johnny McGrory, Scottish featherweight champion, retained his title when he defeated Johnny McMillan, Glasgow, in the fourteenth round at Glasgow with the referee intervening after McMillan had been put down for eight and four in the fourteenth round.

Jim P. Boyle, Glasgow, won the welterweight championship of Scotland in dramatic fashion from the holder, Frank McCall, Aberdeen, in the twelfth round at Glasgow. McCall was well in the lead at the eleventh round, but a different aspect was thrown on the scene in the twelfth when Boyle caught McCall with left and right hooks to the head and body, which made McCall hang over the ropes and he slipped to the canvas to be counted out.

Sonny Lee, Leeds, again defeated Joe Connolly, Bathgate, at the end of ten rounds at Edinburgh. Lee was too fast for the hard-hitting Scotsman.

"Ginger" Sadd, Norwich, won the Eastern Counties welterweight championship when he clearly outpointed the southpaw, Sailor Jim Lawlor, Lowestoft, at the end of fifteen rounds at Lowestoft.

Jack Pettifer, King's Cross heavyweight, knocked out Charlie Smith, Deptford, in the seventh at the Bethnal Green Drill Hall.

Pat Butler, British welterweight champion, was put down six times in six rounds before the referee stopped the bout and gave Jimmy Stewart, Liverpool, the decision on a T.K.O. at the Liverpool Stadium.

George Daly, Blackfriars, caused a mild surprise in defeating the much-fancied favorite, Jimmy Walsh, Chester, in the semi-final of the lightweight eliminating series, to find a contender to meet Jack "Kid" Berg for the title. The bout between Daly and Walsh at Liverpool drew a small crowd, but the contest was fought at a fast pace during the fifteen rounds. Daly showed good form but Walsh disappointed and boxed far below his usual form.

Len Beynon, Swansea, proved no match for the bantamweight champion, Johnny King, in their return contest at Swansea. King fought in forceful style and soon had the Welshman in difficulties. In the sixth a right cross put him down for eight and he rose and tottered around the ring defenceless, and the referee wisely stopped the bout and awarded the verdict to King.

Leo Phillips, Birmingham, solved the southpaw stance of Seaman Jim Lawlor, Lowestoft, and won after ten interesting rounds at the Mile End Arena.

Young Dryer, St. Georges, gives promise of being one of the most popular lads on the East Side of London.

Freddie Miller started his ten-round bout with Stan Jehu, Welsh featherweight champion, at Dalymount Park, Dublin, as if he was in a hurry to fly back to England. Stan Jehu was hit with every kind of punch and after being down for three counts, the referee stopped the bout in the fourth round to save a good lad unnecessary punishment.

Ben Foord, South Africa, scored an eight-round K.O. over the "veteran," Frank Moody, Pontypridd, before a crowd of seventy-five hundred people. A left hook to Moody's jaw did the trick after an even bout.

Tommy Watson, Newcastle, ex-featherweight champion of Great Britain, qualified to meet George Daly, London, for the right to meet Jack "Kid" Berg for the latter's title, when he forced the referee to stop his bout with Frankie Brown, Liverpool, at the Stanley greyhound track, Liverpool, in the fourteenth round. The latter had been put down for two counts and was well beaten at the time the referee called a halt.

Pat Butler, welterweight champion of Great Britain, again was on the losing end, at Leith, when he retired in the fourth round against the local, Jack McCleod, after taking heavy punishment and was down for two counts of nine.

Cock Moffit, Liverpool, reversed his two-round K.O. defeat by Tommy Moore, Northern Area middleweight champion, at Liverpool by scoring a K.O. in the fourth round after a hard-hitting bout.

Phil Zwick, American featherweight in Al Lippe's team, made a successful debut in Great Britain when he easily outpointed Boyo Rees, lightweight champion of Wales, in a twelve-round bout at Liverpool. The American, who was conceding eight pounds in weight to the Welshman, soon had the latter on the canvas. In the first and second rounds he took long counts and finished the bout gamely with his left eye closed.

Dick Corbett, Bethnal Green, boxed cleverly to beat Cuthbert Taylor after ten rounds at Bethnal Green Drill Hall.

Larry Gains, Canada, former British heavyweight champion, and Obie Walker, Texas, fought fifteen rounds at Leicester for what was described as for the colored heavyweight championship of the world. BOY, PAGE MR. JOE LOUIS! Gains proved too clever for the inexperienced Texan, whose one aim was to land a haymaker and so end the bout.

For the third time in the last two months George Rose, Bristol, defeated "Ginger" Sadd after another good bout of ten rounds at Lowestoft. Rose, boxing in good form, easily demonstrated that he was Sadd's master.

Jim Brady, Scotland, stopped Harry Orton, Leicester, in the tenth of a twelve-round bout, when the latter was forced to retire with a very badly cut eye after having taken some heavy punishment.

Jack McLeod, Leith, followed up his victory over Pat Butler, British welterweight champion, by outpointing the ex-Scottish middleweight champion, George Gordon, Bunblane, after ten rounds at Edinburgh.

Dom Volante, Liverpool, retires from the boxing game one week and then makes a comeback the next. In his umpteenth comeback at Leigh, he K.O.'ed Jerry Delaney, Belfast, in the fourth round of a ten-round bout. The Irish lad was put down for two counts before finally being counted out.

A lad whose career should be watched with interest is the Dagenham boy, Jimmy Cohen, who boxes in the name of Jimmy Lester. To date, this seventeen-year-old youngster is undefeated, and I predict a great future for him in whatever division he boxes in. I liked the way he defeated Kid Richardson in an eight-round bout at Becontree, also at Bethnal Green, where he defeated the local Jimmy Kensit after eight rounds.

Archie Sexton, Bethnal Green, was considered unlucky when the referee stopped the bout owing to a very badly cut eye, at the end of the ninth round, and awarded the contest to Wally Hancock, Australia. The accident happened in the second round, when their heads collided, and Sexton came out second best, with a nasty gash on the right eye. Sexton had worked up a commanding lead up to the ninth, but the eye got worse, and the referee had no other alternative but to stop the bout. The big crowd at the Bethnal Green Drill Hall gave both winner and loser a big hand.

Freddie Miller made a brilliant end to his European tour by his best performance at Anfield football ground, Liverpool, before fifteen thousand people, which included Lord Lonsdale, Lord Sefton and a large house party. Miller's opponent was Tommy Watson, and in their previous contest they had put up a close bout, with Miller the winner on points.

A big surprise was in store for the fans when Cuthbert Taylor, Wales, surprisingly outpointed Vernon Cormier, U. S. A., who has just arrived here from Australia, where he had won every bout and was undefeated for the last two years.

That's all for this month, folks. I'll be seeing you. Don't forget, European readers, you can get any of Nat Fleischer's Books by writing to John S. Sharpe at 3 Edward St., London, E. 1, and all orders will receive satisfactory attention.

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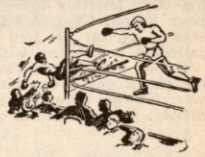

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ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Pueblo, Colo.—"Dutch" Dohner, giant heavyweight battler of Saguache, Colo., was awarded an unpopular decision over "Cyclone" Lynch, Negro battler from Walsenburg. Dohner had a weight advantage of nearly thirty pounds. The bout was a ten-rounder. In the other half of the twin main event, Chuck Reed of Fort Morgan won the state welterweight crown from Lee Medina, Walsenburg Mexican. This, too, was a ten-round contest and bristled with action throughout.

At Boise, Idaho—Jackie Burke, Ogden, Utah, welterweight, won an easy ten-round go from Tommy Corbett of Omaha, Neb. Burke scaled 145 pounds to Corbett's 143.

At Cedar City, Utah—Jackie Burke continues to run roughshod over the Rocky Mountain welterweight opposition. This time the blond Ogden walloper won nine out of ten rounds from Art Spillsbury, Cedar City middleweight. Burke, at 147 pounds, spotted his opponent eight pounds.

This kid, Jackie Burke, in addition to being about the best welter this region has seen since the palmy days of Howard Baker, is without doubt the busiest battler in the game. Burke beat Eddie Anderson, Max Young, Tommy Corbett and Art Spillsbury in the short space of one week. That must be some sort of a record for the boys to shoot at.

At Trinidad, Colo.—Ernie Lara, Colorado's featherweight title-holder, turned in an exceptionally good feat in defeating Bobby Gray, veteran Pacific Coast battler, in a six-round go. Though the judges disagreed, as usual, Lara won by a comfortable margin and got the referee's nod. Lara scored a knockdown in the third.

The other six-rounder saw Leon Zorrita, California welterweight, score an easy technical kayo over Lee Medina of Walsenburg in the second heat. Zorrita is one of the classiest welters to show in this region in many moons.

Fred Kelly, 220 Grand Street, New York City, is extremely anxious to get in touch with Eddie Trujillo, San Luis featherweight.

At Las Vegas, N. Mex.—Johnny Johnson, stellar New Mexico lightweight, scored a ten-round decision over Tiny Garcia of Santa Fe. Garcia, the only fighter to ever score a victory over Johnson, was roundly whipped this time by the Las Vegas southpaw.

At Gallup, N. Mex.—Mike Montoya, La Veta, Colo., middleweight, scored a technical kayo over the veteran, Eddie Murdock of Oklahoma City, in the fifth round of a scheduled ten-round contest. Murdock was leading on points when he pulled a tendon when he slipped on the wet canvas and was forced to retire.

George Stone, Denver boxer, was found dead, his body horribly mangled, on the railroad tracks near Eaton, Colo. Authorities feel certain that he was a victim of foul play and have two men jailed in connection with the incident.

Stone, a middleweight, was well known throughout the Rocky Mountain region. His correct name was George Stonich. In addition to his boxing ability, he was also a well-known baseball player.

At Cheyenne, Wyo.—Emilio Martinez, Denver light-heavy, scored a knockout over Jack Howard, highly-touted Craig, Colo., heavyweight, in the fifth round of a scheduled ten-round affair. The card headlined a Frontier Days celebration.

At Fort Morgan, Colo.—Hank Bath continues to bowl over the current crop of Colorado light-heavies and heavyweights. In a scheduled ten-round bout, the terrific-hitting youngster stopped huge Dutch Dohner of Saguache, Colo., in the fourth round after having his 195-pound opponent on the floor four times.

At San Luis, Colo.—Joe Martinez, Monte Vista welterweight, won a close ten-round decision over Speedy Ryan of Melrose, N. Mex. The battle was a slambang affair throughout.

In the semi-final, Johnny Johnson, Las Vegas, won an eight-rounder from Eddie Trujillo of San Luis, after being fouled repeatedly. Incidentally, this "no foul" rule, while it has its good features, can be carried to extremes, such as the spectacle of one fighter continually fouling his opponent, knowing that he can only lose the round by so doing. A twelve-month suspension might work a cure.

Remember, the writer will be glad to answer any questions relative to the fight game out here, but don't forget to inclose reply postage if you expect an answer.

Also, I have a list of active boxing promoters here that you can have for a thin dime. Address all queries to T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

Answer to Cross-Word Puzzle from Page 47

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By GENE VINASSA

"HANK" HANKINSON, lanky Swedish heavyweight from Lancaster, Ohio, who has been fighting in sensational style in California the past year, has become one of the most-talked-of fighters in the country since he knocked out Charley Retzlaff in two rounds, gave Ford Smith a neat cuffing in ten rounds, and followed that by handing Maxie Rosenbloom quite a lacing to win a ten-round verdict at Hollywood Legion Stadium before a record-breaking crowd.

Suey Welch's rangy fighter handled Rosenbloom like a little boy and several times nearly put him on the floor.

There wasn't a dissenting voice in the arena when Referee Jack Kennedy raised Hankinson's hand. Even the former light-heavyweight champion realized he was beaten.

As we mailed in this column, there was some talk of matching Hankinson and Buddy Baer for an outdoor shot in Los Angeles, while Ora Forman, Oakland boxing mogul, was also reported to be seeking the same bout for Oakland Auditorium.

In a sizzling ten-round battle at the Fresno ball yard, Al Manfredo and Bep Van Klaveren scuffled to a draw, with most of the fans thinking Manfredo had the better of the milling. In the final round the Italian boy had the fighter from the wooden shoe country on the verge of a knockout from two stiff punches to the jaw. It was Promoter John Sylvester's first show in the Raisin City and the former San Francisco and Sacramento matchmaker made a neat profit.

Manfredo plans an invasion of Eastern rings soon and, judging from his recent fights, he would provide Barney Ross, welterweight king, with an interesting argument.

GATHERED FROM HERE AND THERE—George Parnassas has taken over the handling of Jess Corral, young Mexican bantam of Los Angeles, and the "kid" looks like he is going places . . . Willie Orner, formerly of Brooklyn, and Parnassas have opened a classy night club next to the Main Street gym, 319 S. Main Street, in Los Angeles . . . . fight pictures of famous championship battles of the past are shown on the screen in the evenings, free of charge, and many of the movie stars attend . . . . Midget Wolgast looked great licking "Baby" Casanova at Hollywood Legion Stadium . . . . Frankie Castillo, Al Lang's Mexican 120-pounder, continues scoring victories in southern California rings and will soon be ready for the main event class . . . . Tillie (Kid) Herman, former welterweight contender, is training a class of young boxers at Dolph Thomas' Royal Gymnasium in San Francisco.

Leo Leavitt, formerly of Minneapolis, is running boxing shows in opposition to Ora Forman in Oakland, Calif. . . . . Forman staged the Rosenbloom-John Henry Lewis bout, which attracted an $11,500 gate, Maxie grabbing a very, very close decision after ten hectic rounds of milling . . . . Bobby Evans, Portland, Ore., boxing promoter, spent a week in San Francisco looking for ring talent for his Rose City club . . . . Benny Ford and Johnny Rogers will have charge of Coast bookings when Joe Louis comes to the Pacific slope for a series of exhibitions.

Eddie Long of Chicago is booking Oscar Rankins, the Coast Negro middleweight, in and around the Windy City . . . . One of the busiest managers in boxing is Benny Ray of Cleveland, who is booking Adolph Wiater, Jackie Sharkey, Bus Breese and a few other mittmen out of Chicago . . . . Lew Diamond, former manager of Johnny Buff, is promoting boxing in New Orleans, La., and Memphis, Tenn.

Joe Louis is steering clear of too much real estate and the Detroit Brown Bomber puts most of his money in annuities . . . . Russ Cowans of Detroit, who handles the fan mail for Louis, says Joe receives on an average of one hundred and fifty letters each day and the stamp bill in answering most letters and mailing photographs is more than seventy-five dollars weekly . . . . Hayden "Wad" Wadhams has reopened the Manhattan gymnasium in Los Angeles, formerly operated by Mrs. Barney Dempsey . . . . a great action fighter in his day, Pete Sarmiento runs the Ringside gym in the same city.

After a long layoff, Al Young has reentered the boxing game as promoter at Civic Auditorium in San Francisco, featuring local talent each week, with a twenty-five-cent gallery.

While the writer was in Chicago, handling Joe Louis' publicity for his bout with Kingfish Levinsky, Lew Raymond and Benny Greenberg, St. Louis sportsmen, visited the camp of the Detroit thunder socker. Raymond is now located in the Mound City and the fans there will see some real fights again as there is not a better matchmaker in the country than the roly-poly Raymond.

Larry White's Italian middleweight, Freddie Apostoli, has been bowling over his opponents in Frisco like ten pins and soon the promoters in the City by the Golden Gate will have to send East for his opponents.

Joe Waterman, who for many years promoted boxing in Portland and Seattle, has joined hands with Jimmy Murray and the pair have opened an office in the I. W. Hellman Bldg., Fourth and Main Streets, Los Angeles. They are two of the most able managers on the West Coast.

Boxers coming to Los Angeles, who are not under contract to anyone, can get plenty of action in and around Los Angeles with Al Lang, c/o Barbara Hotel, Sixth and Westlake Ave., or the Main Street Gym, 321 S. Main Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

ARAMIS DEL PINO, matchmaker for the Cristal Arena, finally put over a record breaking attendance, when Baby Arizmendi faced Fillo Echevaria. Del Pino is striving hard to get the boxing game back on its feet again, and if he continues his efforts he will be a popular man in boxing circles.

The ten round contest between Baby Arizmendi of Mexico, and Fillo Echevaria of Spain was a hot mixup, with Echevaria getting the nod. On the same card Pepon Gonzalez of Spain, easily outpointed Goyo Rico the ex-heavyweight champion of Cuba. Goyo put up a good scrap, but was not in first class shape.

Kid Sila, classy lightweight, scored a three-round knockout over Luis Perez otherwise known as Lou Novarro. This is Novarro's second flop in Havana.

Kid Juancito, bantamweight champion of Cuba, is a crack performer and will go far in the game if properly taken care of.

Manolo Gomez, scored his second knockout, his victim being Enrique Cardenas. Gomez is a tough southpaw, and is making a name for himself in local rings.

Alex Yanes, Cuban featherweight champion, is leaving for Mexico where he will meet Young Casanova. He will be accompanied by his mentor Manolo Fernandez.

Kid Chocolate, Cuba's glory in the realm of boxing, is hard on the comeback trail. He has passed the doctor's Okay, and after a long rest, his manager Pincho Gutierrez will take him to the U.S.A. where the keed will spend a few weeks at Hot Springs, Ark. Pincho Gutierrez also has a good prospect in Blas Mendieta a Spanish middleweight, and Lorenzo Gomez a Spanish light-heavy.

Hans Birkie, German heavy, easily outpointed Isidoro Gastanaga in ten rounds at Oriental Park, Havana, before a record breaking crowd. The gate reached fifteen thousand dollars, and the fight was a corker. Pincho Gutierrez, and Luis Parga, promoted the fight.

Conrad Conde, Cuban featherweight is back in Havana again, after a successful stay in California. Conde, a popular little fellow, will meet Fillo Echevaria of Spain shortly, and also Joe Coego the lightweight champion, and Kid Sila.

Blas Mendieta, Spanish middleweight, made his debut here with a ten round decisive victory over Antony Hevia of Cuba. Mendieta looked good in his work and made a hit with the fans. Sixto Morales, ex-lightweight champ of Cuba drew in ten hard rounds with Kid Sila. Sila is an outstanding contender for the crown now worn by Joe Coego. Rene Sanchez, promising welter, scored a two round kayo over Ramon Perez, the tow-headed puncher who was not in condition to fight.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

CALIFORNIA JOE RIVERS handed Mike Belloise a terrific pasting for seven rounds before the New Yorker collapsed in his corner and could not answer the bell for round eight. Belloise was out cold for seven minutes as a result of his game stand against the Mexican boy, who is just about the best puncher in the feather ranks today. Belloise was in trouble in the first round but he gamely stood up for seven rounds against an onslaught that made the bout pathetic.

Meyer Roan knocked out Frankie Dillion in three heats. Frank Cicero handed the same dose to Andy Kelly in two rounds when a deep gash over Kelly's eye terminated matters. Kirkwood Burke, promising young heavyweight of Washington, bested Buster Buckley of Alexandria, Va., in a good six-round opener. It was the initial show of the American Legion in Washington under the matchmaking of Howard Livingston.

Jimmy Jones of Baltimore reversed the tables on Johnny DeSanto of Philadelphia, Pa., in ten rounds at Carlins Park in Baltimore. It was DeSanto's first defeat in the Monumental City in four starts and although outpointed by the promising Baltimorean, DeSanto made a last two-round rally that almost evened matters.

Harry Dublinsky was declared a winner over Bob Wilson in one round when the referee claimed that Wilson did not get off the floor before the final ten count. The boys were mixing it at a lively pace when Dublinsky clipped Wilson with a right to the head. Bob went down in a heap but was on one knee at the count of five and apparently in good shape.

At the count of nine, Wilson got off the floor, only to have the inexperienced referee contend he had not beat the count.

Paris Apice of Boston, Mass., won over Pablo Villa in the six-round semi-final. Bill Temes licked Bener Barrett and Frankie Blair shaded Phil Furr in the other sixes. Sammy Williams lost to Young Joe Louis in four rounds and Bobby Goldstein knocked out Joe Barry in two rounds in his initial start as a pro.

Joey Fogilette of Philadelphia again licked Young Raspi in eight torrid rounds in Baltimore. The bout was a hummer all the way, with the judges voting for the Philadelphian and Referee Charley Short casting his ballot for Raspi. Bucky Taylor of Baltimore beat Tom Sharkey, a Philadelphian veteran, in eight fast rounds. In the sixes, Chester Ruby won over Jerry Geidenkofp and Augie Kroll licked Al Beatty. In the opener, Larry Marino knocked out Jack Stanley in one round.

California Joe Rivers belted out Jimmy Tramberia in three rounds in Baltimore. The highly touted Rivers lived up to the press ballyhoo and belted out Baltimore's toughest boxer, a sight never seen before in the Monumental City.

Joe Temes, the Florida featherweight, who has won ten consecutive bouts in the preliminary ranks in these parts, finally got a break when he substituted for Pete Sarron against Roger Bernard and incidentally gave the Detroit veteran a sound pasting.

Eddie Burl made a great fight in getting off the floor to lick Dave Barry in an exciting six-rounder. One of the smallest houses of the season turned out to the Griffith Stadium to see the show, partly due to the substitution.

Young Raspi handed Billy Temes a good pasting in eight rounds in Baltimore. Temes was in there at all times and got a good hand for taking his licking like a man but Raspi was a winner all the way. Angelo Meolia bested Lou Terry in the eight-round semi-final. Terry wrenched his knee early in the bout and was considerably handicapped.

Glenn Morgan knocked out Buster Wages in four rounds at Richmond, Va. Bob Turner beat Patsy Flannigan in the other ten-rounder with plenty to spare.

Mannie Wible was not quite good enough for Joey Allen of Camden, N. J., in a ten-rounder at Carlin Park in Baltimore. Wible hit the more damaging punches, but the Jersey boy was far too busy for his less experienced opponent. Leroy Zinkham took a technical knockout over Charley Breitenback after five torrid rounds when Charley was unable to answer the bell for round six. Both boys had their innings, with Zinkham's powerful punching taking its toll. Sam Finazzo was an easy winner over Charley Marshall in eight rounds. Terry Sharpe licked Charley Campbell and Patsy Kelly lost to Dave Bunga in sixes.

Ken Overlin, the Norfolk, Va., contender for the middleweight title, made his first start in six months by knocking out John Ducca in four heats at Richmond, Va. A short right to the body did the trick for the South's best middleweight. Baby Miller belted out Joe Lopez in four rounds and Bob Turner flattened Jack Steele in three.

California Joe Rivers scored his fourth consecutive knockout when he stiffened Frankie Martin of New York in five rounds at Middleburg, Va. The New Yorker gave a good account of himself until the Mexican's powerful body punches began taking their effect, but from then on the result was apparent.

Jack Ross of New York acted as a last-minute substitute for Umberto Arce and in turn knocked out Battling Minns of Detroit in five rounds at the Griff Stadium in Washington. Young Ely, a promising young welterweight of Washington, surprised by soundly trouncing Georgie Gibbs in the eight-round semi-final.

Young Buffalo took a close one over Meyes Roan in six rounds. Kid Norfolk of Baltimore lost by a hair line to Tommy Mollins of the same city in six rounds. It was the first colored show of the outdoor season and Promoter Carter was encouraged by the large attendance on hand.

Sidney Sylas of New York took a well-earned duke over Toney Rock in ten rounds at the American Legion Arena in Washington. Rock had the New Yorker down and in a bad way at the end of the second round but Sylas came back and fought an uphill fight to win with plenty to spare. Carey Wright won as he pleased over Bobby Burns of Baltimore in the eight-round semi-final. Young Pal Moore of Baltimore shaded Mannie Seaman in a fast six-round preliminary and Meyer Roan belted out Kid Black in three rounds. Young Joe Louis again scored over Sammy Williams in a fast six-rounder.

Harry Jeffra of Baltimore won an eight-round decision over Billy Landers of Norfolk, Va., at the Ball Park in Baltimore. Jeffra was a winner all the way. Bucky Taylor sprang an upset when he belted out Mike Sipio in seven rounds of an eight-rounder. A solar-plexus punch and a following right cross to the chin stiffened Sipio. Chester Ruby, a promising featherweight of the Monumental City, scored a surprise victory over Young Transperanti, another young Baltimorean.

Carey Wright of Washington scored an eight-round win over Charley Thompson at Ocean City, Md.

PICK-UPS—Major Miller, secretary to the Washington Boxing Commission, is making the matches for the Police Fund Show in Washington and has booked Pete Sarron and Joe Rivers to headline the bill . . . . The show will draw at least twenty-five thousand dollars with the charity getting the majority portion as the boys are working on a flat grand each . . . . Boxing is better in Baltimore today than it has been in years . . . . The Monumental City is supporting two clubs running weekly shows at a profit . . . . Washington continues to go along at a steady gait with the naturals drawing capacity houses and the ordinary shows just doing so-so.

Virginia is in the dumps with the exception of Richmond with Heenan and Lewis, former rival promoters, working jointly . . . . Paris Apiece, the New England welter, has taken over the training of California Joe Rivers and to date, Joe has scored knockouts in all bouts for which Apicce has trained him . . . . Lew Terry has retired, due to a bad knee that handicaps him and has returned to his home in Chicago . . . . Baby Miller, the Cuban southpaw, is making his headquarters in Richmond, Va., and incidentally beating any lightweights Promoter Walter Heenan can induce to box him . . . . Freddie Barth, Baltimore fight manager, is promoting shows at Ocean City, Md., but thus far has had only fair success . . . . A few years back, Freddie put Ocean City on the map with his first class shows . . . . After twenty years of operation, the writer has closed the Mohawk Gym in Washington mainly due to the fact that most of the boxers prefer outdoor training quarters six months in the year.

The upset of the season here was California Joe Rivers' decisive knockout victory over Mike Belloise, with Joe Temes' victory over Roger Bernard a close second . . . .

IN THE NORTHWEST

By DAVID CAVADAS

EASTERN fighters are planning to invade the Pacific Northwest this fall and winter. Freddie Miller, Cerefino Garcia, Tony Canzoneri, Harry Dublinsky and Frankie Klick have all expressed their willingness to come here. Bobbie Pacho wants revenge for his defeat at the hands of Gordon Wallace. Barney Ross is already signed to fight here in September. We should see some pretty fair fights in the Northwest soon. Baby Joe Gans has accepted his offer to meet Gordon Wallace.

Freddie Steele smashed his way to a technical knockout over Vince Dundee in the third round after eleven knockdowns. Dundee is in a hospital with a broken jaw.

Baby Palmore beat Kid Avelino.

Al Rossi, Newark, N. J., outpointed Sammy McLarnin, brother of the former champion, in a close eight-round fight. Leonard Bennet retained his Washington welter crown by earning a draw with Cecil Payne.

Fred Lenhart won over Johnny Miller in the seventh round. Miller once trounced Joe Louis decisively.

ODD ITEMS—Promoter George Fitch is determined to put Vancouver on the map by producing a good heavyweight . . . . Promoters Nate Druxman and Jack Allen have ambitions to produce world champions in Freddie Steele and Gordon Wallace, respectively . . . . Murray "Muzz" Patrick, son of Lester Patrick, the New York Rangers hockey coach, won the state of Washington amateur heavyweights title. He has hopes to represent Canada at Berlin in 1936 . . . . Sonny Jones of Vancouver was decisioned in his first Eastern attempt when he lost to Eddie Carroll in Toronto, Canada.

Jagat Singh has left for India . . . . Six months ago I forecast that Danno O'Mahony would be the next world champion and I was laughed at . . . . Ed "Strangler" Lewis announced that he will retire and manage Vincent Lopez . . . . I will willingly answer all questions free of charge if the readers will write to me at 1296 Hastings St. East, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.

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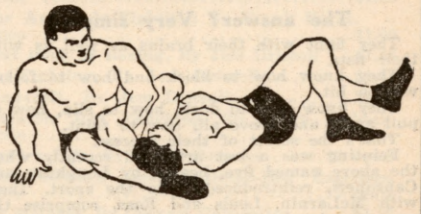

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NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

WRITING boxing from a city and section where there "ain't" any such animal—not a "pro" or a "pure" club in operation and not a padded mitt to be seen outside a sporting goods store, is no easy task. Yet, as we have this daily performance to go through on the Boston paper with which we are connected, perhaps we can deliver here. In any event, we're trying.

Boston having but one outstandng boxer now showing here in New England—Al McCoy of Dorchester, light-heavy, perforce a portion of our theme must necessarily be about him. In the September issue of The Ring, we noted that Eddie Borden had given him fourth place in the list of 10 best, Bob Olin, the champion, heading the parade with John Henry Lewis second, and Maxie Rosenbloom, third. Inasmuch as both Lewis and Rosenbloom have been fighting at 179 up to 182 pounds, it is contended by Barney Fox, McCoy's mentor, that both belong in the heavyweight class —that in reality second place is the fitting berth for McCoy.

At the present time an effort is afoot on the part of President Edward C. Foster and the N.B.A. to bring about a contest between Lewis and Rosenbloom, the winner to meet Olin for his title. While nothing may come of it, Fox, in behalf of McCoy, has notified President Foster, also the Mass. Athletic Commission, that his charge is open to meet either Lewis or Rosenbloom at the class weight—175 pounds, the purse basis to be winner-take-all, or a 65—35 percent split. Of course it is Olin that Fox is seeking.

While McCoy, a native of Winslow, Me., is purely a New England product of French-Canadian parentage, surely he is entitled to the recognition in the big league which he seeks. We will not consume valuable space as concerns McCoy's record—it is sufficient that in 1934, out of 15 starts he lost but twice, Al Gainer winning a decision over him and the same for Vince Dundee. Al won 10 bouts via kayos and the odd three by decisions. Thus far this year, he has won his 13 starts, 9 by the K.O. route. Among those to land in the resin were John Anderson, Sammy Slaughter, Tait Littman and Bob Godwin, while the tables were reversed on Al Gainer. Don Petrin, Gainer and Anderson gave McCoy his hardest fights though each was returned the loser.

A notable visitor to Boston the last week of July, was Champion and Mrs. Jimmy Braddock, also Manager Joe Gould, the party the guests of Paul Bowser, the mat promoter. All got the "big hand" and furnished plenty of copy. As we have known Gould for years, we had a personal reunion. While here Gould announced that Braddock would do no serious ring work before 1936, his first titular opponent to be Joe Louis in a bout to be staged by the N. Y. Garden. Should Louis pass out of the picture in the meantime, which hardly seems likely, the champion would meet either Baer or Schmeling.

Champion Braddock's presence in Boston was due to the showmanship efforts of Promoter Bowser, who picked him to referee the world's championship wrestling fray between Ed Don George, holder of the title, and Dan O'Mahony, the night of July 30, at Braves Field, after both principals had refused to stand for any of the regular third men. The wrestling feature attracted close to 40,000, a record attendance, and a gross gate of about $57,000. The fray, a very good one, with George out in front for the greater part of the distance, lasted one hour, 30 minutes, and ended in a near-fluke.

In the windup, George tossed Danno out of the ring for a count of 8. When the Irishman returned, he was again thrown out, he falling into the laps of ringside spectators and thence to the ground. Braddock started to toll over him but stopped at 19 when the Irish lad had but one foot in the ring and was pulling himself through the ropes. The official count and "out" in Boston is 20.

When the contest was resumed George, thinking that Danno had been counted out, as he should have been, made small attempt to defend himself and was hurled out of the ring by the challenger. Braddock counted the required 20 over him—then held up O'Mahony's hand in token of victory—the first native-born Irishman to win the world's heavyweight title. Braddock was immediately attacked by Frank Dellamano, George's advisor and trainer, and was belted over, right to jaw. A general fight ensued, seconds tangling up, and spectators joining in. Dellamano was again knocked flat by Braddock whereon the police rushed the ring, cleared it and prevented what might have been a riot. There were all the makings.

Aftermath speeches and alibies being in order, it was contended by George that Danno was given a long count, while the 20 was tolled over him rapidfire. Such was not the case, however, Braddock giving both the same break insofar as his enunciation of the numerals was concerned. But, he messed the works in ceasing to count over Danno before the latter was in the ring ready to resume the match.

Years ago—Jan. 4, 1929, to be exact, Ed Lewis, after being bowled out of the ring by Gus Sonnenberg at the Boston Garden, was counted out and lost his title while pushing through the ropes with but one foot on the canvas. It was ruled at that time that either a wrestler or boxer, with but one foot on the canvas and the rest of him either in the ropes or outside of them, was not in the action and subject to being counted out. The O'Mahony case was very similar—practically identical, though had a different ending. A return fray is a strong probability.

As a matter of cold fact, the tossing of O'Mahony out of the ring by George for the purpose of injuring him was a deliberate foul and merited disqualification. And the same for O'Mahony as concerns George. The men were wrestling under what is known here as American Wrestling Association rules and, under Section II, both principals committed an unsportsmanlike act—a "foul" according to the code. Braddock, not knowing the mat rules, let both get past him unnoticed.

The Boston Athletic Association, a landmark for boxing and other sports since 1887, and noted throughout the country as the sponsor of successful National amateur glove championships, Marathon runs, track, field and other events, closed its doors August 3, and passed out of existence. Financial straits due to a falling off of interest and membership forced the closing of this famous club. In the old days when all public boxing was banned in Massachusetts, the B.A.A. stood forth like a rock against the tide, staged its shows according to schedule and, by so doing, helped bring about favorable legislation and enactment of the present liberal laws.

For years, practically every Boston ringster of note at some time or other displayed his wares as an amateur within its ring.

Speaking of amateur boxing, there exists a chance that William Cuddy, known as "Father Bill," years ago the successful promoter of various international and inter-city tourneys, may try another fling at the game. When boxing began to slide into the doldrums, Cuddy tossed the sponge but, with the closing in the fall of the horse and dog tracks, which just now are draining every penny out of Boston, he thinks interest in the ring can be revived.

We are not so sure about it as, according to printed figures, since May 15, the public has lost $4,818,685 at the various tracks which means hungry days ahead. The grand total of money wagered thus far in New England is $29,182,648 which, with the coming huge increases in taxation to meet various national and state projects, hints a tough winter for boxing.

Andy Watson, one of the best colored boxers developed in this section a quarter of a century ago, passed on to his fathers at the Boston City Hospital, July 31. Watson fought as a lightweight and welter in his prime, his notable battles being with Timmy Kearns, Jack "Twin" Sullivan, Joe Walcott, Muldoon's Piccaninny, Patsy Sweeney and George McFadden. Twice he held Sweeney to draws in 15 and 20 rounders, fought at Manchester, N. H., also lost to hm in 15 rounders fought at Manchester, N. H., and Springfield, Mass., the latter a classic.

Bill Crowley of Hartford, who staged the famous Corbett-McGovern championship mill, handled and managed Sweeney at the time. Watson did much of his fighting in and about Boston, but in his day also showed his wares both in New York and Philadelphia.

Phil Kosch, mat promoter at Bedford Grove near Manchester, N. H., writes that his system of allowing the fans to select the wrestlers they wish to see in action is going over very big. "I find," he says, "that this plan makes my customers feel that the club is their own and not merely a place to go and see a show. The idea is working out okay."

Billy Sandow, once of the big mat league, but now on the outside, continues to bombard this section with publicity annent Everett Marshall, his "new champion," the same aimed in particular at Danno O'Mahony. It is doubtful if the barrage sent this way bears any real fruit. A little light on how Marshall was able to acquire a world's title in defeating Young Gotch, a non-champion, would be appreciated by Bostonians.

Whether the proposed benefit for Larry Temple, scheduled at Freeport, L. I., in July, actually took place, we have yet to hear. We hope that it did and was a success. Back on Dec. 29, 1903, we saw Temple hold Joe Walcott to a 15 rounds draw here in Boston, a very redhot occasion despite the winter month inasmuch as Tom O'Rourke had brought Larry over from New York for the purpose of trimming his former protege. Later on, July 4, 1905, Temple defeated Langford at Marlboro, Mass., in 10 rugged heats, but on March 1, the next year, had the tables turned on him by Sam in the old Pythian Rink in Chelsea, Mass., a 15 rounder full of hard fighting. Twice in his day Temple held Jack Blackburn, Joe Louis' trainer, to draws, one of the bouts being staged at Marlboro, the latter a real fighting ground in days of yore.

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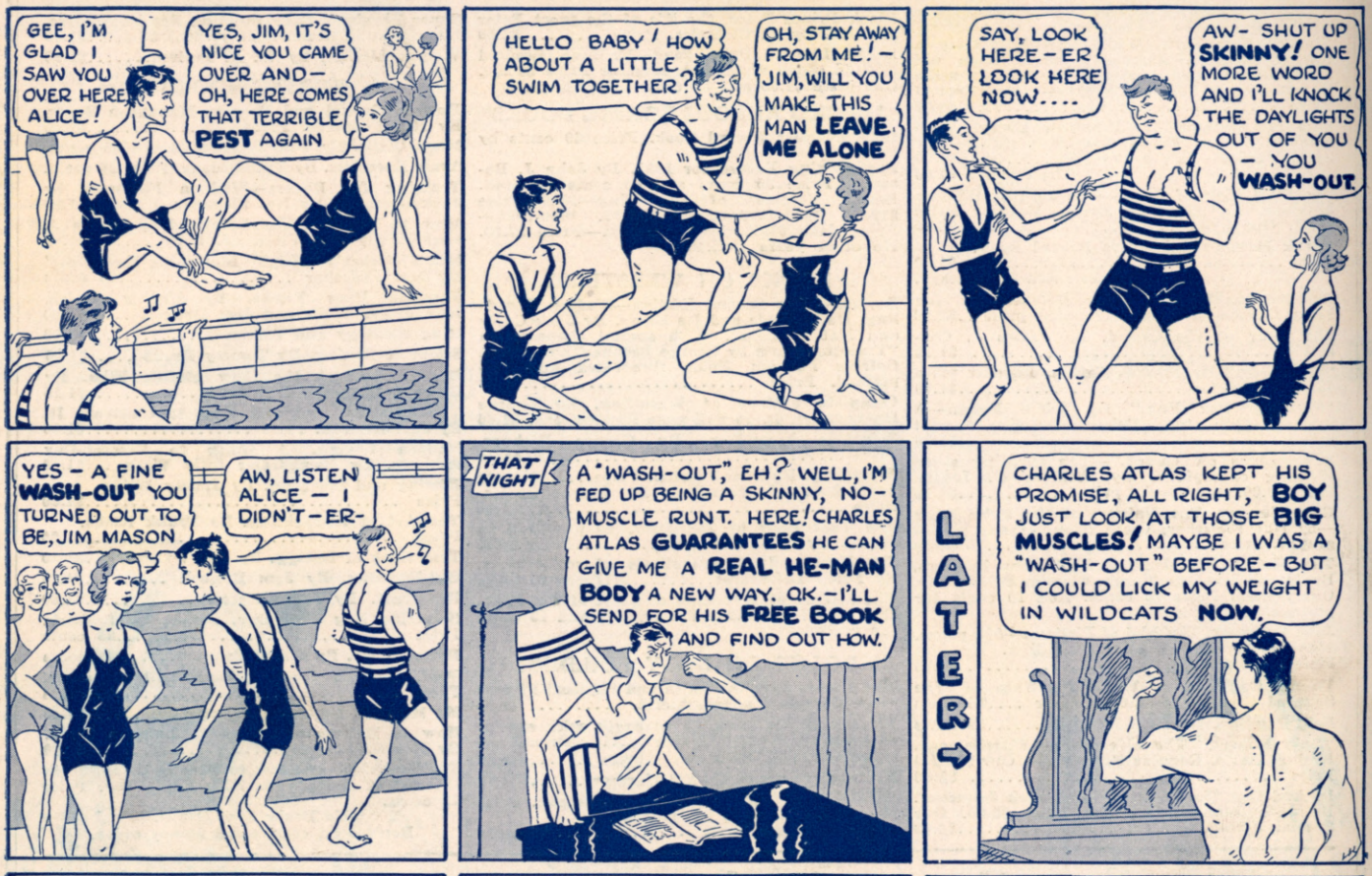

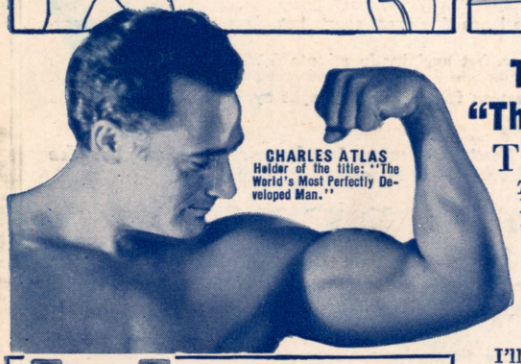

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